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THE ASSISTANCE OF MANY
LIVING NOVELISTS

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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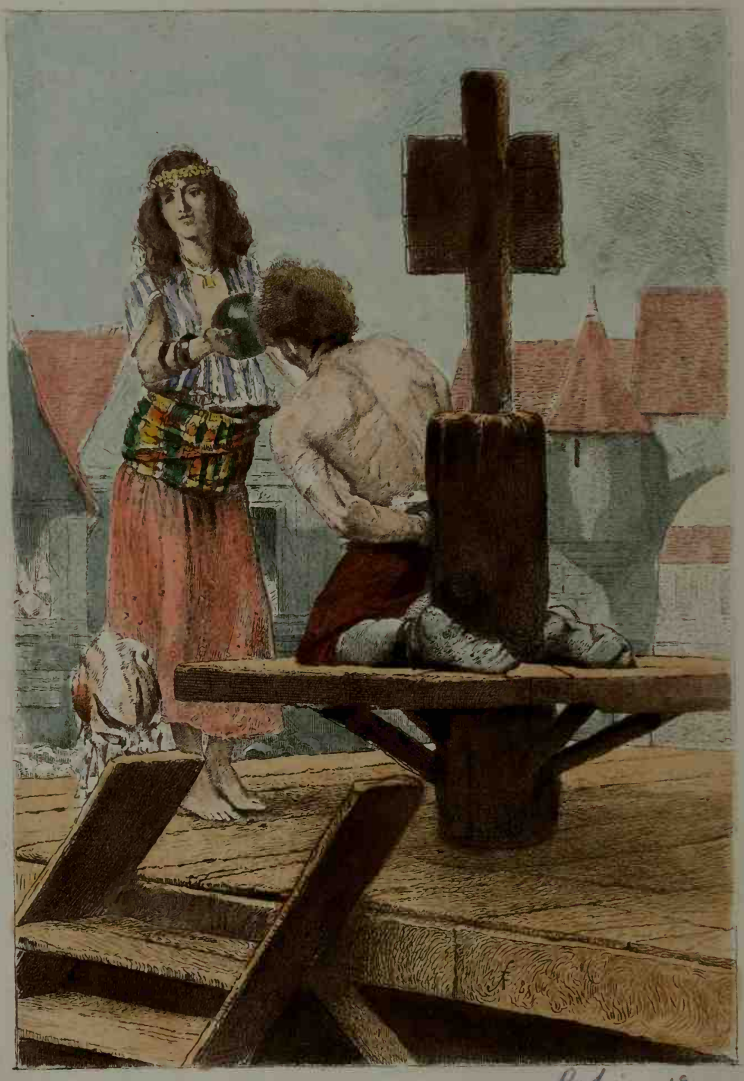

Robin 1910

AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME X

THOMAS HARDY

TO

VICTOR HUGO

A slender woman, followed by a goat, ascended the platform
(*Notre Dame*, p. 391)

Etching from the original painting by François Flameng

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From an etching by François Flameng.

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THOMAS HARDY

(England, 1840)

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD (1874)

This novel was written in Hardy's earlier period, the one in which, in the opinion of his most thoughtful critics, his securest claim to fame exists.

ABRIEL OAK was a shepherd's son who had risen to occupy a bailiff's office, and later by great frugality had managed to rent a small farm and stock it with two hundred sheep. In consequence of his solid character the neighbors had begun to call him "Farmer Oak" and to treat him with respect, although he was but twenty-eight years old. The first movement in his new venture was lambing the ewes; and as it was a critical time with him, owing to the fact that he was in debt for the stock, and as he was fully qualified to take care of his own flock, he attended to this duty himself. During this time he lived in a small movable hut on wheels, like the ark resting on Ararat, which could be dragged into the fields wherever the flock might be feeding. Gabriel solaced himself in his leisure by playing the flute, in which he was an adept.

Bathsheba Everdene was a beautiful and spirited girl, an orphan, who had just moved into the neighborhood with her aunt. Gabriel saw her on the top of the wagon that contained the household goods, and paid twopence for her at the toll-gate, over which she was bargaining. Later he saw her helping her aunt attend to the stock in the fields at night; and as she passed to milk the cows, one evening, he had shut both the windows in his little ark, and, going to sleep, was in danger of suffocation. Bathsheba happened by at the right time, and, opening the door, rescued him, somewhat to her own embarrassment. Gabriel

followed this event with a formal call on her aunt, and a demand for the girl in marriage. The aunt told him that Bathsheba, who did not come into the room, was only visiting her, and that many young men sought her hand. Gabriel took this as a rebuff and walked away up the hill, to be followed pantingly by Bathsheba, who told him that she had no lovers. He asked her again to marry him, and she then informed him that she did not care for him, but merely ran after him to let him know the truth; that she was a poor girl, and that a match with her would not be good for him at all. Gabriel accepted her at her word, and went away to dream of her as unattainable. A few days later she disappeared from the neighborhood.

In spite of all Gabriel's industry and care, through the zeal and indiscretion of a young shepherd-dog one night all his flock was driven over a precipice, and he found himself ruined, with but just enough to pay his debts and leave himself possessor of the clothes on his back, with his youth and strength for capital. Feeling that he could not begin life again in the place where misfortune had visited him, he took his flute and a small bundle of clothing, and walked away to seek his fortune, reaching by nightfall the neighboring town of Casterbridge. Here he found a fair going on, and by playing the flute he managed to collect a small sum of money. Learning that there was another fair at Weatherbury, he pushed on. Stealing a ride in a cart in that direction, he overheard some peasants talking about the new mistress of the farm there who had come into possession through the unexpected death of an uncle whose heir she was, and Bathsheba flashed into his mind as the subject of these remarks.

Coming near the estate, he slipped out of the wagon unseen and pursued his way on foot. Suddenly he noticed, to his left, a heavy smoke and, rushing to the scene, was able, by great personal exertion, to put out a fire that threatened to destroy a farmhouse and its outbuildings.

'Round the corner of the largest grain-stack stood a pony bearing a young woman on its back.

"I wish he were shepherd here," she said. "Don't any of you know his name?"

"Never heard the man's name in my life, or seed his form afore."

"Maryann," she said, "go to him and say that the farmer wishes to thank him for the great service he has done." Maryann did as she was bidden.

"Where is your master, the farmer?" asked Gabriel, thinking he might get service with him.

"'Tain't a master. 'Tis a mistress, shepherd. That's she, back there upon the pony, wi' her face covered up in a cloth wi' holes in it."

Oak, his features black, grimy and undiscoverable from the smoke and heat, advanced with the humility that stern adversity had taught him to the slight form in the saddle, and said in a hesitating voice,

"Do you want a shepherd, Ma'am?"

She lifted her veil. Gabriel and his cold-hearted darling, Bathsheba Everdene, were face to face.

They soon adjusted themselves to the new circumstances. She was the wealthy farmer, and he became the trusted shepherd, who gradually assumed the duties of bailiff. No word of love passed between them, though his devotion never ceased for a moment. His personal relations with her were respectful and remote. She became a great personage in the neighborhood, and went to the exchange with all the farmers, talking business with them, and fully holding her own. All admired and paid court to her, with the exception of one, Farmer Boldwood, a man of about forty, wealthy, dignified, and utterly indifferent to women. There was no aristocracy in this secluded corner of England, and Farmer Boldwood's stone house, with fine outbuildings lying low behind it, was the nearest approach to a manorial place it possessed.

Bathsheba, piqued by his indifference, tried various coquetries upon him, with no result, and finally, on St. Valentine's Eve, in a spirit of mischief, she sent him a valentine, sealed with the inscription "Marry me."

This innocent though daring performance awoke in the stern and singularly intense nature of the reserved bachelor a curiosity that resulted in a passion for the beautiful, high-spirited and innocent-hearted Bathsheba, which she could not return, and which caused her to repent her impertinent action. He devoted himself to her and her interests with a respectful determination

which he felt would surely overcome an indifference that was mingled with so much liking and enjoyment in the flattery of his attentions.

Bathsheba had a pretty servant, Fanny Robin, a daughter of a former steward of Boldwood's. This girl suddenly disappeared one day, causing great excitement and talk in the simple village. Gabriel remembered meeting a young girl who inquired the way of him the night previous, but said nothing of this. Various were the conjectures as to the cause of the girl's disappearance. Nothing was discovered to a certainty, although she was known by a few to have had a lover among the soldiers, whose station had been removed that day to another post. Farmer Boldwood felt greatly troubled at this, as he was in a sensitive state, owing to his receipt of the valentine from Bathsheba. Shortly after her disappearance a letter directed to "The new Shepherd, Weatherbury Farm, Near Casterbridge," came to his hands, and he, perceiving it to be meant for Gabriel, took it himself to the shepherd, making it an excuse for talking with him, and discovering, by taking him by surprise with the outside of the valentine, that the latter was in Bathsheba's handwriting. The letter proved to be from Fanny Robin, and it told him she had left her home to be married to a soldier named Troy. The wise ones shook their heads at the assurance that he would marry her, for he was known to be untrustworthy, though handsome and fascinating.

Farmer Boldwood, emboldened by the discovery that the valentine was really from the beautiful Bathsheba, pursued his attentions to her, making her the subject of comment. He sought her out at a sheep-shearing, and made her an earnest proposal of marriage. All she could do was to give him permission to wait and hope. Her nature was impulsive, under a deliberative aspect. An Elizabeth in brain and a Mary Stuart in spirit, she often performed actions of the greatest temerity with a manner of extreme discretion. Accordingly, she asked Gabriel's opinion of her behavior in regard to Boldwood. He, with the simplicity and honesty of his character, gave it, that she had been bold in sending the valentine to the farmer. She, in fury at his plain speech, told him to leave her service at once, and he immediately took her at her word.

The very night after he left her flock of sheep was seized with a violent sickness, caused by getting into a field of new clover, and were all in danger of death if a difficult operation were not performed at once. Gabriel was the only person able to perform this operation, and, to save her property, Bathsheba was obliged to send for him. Two notes, one commanding, the second humble and begging him not to desert her, were needed to bring him back, but when he came, by his skill and rapidity he was able to save the greater part of her flock. After this there was no question of his remaining in her employ.

Bathsheba gave a great shearing supper. As the head of the table was unoccupied, she asked Gabriel to take the place of honor, and he was about taking his seat when Mr. Boldwood entered the room. He had discarded his customary somber apparel and was dressed with care and looked extremely handsome. Bathsheba at once requested Gabriel to give up his seat to the newcomer, and treated the latter with the greatest distinction for the rest of the evening. After the merriment of the supper, Bathsheba acquiesced in the demand for a song, and, accompanied by Gabriel's flute, she gave the old English ballads, in the late twilight. The sun went down in an ocherous mist; but they sat and talked on, and grew as merry as the gods in Homer's heaven. Boldwood left his place at the head of the table, and sat on Bathsheba's left a little in the darkness. He softly hummed a bass to her singing, thus forming a rich, unexplored shadow to her tones, and throwing them into relief. Later in the evening, when she and Boldwood were alone, he renewed his declarations of love, and she, softened by the scene and feeling deeply her wrong-doing in leading him on, very nearly gave him her promise to be his wife.

Among the many duties that Bathsheba had taken upon herself, during the time she had no bailiff, was that of looking round the homestead before going to bed, to see that all was right and safe. One night soon after the supper she heard a rustling and was frightened, thinking someone near. Suddenly her dress caught in an object, and she found herself in the absurd position of being chained to a man by the gimp that trimmed her gown. This man proved to be the soldier, Troy, who had come back to town and was hanging about the farm. Troy

instantly began to make love to her in the most audacious manner. His careless and ardent wooing rapidly won the stronghold which Gabriel and Farmer Boldwood had respected so greatly. His devotion gave both of these men much uneasiness, and Gabriel besought her to send him away and marry Boldwood, sinking his own love for her in his desire for her well-being. Bathsheba, bewitched by the soldier, decided to ride to his quarters the next evening at Bath and ask his advice upon the matter. Accordingly, she mounted her pony, Daisy, and left without a word to anyone. Gabriel and Joseph Poorgrass and Liddy, hearing mysterious sounds, went after her, thinking her a thief, and overtook her. She very coolly sent them back, saying she was on a business errand.

Bathsheba returned from Bath, and soon afterward the soldier, Troy, appeared again in the neighborhood. Boldwood, exasperated at his attentions to the woman he loved and believed as good as promised to himself, faced him one evening and demanded an explanation of his motives. Troy, with lightness and skill, led him on to more and more expressions of fury, until he made him think that he had actually wronged her, at which Boldwood turned at once and heavily bribed him to marry her. Troy allowed him to give him a large sum of money, and after he had carried the game as far as he wished told him that he and Bathsheba were husband and wife, the ceremony having been performed at Bath on the occasion of her recent visit there.

Boldwood, during this interview, had shown signs of an unbalanced mind, and the final shock, sent him wandering in solitude for days among the fields. To outward observance, however, he was as quiet and well controlled as ever.

It soon became evident that Troy was of a pleasure-loving nature, and not fitted to take care properly of Bathsheba's property. On the occasion of a harvest supper he incited all the field hands to revelry, and got them so drunk on unaccustomed whisky that Gabriel alone was left, with the assistance of Bathsheba, to care for the ricks in a tremendous storm that came up. Already in Bathsheba's heart was the heaviness of fear lest she had made a mistake in her choice.

After this same storm Gabriel met Boldwood and asked whether his ricks had been cared for. His indifferent reply

that he did not know showed the extent to which his hopeless love for Bathsheba had ravaged him. At this time he assured Gabriel that she had made him no actual promise of marriage, and he defended her conduct in marrying Troy.

Some months later Bathseba and her husband were returning from market in their phaeton, she listlessly leaning back in the seat, while he walked by the side of the conveyance. They met a feeble young woman, who appealed to him for help. Recognizing his old love, Fanny Robin, he turned and went down the hill with her, leaving Bathsheba to go on alone. The two had been talking of the large sums he was wasting in gambling on the races, and Bathsheba's mind was preoccupied. She, however, asked him on his return who the woman was, and received an indifferent reply.

It was indeed Fanny whom he had always loved. He had assured her hastily that he would not let her want, and that if she would meet him at ten o'clock the next day, at Casterbridge bridge, he would give her money.

On reaching home he faced Bathsheba, and, declaring that he must have money for gambling, got from her all she had in the house. She accused him of loving another woman, and he in desperation admitted it. The next morning he left early to fulfil his appointment.

Fanny, who was in a dying condition, slowly dragged her way to Casterbridge, six miles distant. Step by step she painfully toiled along, making herself crutches of some long sticks by the wayside. By the help of a friendly dog, which half bore her on his back, she got to the poorhouse door, where she was received by helpful but unsympathetic arms.

"Where is the dog that brought me here?—he was my only friend," she asked before relapsing into unconsciousness.

"I stoned him away," replied the keeper.

The poor girl died that night, and the news was spread about that Fanny Robin had come back to die in the poorhouse and be buried in a pauper's grave. Bathsheba, all sympathy, yet with a sinking at her heart, sent her own wagon, filled with flowers, to carry the coffin to the grave. Old Joseph Poorgrass, who drove the wagon, delayed so long at a tavern by the way that Gabriel, coming up, drove it himself, and when they

reached Weatherbury, Bathsheba would not allow the body to be buried in the dark, insisting on its being left that night in the house and watching over it herself. Gabriel, as a desperate precaution, had erased part of the chalk-written inscription, which now read, "Fanny Robin." Bathsheba watched and waited all alone, and at last yielded to her desire to learn the dreadful secret which she surmised the coffin contained. She opened it, fearsomely, with a hammer, in the dead of night, and there, in all the dignity of death, lay the sad young mother, her baby pressed to her cheek.

Bathsheba, as if turned to stone, replaced the cover. Later she took Liddy, and, retreating to the attic, remained there in a state of siege during the day.

Troy had been at the bridge promptly to meet Fanny. Greatly disturbed that she did not come, he had waited for some time and then had gone to Bath, spending the day in wandering about. Although he had twenty-eight pounds with him, he had refrained from gambling, and had returned in the evening, weary and dispirited, with a foreboding on his mind. On discovering the real reason for Fanny's having disappointed him, he rushed out of the house like a wild man, all his old love and vain regret at his conduct taking possession of him. Hardly realizing his conduct, he went to a stone-cutter, and ordered a fine marble monument, to the full value of his twenty-eight pounds, to be finished, inscribed and set up in the churchyard over her grave. Toward evening he went there, and covered the mound with lilies, roses and other flowers, transforming it into a garden and working till he fell asleep from weariness.

An ancient gargoyle extended from the church-tower over Fanny's grave. A storm of unusual magnitude came up in the night, and this gargoyle spouted a tremendous stream upon the new grave, which rooted up the lilies and turned the fair mound into a fearful mass of mud. Troy, on discovering this in the morning, rushed away from the ill-fated town, his self-love of years turned to complete disgust.

Time went on, and news came that Troy had been drowned. His clothes were found near a dangerous spot by the sea, and one person declared he had seen his body sinking in the water. Notwithstanding these assurances, Bathsheba declared her

conviction that he was still alive, and resisted the renewed prayers of Boldwood that she should marry him. Finally he persuaded her to promise him that if her husband did not return until a seven-years' absence should make it legal for her to marry again, whether he lived or not, she would then become his wife. This promise made him happy, and he looked forward to the years with a light heart and gave himself up to touching preparations.

Troy meanwhile was not dead. He had been rescued at sea, and had followed a Bohemian career since, with occasional longings for the comforts of home and other delights that his union with Bathsheba had furnished. Drifting about from one thing to another, he once more reached Casterbridge in the character of a strolling player. Among the audience at a performance he saw his wife, and his mind turned more strongly in her direction. He himself was so disguised in his part as to be unrecognizable. Later he perceived her, through a chink in the tent, taking tea with Boldwood; and while pangs of jealousy raged within him he determined to announce himself and take possession of his rights.

Boldwood, in the joy of his anticipated possession of Bathsheba, arranged for a merrymaking at his house in her honor. She went with a heart heavy from misgiving, being always reluctant to wed this man, so honorable and devoted. Boldwood had met her at the door, and had given every assurance of the party's being in her honor, and she was descending the stairway, in full view of the assembled company, when a man rushed forward from below and called her by name. It was Troy, who had seized this moment to declare himself. A chill of apprehension went round the assembly, and Boldwood left her side and crouched by the distant fireplace.

"Bathsheba, go with your husband," he said, in a voice small and remote.

Troy came forward and seized Bathsheba by the wrist, and whether he actually hurt her or not, she gave a frightened scream. At this a shot was heard, and Troy fell dead from the discharge of a weapon in Boldwood's hands. The man's mind had given way. In the confusion, he rushed out and gave himself up to justice.

Bathsheba, repentant for her misfortunes as well as her follies, had Troy buried with honor in the same grave with Fanny Robin, and mourned him in widowhood.

Gabriel was her standby at this time, and Gabriel likewise sought by all means to mitigate Boldwood's sentence, who was tried and condemned to be hanged. At the last possible moment, this mitigation was received, and Boldwood was forgiven, to be confined "during her Majesty's pleasure." His insanity was now beyond a doubt, and Gabriel, who had gradually become his devoted friend and bailiff as well as Bathsheba's, was declared his heir, the terms of his will being fulfilled as if he had been dead.

And now in the end these two, Gabriel and Bathsheba, who had been so much to each other in the crises of life since their first chance meeting, were no longer to be held apart. He was planning to leave her service for the second time, when she stopped him, and the real love which had grown all unrecognized from her long-continued friendship and dependence on him made itself manifest to him as well as to herself.

"Bathsheba," he said tenderly, "if I only knew one thing—whether you would allow me to love you and win you, and marry you after all—if I only knew that!"

"You will never know," she murmured.

"Why ?"

"Because you never ask."

"Oh, Oh!" said Gabriel, with a low laugh of joyousness. "My own dear—"

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE (1878)

The scene of the story is laid in Egdon, a village in Dorsetshire. This region, so dear to the heart of the novelist, forms part of what has been termed the Hardy Country. Egdon Heath may be termed its heart, and its somber aspect well accords with the tragic events portrayed in *The Return of the Native*. The explorer of Egdon finds a rustic, thatched cottage, doubtless the original of Blooms End, the home of Mrs. Yeobright; and farther on a little farmhouse answers to the description of the "Quiet Woman" inn, kept by Damon Wildeve. The garden in the rear of the house slopes down to a still, deep stream called Shadwater Weir, whose gloomy waters closed over the final tragedy in *The Return of the Native*.

PROFOUND sensation was caused among the villagers at the little church at Egdon, when Mrs. Yeobright arose and said: "I forbid the banns," at the intended marriage of her niece, Thomasin Yeobright, and Damon Wildeve. But the climax of the situation was reached when some months later Mrs. Yeobright changed her mind, and said her niece might marry the man after all.

The wedding was to take place quietly at a church in Budmouth; but at the last moment Thomasin had persuaded Wildeve to go to Southerton. As the license had been made out for Budmouth, it would not answer the purpose at Southerton. When the discovery was made, it was too late to go to Budmouth for the wedding ceremony, which was accordingly postponed.

Thomasin returned home, naturally preferring to go alone; and on the way she overtook Diggory Venn, a former sweetheart. He was a reddleman by trade, and was driving along the road that morning in his van, when he heard, as he himself expressed it, someone "trotting after him like a doe." Turning round, he saw that it was Thomasin, white as death itself. She asked Venn if she might ride in his van, and then fell fainting to the ground. Venn tenderly picked her up, and

putting her in the van started in the direction of Blooms End, her aunt's home at Egdon.

On the way he was overtaken by Captain Drew, a neighbor of the Yeobrights, with whom he was not on friendly terms. Glad of a little company, he entered into conversation with the reddleman, who seemed somewhat preoccupied. From time to time, he would leave his companion's side, and stepping behind the van, look into its interior through a small window.

The Captain's curiosity was aroused, and finally hearing a faint cry in the van, he ventured to inquire if it was that of a child. When informed that the object of the reddleman's solicitude was a young woman returning home from Southerton, he remarked,

"It is not that damsel of Blooms End, who has been talked about more or less lately? If so, I know her and can guess what has happened."

"'Tis no matter," replied the reddleman. "Now, Sir, I am sorry to say that we must part company. I am going to rest under this bank for an hour."

The elder traveler nodded his head indifferently, and saying, "Good-night," proceeded on his way to his home at Mistover Knap. On his arrival there he communicated his suspicions to his granddaughter, Eustacia Vye. He surmised that it was Thomasin Yeobright in the van, and that something unusual had occurred, causing the postponement of the wedding. Eustacia was elated at the news, for she was wildly jealous of Thomasin, being herself in love with Wildeve, the prospective bridegroom.

She wisely conjectured that he would return to his home, an inn known as the "Quiet Woman"; and she conceived the idea of signaling to him after a fashion adopted on the same evening of the previous year. It was the fifth of November, Guy Fawkes day, usually celebrated with bonfire displays commemorative of the Gunpowder Plot. From every hillock bonfires were sending their message far and wide; and what more natural than that a like display should emanate from Mistover Knap?

With the promise of a crooked sixpence, Eustacia hired a little boy named Johnny Nunsuch to keep a fire ablaze in front of her home, until he should hear a frog jump into the pond

near by, "like a stone thrown in." He was then to run and tell her, for it was a sure sign of rain. Johnny followed the directions faithfully, and eagerly clutched his well-earned sixpence when his task had been accomplished.

Walking home across the lonely heath he was alarmed at the sight of a strange light in a sand-pit under the hill, and retraced his steps with the intention of asking Eustacia to walk home with him, as he was afraid. However, he changed his mind when he saw her talking to a man; and after listening to a part of the conversation he stealthily crept away.

When he again came to the edge of the sand-pit he looked over, and was so alarmed at what he saw that he turned to run. Slipping, he fell over the very edge of the pit and rolled to the feet of the dreaded red ghost, as he was sometimes termed by the villagers.

The ghost in this instance was Diggory Venn; and he certainly presented a startling appearance, being red from head to heels. This was due to the reddle, a bright pigment used by shepherds in preparing sheep for the fair, and apt to stamp its lively hue on everything it encountered.

The reddleman soon won the child's confidence, and listened to his gay prattle about the bonfire and the frog. However, he was more directly interested in the conversation Johnny had overheard, between Eustacia and the gentleman, who was undoubtedly Wildeve.

"What did she say to him, my man?"

"She told him she supposed he had not married the other woman because he liked his old sweetheart best. He then told her that he did like her best, and how he was coming to see her again o'nights."

"Ha!" cried the reddleman, "that's the secret o't. And what did the lady say then?"

"I can't mind. Please, Master Reddleman, may I go home—along now?"

"Ay, to be sure you may. I'll go a bit of ways with you."

Meanwhile Wildeve, who had answered Eustacia's bonfire signal as the reddleman had rightly guessed, was entertaining her with an account of the rather stormy encounter he had had with Thomasin and her aunt. As soon as the former returned

home, Mrs. Yeobright insisted upon going with her to Wildeve's home and asking for some explanation regarding what she termed the disgraceful performance of the morning. The interview had been brought to an abrupt conclusion by a serenade on the part of the villagers, who had come with the intention of congratulating the bride and groom.

While he was entertaining his unwelcome guests as best he could, Thomasin and her aunt slipped quietly away; and Wildeve, discovering the fact as soon as the villagers had departed, put on his hat with the intention of calling on a neighbor. On his way he had noticed the bonfire at Mistover, and recalling the signal of the previous year came to the conclusion that it had the same meaning now.

When Eustacia asked him if he had broken off the wedding because he loved her best, he merely replied:

"I have not yet married her. I have come in obedience to your call. That is enough." He would give her no satisfaction, playfully taunting her when she boasted of her power to make him come to her, saying, "I saw a woman at dusk, looking down toward my house. I think I drew you out before you drew out me."

Thus he trifled with her love; but Eustacia loved on with the fierce intensity of her nature. To be loved to madness was her great desire; but the love, wrath and fervor which glowed in turns from her pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries, were wasted on Wildeve. His feelings regarding Eustacia and Thomasin were so nicely balanced, as he himself expressed it, that a feather would turn them either way.

The reddleman, warned by the remarks overheard by Johnny, waited patiently for a second meeting between the lovers, which did not occur till a week later. He was well rewarded for his pains, however, as he heard Wildeve coaxing Eustacia to elope with him to America. Next morning he called on Eustacia and pleaded in behalf of Thomasin; but his entreaties were in vain.

"I will never give Wildeve up," declared Eustacia, impetuously; and no argument or persuasion on his part could make her alter this determination.

Venn then resolved to see Mrs. Yeobright, whom he met on

her way to the "Quiet Woman" to interview Wildeve. He put in a plea in his own behalf, since the case seemed hopeless as far as Wildeve was concerned. Though Mrs. Yeobright did not look with favor on Venn's proposal, yet she afterward made use of it in her conversation with Wildeve in the most effective way, and succeeded by its means in bringing him to terms.

She insisted that, as another man had asked Thomasin to marry him, Wildeve must decide one way or the other. He finally agreed to write or call in a day or so. That very evening he hastened to see Eustacia, despite the fact that she had asked him to give her a week in which to consider his proposal regarding America. Recalling her conversation with the reddleman, and shrewdly suspecting that Mrs. Yeobright was endeavoring to bring Wildeve to terms, she received him very coldly.

When he informed her that Mrs. Yeobright wished him to give up Thomasin because another man was desirous to marry her, she realized that she had lost interest in her former lover. What was the man worth, she reflected, whom a woman inferior to herself did not value? Thus, when Wildeve again urged her to marry him and go to America, she answered with some weariness that she wanted time to decide. Wildeve was no longer the man whom many women strove for, and Eustacia became bitterly conscious of the fact that her dream was over.

Before the evening arranged for the next meeting had arrived, many events had taken place. Clement Yeobright, or Clym, as he was called in Egdon, had returned from Paris, and his mother had planned a party at Blooms End in honor of his return. It was the first Christmas her son had been at home for a long time, and she wanted it to be a happy one. When Eustacia heard of the party she was greatly troubled, because she was not on visiting terms with the Yeobrights. However, on hearing that the Egdon mummers were to add to the gaiety of the entertainment, she succeeded in coaxing one of the mummers to lend her his suit; and thus disguised as a boy she succeeded in gaining an entrance into Clym's home.

Clym Yeobright aroused a deep feeling of interest in Eustacia. His thoughtful expression suggested a striving between depression and natural cheerfulness. Eustacia studied his face

at ease, during a pause in the entertainment, when she was not called upon to act. She thought herself unnoticed, but Clym easily penetrated her disguise and made her aware of the fact when the entertainment was over, and she had slipped quietly out of the house. He followed her and asked her if she was not a woman; and when she admitted the fact, he assured her the secret was safe with him. He secretly wondered why she had played such a prank as this, but as she did not volunteer the reason he wished her good-night and returned to the house.

Eustacia hastened home, but before she went in she turned and faced the heath once more. As she did so, she recalled her promise to Wildeve to meet him that very evening and give him her reply regarding the proposed elopement to America. However, her feeling regarding Wildeve had so changed, that when the reddleman told her next day that he had seen her lover pacing up and down the heath, and angrily muttering to him that he would return the next evening, Eustacia asked him to take a note to Wildeve in which she stated that everything was over between them.

When he had read the note Wildeve guessed that Venn knew the contents, and revenged himself by telling him that he was running counter to his own interests in forcing him to court Thomasin again.

"Mrs. Yeobright says the girl is willing to accept you," continued Wildeve, "if you ask her to marry you."

Hardly believing what he heard, Venn hastened home, and discarding his work-a-day suit for his best clothes, went to Blooms End with the purpose of asking Thomasin to be his wife. He arrived at the house just as Wildeve was leaving.

"Man alive, you've been quick at it," said Diggory, sarcastically.

"And you slow, as you will find," said Wildeve. "And you may as well go back again now. I've claimed her, and got her. Ha! ha! Good-night, reddleman."

The wedding actually occurred at Wildeve's parish church two days later, and Thomasin made her future home at the "Quiet Woman" inn. The same day Clym Yeobright, who had been visiting friends in the neighborhood, returned to Blooms End.

He prepared to settle down in his old home, much to the surprise of his mother, who had expected his return to Paris at the close of the Christmas vacation. Finally, she asked him his intentions one day, and he told her that he had decided to give up the position he held in a jeweler's shop in Paris, as he considered the work too effeminate. He wanted to have a school in Egdon and a night-school at Blooms End.

His plans were heartily disapproved by his mother, especially when he told her that he intended having Eustacia Vye for his assistant. Later he acknowledged that he had asked Eustacia to be his wife, the news causing such a bitter feeling between mother and son that Clym decided to leave home.

Packing up his belongings, he took possession of a cottage in a village named Aldersworth, where he made a home for Eustacia, whom he married soon after. At first all went fairly well, and Clym pursued his studies vigorously, often reading far into the small hours of the night. One morning, however, after a severer strain than usual, he awoke with a strange sensation in his eyes. On consulting a surgeon, he learned that he was suffering from acute inflammation of the eyes; and for weeks he was compelled to remain in a darkened room and keep them bandaged.

Eustacia feared he would become blind, and gave herself up to the most gloomy forebodings regarding the future. These were realized, when, some weeks later, her husband, having recovered sufficiently to go out of doors, returned one day from a walk and told her that he was going to be a furze-cutter. Better that than remaining idle and spending all the money they had, he argued; and besides, furze-cutting was an honest occupation and paid well.

The very next day he began that work, and soon became not only resigned but cheerful in his newly-adopted occupation. Eustacia reproached him for being happy under such adverse circumstances, and felt rebellious at the thought of spending the rest of her life in Egdon—which now seemed her probable fate—and never seeing the Paris of her dreams.

One day she heard that a village picnic was to take place at East Egdon; and she could not resist the temptation to enjoy an afternoon of reckless gaiety. Her plans were interfered

with owing to the absence of any local resident she knew, and she had decided to return home, when she heard Wildeve whisper her name. Soon they were dancing together; and as they walked home afterward they compared grievances. Wildeve had long since wearied of Thomasin, and Eustacia was bitter and discontented with her lot.

A few hundred yards from Eustacia's home, Wildeve perceived Clym and Venn approaching, and he deemed it wiser not to go any farther, and therefore said good-by. When Eustacia met her husband and the reddleman a few moments later, Venn eyed her suspiciously. He said good-by to the two, and went on his way to the "Quiet Woman." There he found Thomasin awaiting Wildeve.

"Your husband seems often to be away at this time," said Venn.

"Oh, yes," cried Thomasin, in what was intended to be a tone of gaiety; "husbands will play the truant, you know."

But the forced gaiety in her tone made Venn's heart ache for her, and he determined to place every obstacle in Wildeve's way should he continue his meetings with Eustacia. Wildeve, discovering his purpose, finally decided to call on her boldly during the day, taking the risk of meeting her husband.

The very day he selected Mrs. Yeobright had made up her mind to go and see Clym. She had not been reconciled to him since the day of his wedding, and she yearned to be at peace with her son. On one of the hottest days in August she went to Aldersworth. When she came in sight of the little cottage, she thought she would rest awhile on a knoll close to the place before she ventured any further. From her elevated position the exhausted woman looked down on the house and its surroundings.

Presently she saw a man approach the house and enter, much to her dismay, as she had counted on finding her son and Eustacia alone. Feeling rested after a while she went down to the cottage and looked into the garden. By the door lay Clym's furze-hook, and the handful of fagots he had thrown down as he entered the house.

He was at that moment sound asleep on the hearth-rug, absolutely worn out by his morning's work and utterly oblivious

of the fact that Wildeve was in the adjoining room talking to Eustacia. His mother knocked at the door, and Eustacia went to the window and looked out.

"It is Mrs. Yeobright," she whispered to Wildeve, and hearing Clym moving in the front room, and utter the word "mother," she left him to open the door, while she showed Wildeve out of the back door, entreating him never to return.

When she came back, she supposed Clym must be whispering to his mother, as all was so quiet. Then, venturing to look into the room, she saw that he was still asleep on the floor. Hurrying to the front door she looked out, but Mrs. Yeobright was no longer in sight.

The poor woman had plodded on wearily, her lips trembling as she murmured: "'Tis too much—Clym, how can he bear to do it? Where was he?"

Meeting little Johnny Nunsuch, who was frightened at the expression in her white face and supposed she had seen a ghost, she told him she had indeed seen a bad sight. "A woman looking out at a weary wayfarer, and not letting her in, is always a bad sight," she told the child; and when he asked her why she was so tired, she replied, wearily:

"Because I have a burden which is more than I can bear."

Presently, overcome with heat and fatigue, she was compelled to sit down and rest. Johnny had to go home, as it was getting late, so he asked Mrs. Yeobright what message he should give his mother.

"Tell her you have seen a broken-hearted woman cast off by her son."

When Clym awoke he told Eustacia about a strange dream that he had had. "It was about my mother," he said. "I dreamed that I took you to her house to make up differences, and when we got there we couldn't get in, though she kept on crying to us for help. Something makes me feel I must go and see her this evening."

Despite the efforts of Eustacia, who feared he would learn what had happened that afternoon, her husband set out on the journey. He was enjoying the peaceful scene, when suddenly he heard a moan; and taking a few steps in the direction of the sound, perceived the recumbent form of a woman. When

he stooped and saw the pallid face of his mother, he stifled a cry of anguish, and tenderly lifting her, carried her to a hut near by, and called in the assistance of neighbors and a doctor. But despite all efforts to save her she died, and at this most inopportune moment Johnny Nunsuch peered in the hut and, seeing his mother, exclaimed in a shrill voice:

"That woman sleeping there said I was to say I had seen her, and she was a woman cast off by her son."

The words stung Clym to the quick, and it was weeks before he recovered from their effect and the shock of his mother's death. When, several weeks later, Johnny told him about the woman with black hair who looked out of the window of his house and would not open the door to Mrs. Yeobright, Clym's anger knew no bounds.

He upbraided Eustacia with her cruelty until she went down on her knees and begged for mercy. But he was relentless; and finally, knowing that all happiness was over between them, Eustacia returned to her grandfather's home at Mistover Knap.

Captain Drew did all in his power to comfort her, ably assisted by Charley, the stable-boy, a devoted admirer of Eustacia. When she returned home it was late in October, and as the fifth of November approached Charley made secret preparations for a cheerful surprise. On the night of the fifth he built a bonfire, on precisely the spot Eustacia had chosen at previous times. He called her to look at it; and while she stood beside the boy, gazing at the flames, she heard a sound that filled her with alarm. It was the splash of a stone in the pond. Wildeve had mistaken the bonfire for a repetition of the signal of former years, and had come in response.

She told him it was all a mistake, that the fire had been lighted without her knowledge, and begged him to go. But his pity and sympathy for her in her trouble overcame her, and she acknowledged how utterly miserable she was, and how she longed to leave Egdon.

"If I could only get to Budford," she moaned, "I could take a steamer there and manage the rest."

Wildeve offered to do anything in his power to help her; and it was finally arranged that each night at eight he was to

watch for her signal—a waving torch, and then wait twenty paces from his home ready to drive her over to Budford at midnight.

The next day Eustacia packed her belongings, and giving Wildeve the signal that evening crept quietly out of the house at half-past eleven. The rain was coming down in torrents, but the storm raging on the heath harmonized only too well with the chaos in her mind. At length she reached Blackbarrow, when a sudden recollection that she had not enough money for a long journey, even if she could reach Budford, brought her to an abrupt standstill. She could not borrow the money from Wildeve, and as she realized that she was still a captive she moaned, "I can't go! I can't go! No money. And if I could, what comfort to me? . . . I do not deserve my lot!" she cried, in a frenzy of bitter revolt; and in despair she flung herself into the deep pool known as Shadwater Weir, within sight of Wildeve's home.

Meanwhile Wildeve had been waiting for her, but heard no sound save the roar of the Weir, above the din of the storm. Presently he heard approaching footsteps, but kept silent when he saw it was only Clym, who had been warned by Thomasin of Wildeve's absence and suspected trouble.

Unaware of Wildeve's presence, Clym shared with him his dreary vigil, till both were suddenly startled by the sound of a body falling in the weir. When they rushed forward Clym, turning the light of his lantern on the turbulent waters, saw a dark body drifting on the surface.

"Oh, my darling!" cried Wildeve, in an agonized voice, and instantly plunged in to save Eustacia. He was drowned in the attempt, and Clym nearly shared his fate, but was saved by Venn, who had been sent by Thomasin to be at hand in case of need.

Some time after this tragic occurrence, around which the villagers had woven a halo of romance, Venn ventured to renew his proposal to Thomasin and was this time accepted.

On the Sunday after Venn's wedding Clym Yeobright began his career as a lecturer, giving a series of "moral lectures on the mount," from the summit of Blackbarrow. Some believed in him and others did not, but all received him kindly, knowing the sad story of his life.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE (1885)

When the Romans occupied England one of their principal stations was Durnovaria, which still survives as the town of Dorchester, capital of the county of Dorset, the home of Thomas Hardy, who shows the influence of its ancient history in his writings. The region is particularly rich in Roman antiquities and it is easy to identify Dorchester as the Casterbridge of this story, from the descriptions of the remains of Roman occupation, if in no other way. The most perfect Roman amphitheater of its kind in England, having in its prime accommodated 30,000 persons with seats, is in the outskirts of Dorchester and is several times mentioned in this famous story. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* comes about midway, in point of time, in Thomas Hardy's career as an author.

NE evening of late summer, before the nineteenth century had reached its thirtieth year, a young man and woman, the latter carrying a child, a little girl, arrived on foot at the village Weydon-Priors. They were plainly clad, and they were tired and dusty. A fair was in progress and there they sought refreshments, entering, after some hesitation, the furmity rather than the ale tent, at the wife's suggestion. A rather numerous company were assembled there. At the upper end stood a stove where a hag-like creature was stirring and serving hot furmity and surreptitiously for the initiated mingling with it certain proportions of rum, according to the coin offered. The man, a hay-trusser, quickly discovered this trick and availed himself of it so frequently that he soon exhibited the influence of the strong liquor. The conversation took a turn on the extinction of high hopes by an early marriage; and the hay-trusser with a wave of the hand declared, "I married at eighteen, like a fool that I was, and this is the consequence o't." His wife acted as if she did not hear; and he rambled on. Sounds of a horse-auction without gave him a sudden suggestion.

"For my part," he said, "I don't see why men who have got wives and don't want 'em, shouldn't get rid of 'em as these

fellows do their horses. Begad, I'd sell mine this minute, if anybody would buy her!" A remonstrance from his wife produced no effect. The trusser continued:—

"All I want is a buyer. The woman is no good to me. Will any Jack Rag or Tom Straw among ye buy my goods?"

The onlookers were amused at the joke and one offered himself as auctioneer. The farce went on, the trusser growing more serious. After a lot of beating about in the fashion of a professional, the auctioneer shouted—"Five guineas, five guineas, or she'll be withdrawn. Do anybody give it? The last time, yes or no?"

"Yes," said a voice from the doorway, and they saw that it came from a sailor, a stranger. He threw down on the table-cloth a five pound Bank-of-England note and placed on it the necessary five shillings. This was a new turn. The spectators waited with parted lips.

"If you touch that money," said the woman breaking the silence, "I and Elizabeth Jane go with the man."

"'Tis quite on the understanding that the young woman is willing," said the sailor, whose name was Newson.

Seeing no repentance in her husband's face, she declared that she was willing. The trusser put the sailor's note and the shillings in his pocket.

"Come along," said the sailor kindly. "The little one too." The woman paused for an instant, then took up the child, and followed the stranger to the door. There she turned and pulling off her wedding ring flung it across the room in the hay-trusser's face.

"Mike," she said, "I've lived with thee a couple of years and had nothing but temper. I'll try my luck elsewhere. So good-by."

The trusser rose and followed unsteadily to the door. Then he resumed his seat.

"I'll not go after her," he said, "let her go." He rested his drooping head on his arms and went to sleep. There he slept all night. When he awoke in the gray morning he remembered his deed and went on a search for his wife, but no Susan could he find. Then he entered a church, and kneeling with his head on a Bible, he said aloud:—

"I, Michael Henchard, on this morning of the sixteenth of

September, do take an oath here in this solemn place that I will avoid all strong liquors for the space of twenty years to come, being a year for every year that I have lived. And this I swear upon the book before me: and may I be stricken dumb, blind, and helpless if I break this my oath."

For weeks and months he continued the search; and then at a western seaport he ascertained that persons answering his description had migrated a little time before. Then he said he would search no longer. Next day he started inland and wandered on till he reached the town of Casterbridge.

Many years after this two persons walked over the same dusty road to Weydon-Priors where Henchard and his wife had gone. One of these dressed in the mourning clothes of a widow, was that same wife for whom he had searched in vain; and it was plain that the other, also in black, a well-formed young woman of eighteen, was her grown-up daughter.

"It was here," said the mother as they arrived at the fair which was again holding its annual sway, "that I last saw the relative we are going to look for, Mr. Michael Henchard."

"What is his exact relation to us, mother? I have never clearly had it told me."

"He is, or was, for he may be dead, a relation by marriage," said her mother deliberately.

Mrs. Newson discovered the old furmity woman and after prodding her memory, learned from her that Henchard had mentioned Casterbridge. There she went with Elizabeth Jane. She had set out to find Henchard when news of the loss at sea of Newson had solved a problem which had become torture to her meek conscience. When they arrived at Casterbridge a grand banquet was going on at the chief hotel, and they paused amid the idlers staring through the open windows.

"That's Mr. Henchard, the mayor, at the end of the table," said a bystander, pointing out the dignitaries of the occasion.

"What a gentleman he is!" said Elizabeth Jane, pleased to find their relative in so commanding a position.

"He is not how I thought he would be," said her mother, "he overpowers me." And Susan felt half sorry she had come to Casterbridge. The talk at the table turned on a deal in spoiled wheat and some of those in the street who had suffered

from its inferior quality did not hesitate to speak in loud voices of the matter. Henchard, who was a corn-factor, finally said:

"If anyone will tell me how to turn sprouted wheat into sound, wholesome grain, I'll take it back with pleasure. But it can't be done."

A stranger in the crowd, a young man of remarkably pleasant aspect, who carried in his hand a carpet-bag, smiled at Henchard's last words, wrote a few words on a leaf of his note-book and sent it in by a waiter. This done, he paid no further heed to the matter, but sought lodgings at a less expensive hotel, the "King of Prussia," down the street, giving his name as Donald Farfrae. Here, also, Susan and Elizabeth Jane put up; and here Henchard, who was deeply interested in the young man's note, paid him a visit that very night and endeavored to persuade him to stay and enter his employ. Farfrae's room was next to Mrs. Henchard's; and as the partition was thin the women could not help hearing the conversation. In declining an invitation to drink Henchard said:—

"No, no, I fain would but I can't. When I was a young man I went in for that sort of thing too strong. I did a deed on account of it which I shall be ashamed of to my dying day. I swore I'd drink nothing stronger than tea for as many years as I was old that day, and I have kept my oath."

The next day Henchard prevailed upon the young man, Farfrae, to stay and become manager of his business. Also that day Susan sent Elizabeth Jane with a message to the mayor, to the effect that his relative, Susan, a sailor's widow, was in town, leaving it to him to say whether or not he would recognize her. When Elizabeth Jane delivered her message Henchard said, "Oh, Susan is still alive," with difficulty. "Are you her daughter?"

"Yes, Sir, her only daughter." She innocently told him her name, and that her father was lost at sea. He then sent a note to Susan asking her to meet him secretly at the Ring, the huge old Roman amphitheater, so that they could lay their plans; and at that meeting it was decided that she should take a small house in the town, and Henchard should meet her, court her, and marry her.

When Henchard got home from this interview he found his superintendent, Farfrae, still at work in the office and made him come into the house. He had taken a deep liking to Farfrae, and he now revealed to the Scotchman his whole history, the sale of his wife, and all.

"Can't ye take her back, and so make amends?" said Farfrae.

"That's what I've planned. But, Farfrae," said he with desperate awkwardness, "I'm in a fix, a devil of a fix. There's another woman in the case." Then he told how in going to Jersey on business, as he was accustomed to do, he had fallen out of a boat and struck his head in falling. A woman, the daughter of one of his merchant friends, saved his life, and he married her a fortnight ago. "She arrives by packet to-morrow," he continued.

"Did ye ever tell her of the other?"

"Every word but the sale. I wouldn't have married without letting her know I had no proof of the other's death. My wife has my daughter with her, but the girl knows nothing of me except that I am a relative."

It was arranged that Farfrae should go to Budmouth Harbor and turn back the woman from Jersey with a note; and this he duly accomplished. The other matter proceeded as planned. The remarriage took place, and Mrs. Henchard and Elizabeth Jane took up their residence at the fine house Michael Henchard owned; though Elizabeth, somewhat at her mother's suggestion, preferred to retain the name of Newson. Farfrae had in a short time become the mainstay of Henchard's business and had begun to pay his addresses to Elizabeth Jane, who grew daily prettier and whose poise of character provoked his admiration. Things moved on thus smoothly till one day Henchard commanded one of the workmen named Whittle, who had been tardy in his morning arrivals, to drive to a neighboring town half-clad, just as Henchard had pulled him from his quarters. But Farfrae told him to go and dress himself first. The outcome of this crossing of Henchard's will was the dismissal of Farfrae, and orders to him and Elizabeth to meet no more. Farfrae then set up a rival business; and his success was so marked that Henchard resolved to ruin him at all hazards.

Henchard now received a note from the Jersey lady, Lucetta, requesting the delivery to her, as she passed through Casterbridge on her way from a visit to an aunt, of all the letters she had written him. He accordingly sealed the letters in a packet and sent it by Elizabeth Jane to the coach. While waiting she met Farfrae, who kindly relieved her of the task; but when the coach arrived there was no Lucetta in it. The guard remembered her as a passenger down, and Farfrae gave the package to him for delivery. A fortnight later the guard returned it, as he had meanwhile seen nothing of the lady. Farfrae put it aside till he should again meet Miss Newson. During this period Mrs. Henchard became ill and rapidly grew worse. She had a fancy one day to write a letter; and this she addressed: "Mr. Michael Henchard, not to be opened till Elizabeth Jane's wedding-day." Not very long after that she died. On the same day as her death Farfrae, not knowing of it, went to return the packet of Lucetta's letters; but under the circumstances he took it home again.

Henchard's affection was now concentrated on his daughter. Moved by the death of his wife he resolved to tell Elizabeth that she was not Newson's daughter, and get her to adopt her true name. Elizabeth consented to take the name. Feeling deep satisfaction over this final restoration of his child, he went to his room to hunt for some documents to show her in the morning to corroborate what he had told her, and ran across the letter his wife had written that was not to be opened till Elizabeth's wedding-day. But the seal had been imperfectly made and the letter was already unsealed. Thinking it but a trifling fancy, he disregarded the injunction and read it, whereby he was informed that Elizabeth Jane was not his child, but the daughter of Newson, his own child having died, and the successor having been given the same name. His wife's reluctance to have the girl take his name was now explained. The mockery in it all was that he should no sooner have taught the girl to claim the shelter of his paternity than he discovered her to have no kinship with him. He straightway began to dislike her; nevertheless, he refrained from undeceiving her. Now he saw his mistake in objecting to Farfrae's attentions to her, and wrote to him:

"Sir: On consideration I don't wish to interfere with your courtship of Elizabeth Jane if you particularly care for her. I therefore withdraw my objection excepting in this, that the business be not carried on at my house."

One day Elizabeth Jane met a strange lady while she was visiting her mother's grave. This lady had taken a house, High Street Hall; and in the course of their acquaintance Elizabeth, now deeply feeling the increasing coldness of Henchard's manner, and desiring to be relieved from it, arranged to become companion to the lady. This person, Miss Templeman, was Lucetta, who, having heard of Mrs. Henchard's death, had come to Casterbridge with the object of repairing the former mistake. To this effect she wrote Henchard. Through several misunderstandings at first, partly brought about by her new name, Templeman, taken from her aunt whose death had recently brought Lucetta into a large fortune, Henchard did not meet her for some time. In this interval the young and handsome Farfrae, following out the suggestion contained in Henchard's note to him, called at Miss Templeman's to see Elizabeth, and by an accident met Lucetta instead. In this their first meeting a mutual attachment arose. Elizabeth was allowed to become a mere watcher in the development of this affair; but she carried herself with her customary composure.

The commercial duel which was being waged between Henchard and Farfrae, mainly, however, by Henchard, who grew reckless as he failed to weaken his rival, now began to dwarf Henchard's resources. His temper was highly wrought up by this and the affair with Lucetta, wherein he found himself displaced by Farfrae, his now hated rival in all things. Accidentally overhearing a love passage between them, he went to Lucetta's house and, not finding her at home, waited unceremoniously in her own sitting-room for her return. A stormy scene followed, the end being that Henchard declared:

"You belong to me, and unless you give me your promise this very night to be my legal wife, before a witness, I'll disclose all—in common fairness to other men."

Elizabeth Jane was sent for, and in her presence Henchard wrung a promise from Lucetta to marry him, and then left the house.

Michael Henchard's term as mayor of Casterbridge was over, but he remained a magistrate. In the line of this duty he was called upon to try a vagrant woman, who proved to be the old furmity hag of Weydon-Priors. She remembered the incident of the wife-sale and revengefully declared it. All but Henchard immediately denounced it as a concocted story. He said, "No, 'tis true," and relinquished the chair to another official, clearing himself in the matter of justice to her after the declaration. The news spread, and by it Lucetta learned for the first time the actual cause of Henchard's separation from his wife. She now told Elizabeth that she was going to a neighboring town for a few days' rest; Casterbridge was so gloomy to her; but this was only a ruse to violate the promise she had made to Henchard; she went to marry Farfrae. On her return Henchard asked the countenance of their prospective marriage to ward off the pressure of one of his creditors for a few days, when affairs would be in better shape. Lucetta declined.

"It is not because I won't, it is because I can't," said Lucetta with distress. "He was a witness of my marriage with Mr. Farfrae at Port Breedy this week."

The troubles of Michael Henchard now fell fast. He was unceremoniously sold out as a bankrupt and became as penniless as the poorest laborer. His rough ways during his prosperity left him few friends, and he was forced to seek a domicile in the meanest quarter of the town. To add to his bitterness the hated Farfrae bought his old home and all the store buildings. Furthermore, he was compelled, in order to maintain himself, to go to Farfrae for employment. His late rival was elected to the town council and was spoken of for mayor, while Henchard was again only a common hay-trusser exactly where he was those long years ago when he sold his wife at Weydon-Priors fair. He underwent, also, a moral change. He began to count the days to the end of his vow. "I mean to enjoy myself then, please God," he said.

When Lucetta one day begged him to return her letters he learned that she had not received them on the former occasion, and, investigating, he found them in Farfrae's possession. With the full intention of reading them to Farfrae with the signature, he went, by appointment, to get the packet. He did indeed

read some of the letters to Farfrae, but withheld the name. Even he had not the heart to make the disclosure; and Lucetta, who, hearing voices, had come as far as the door and there listened in terror, was spared. She then determined to secure the packet by a ruse. She made herself look old and broken and sought an interview with Henchard, who was so touched by her apparent misery that he promised to send her the letters. This he did; but his messenger, one Jopp, loitered in a low groggery, where he was persuaded to open the packet and read the story of Lucetta's relations with Henchard. Here, the low crowd declared, was foundation for a "skimmity ride," a low form of torture for persons whose conduct had not been proper. When the skimmington had been planned, Jopp, amid much hilarity, sealed again the packet, and delivered it to Lucetta. She, poor soul! burned it and rejoiced that this chief evidence of the unlucky episode was removed.

Meanwhile the visit of a royal personage brought on festivities; and Henchard, in his bitterness, interrupted the procession with an attempt to speak to the royal guest. Farfrae roughly pushed him aside. This indignity inflamed Henchard still more, and he trapped Farfrae into meeting him in a loft of one of the storehouses. Being the stronger man, he had previously tied his left arm to his side, and thus handicapped he forced Farfrae to fight to the end that one or the other should be thrust from a doorway to fall forty feet to the ground. After a fierce battle, Henchard held his victim on the sill at his mercy. But he did not drop him. He looked at him in silence. Then he said, "Though I came here to kill'ee, I cannot hurt thee," and let him go. Farfrae had previously been called out of town, and he left at once to give himself time to consider. While he was gone the skimmington was carried out. Two easily recognizable effigies of Henchard and Lucetta were paraded, tied back to back, on a donkey accompanied by a horrible racket. The shock to Lucetta in her delicate state of health was so great that she was prostrated and died before morning.

Time passed and Newson reappeared on the scene; he discovered his daughter, who was helping Henchard establish a seed business; but he kept out of the way till Farfrae, who had again devoted himself to Elizabeth Jane, had married her,

and Henchard had decided to go away and trouble them no more. On the wedding-day Henchard came with a goldfinch as a present to Elizabeth. Leaving the bird in the garden he sought an interview. As Elizabeth had now found out that he had told a desperate lie to her father, the result was not pleasant and Henchard went off in a state of deep dejection. Some weeks later Elizabeth and Farfrae made a search for him, and at last found Whittle, the man over whom the first disagreement had occurred; he had followed Henchard into the country and helped him in his hour of need; for the late mayor of Casterbridge had been kind to Whittle's old mother. Henchard had died about half an hour before.

"I would not have minded so much if it had not been for that last parting," said Elizabeth Jane. "But there's no altering—so it must be."

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES (1891)

This novel was completed in 1889 and was published in 1891, after the main portion of the plot and various chapters as episodic sketches had appeared in periodicals. In his preface to the fifth English (eighth American) edition, the author says that it was quite contrary to avowed conventions that the public should welcome a book in which the great campaign of the heroine begins after an event in her experience which has usually been treated as virtually ending her career and hopes. But, he continues, the responsive spirit in which *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was received would seem to prove that the plan of laying down a story on the lines of tacit opinion, instead of making it to square with the merely vocal formulæ of society, is not altogether a wrong one. A dramatization of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was made by Lorimer Stoddard in 1897.

HEN the chance words of an antiquary revealed to John Durbeyfield, the haggler, that he was a lineal descendant of the illustrious D'Urbervilles, he determined to claim kinship with the rich family of Stoke-D'Urberville whose founder, the merchant Stoke, had, in reality, simply annexed to his own the name of a famous family supposedly extinct; and John decided to send his eldest child, Tess, to the D'Urbervilles at Trautridge in the hope of procuring financial aid.

Tess Durbeyfield, though but sixteen, had a luxuriance of aspect, a fulness of growth which made her appear more of a woman than she was; but for all her bouncing, handsome womanliness phases of her childhood still lurked in her aspect. Her mother's intelligence was that of a happy child, and shiftlessness was John Durbeyfield's chief characteristic; so every day seemed to throw on Tess's shoulders more of the burdens of the large family. Against her feelings and judgment she was persuaded to go to Trautridge, where she saw, not Mrs. D'Urberville, but her son, Alec, who at once coveted the girl. The encounter with D'Urberville vaguely disturbed Tess and inclined her to refuse the offer of charge of the poultry-farm

which was blind Mrs. D'Urberville's hobby. But again she overcame her own reluctance, under the urging of her family, and left her home.

Familiarity with D'Urberville's presence gradually removed her first shyness without implanting any feeling of a tenderer kind. But she was more pliable under his hands than a mere companionship would have made her, owing to her dependence on his mother, and, because of her comparative helplessness, upon him, though she never quite got over her original mistrust of him.

One evening she was returning from a fair with a troop of young people who had partaken too freely at the inn, as Tess discovered on the way home; but there was a three-mile walk in the darkness and she feared to be alone. Unfortunately the band fell into an altercation and one of the women, a discarded favorite of D'Urberville's, fell upon Tess and was joined by the other women. So when D'Urberville appeared on horseback and told her to jump up behind him, Tess in her eagerness to escape yielded to impulse and leaped into the saddle, though at almost any other moment she would have refused such aid and company, as she had many times before. They had ridden for an hour before Tess noticed that they were in a strange wood. D'Urberville, who had ridden quite at random, could not, because of a heavy fog, discover their whereabouts; so he left Tess to search for landmarks. When he returned Tess had fallen asleep on the dead September leaves, and darkness and silence ruled everywhere around. Thereafter an immense social chasm was to divide Tess's personality from the previous self of hers that had left her mother's door three months before.

A few weeks after that disastrous night in Trautridge woods Tess returned home. She had never loved D'Urberville. She had dreaded him, winced before him, succumbed to a cruel advantage he took of her helplessness; then, temporarily blinded by his flash manners, had been stirred to confused surrender a while; finally, taking a sudden contempt and dislike for him, she ran away. Hate him she did not quite, but he was dust and ashes to her. She told her mother her story and Joan replied:

"And yet thee'st not got him to marry 'ee! Thee ought to

have been more careful if thee didn't mean to get him to make thee his wife!"

"Oh, mother," cried the agonized girl, "how could I be expected to know? I was a child when I left this house. Why didn't you tell me there was danger in men-folk? Why didn't you warn me?"

"I feared you would be hontish wi' him and lose your chance. Well," she murmured, "we must make the best of it. 'Tis nater, after all, and what do please God."

Tess saw before her a long and stony highway, which she had to tread without aid and with little sympathy. Her depression was terrible, and she shut herself up and shunned all observation. She might have seen that what bowed her head so profoundly—the thought of the world's concern at her situation—was founded on an illusion. She was not an existence, an illusion, an experience, a passion, a structure of sensations, to anyone but herself. To all humankind besides, Tess was but a passing thought. Most of her misery was generated by her conventional aspect and not by her innate sensations. With harvest-time came common sense to illumine her after she had been wearing and wasting her heart with every engine of regret that lonely inexperience could devise. She desired to be useful again and to taste independence. The past was past; whatever it had been, it was no more. So she went out into the fields to work, bore herself with dignity, and looked people calmly in the face, even when holding her baby in her arms.

But as her moral sorrows began to pass away, a fresh one arose on the natural side of her, which knew no social law. The baby's tender and puny frame suddenly collapsed; and he was buried by lantern-light in that shabby corner of God's allotment where all the conjecturally damned are laid. Almost at a leap Tess changed from a simple girl to a complex woman; and, as time went on, symbols of reflectiveness passed into her face, a note of tragedy into her voice, and eloquence into her eyes. Her aspect became fair and arresting; her soul that of a woman whom the experiences of the last year or two had quite failed to demoralize. But for the world's opinion those experiences would have been simply a liberal education. Finally she began to feel the pulse of hopeful life and the desire to es-

cape to some nook that had no memories. The spirit of unexpended youth, surging up anew after its temporary check, brought hope and the invincible instinct toward self-delight.

At last, between two and three years after her return from Trautridge—two silent, reconstructive years—an opportunity came to work as dairymaid for an old friend of her mother's at Talbothays dairy, a day's journey from Marlott. Her face had latterly changed with her states of mind, continually fluctuating between beauty and ordinariness as her thoughts were gay or grave; when she was pink and flawless her mood was less elevated than when she was pale and tragical with intensity. It was her best face, physically, that she set toward Talbothays; for that irresistible tendency to find enjoyment, which pervades all life, had mastered her.

Most of the helpers at Mr. Crick's lived in their own homes; but at the dairy-house there were besides Tess three dairymaids and the dairyman's pupil, Angel Clare. Clare was the youngest son of a poor parson who had given his two elder sons university training, and had expected his youngest son to follow his brothers and enter the Church. But Angel told his father that he could not conscientiously take orders; and the vicar, shocked at his attitude, saw no reason for sending him to Cambridge, though he pleaded for the opportunity. After two or three years spent in desultory studies he decided to try farming in the Colonies, or America, and with this in view, determined to qualify himself by careful apprenticeship. He lived the outdoor life, grew away from old associations, and took real delight in the companionship of the farm-folk.

Observing Tess, Clare soon began to talk to her in preference to any of the other inmates of the dairy-house. He was surprised to find in her a touch of rarity; and he felt it strange that the sad imaginings—feelings which might almost have been called those of the age, the ache of modernism—had come to her while yet so young; more than strange—he felt it impressive, interesting, pathetic. To Tess it seemed odd that this bookish, poetic young man should have chosen to be a farmer rather than a clergyman. Thus they were mutually puzzled at what each revealed, and awaited the new knowledge, each of the other's character, which every day brought. So they un-

consciously studied each other, ever balanced on the edge of a passion, yet apparently keeping out of it. Nevertheless, they were all the while converging, under the force of an irresistible law, as surely as two streams in one vale. For long Tess was to Clare the merest ideal phenomenon—a rosy, waving apparition, which had hardly acquired the attribute of persistence in his consciousness; but at last the time came when he was burdened with the waxing fervor of passion. No definite words of love had been exchanged when one day he suddenly clasped her in his arms. Tess was taken completely by surprise and yielded to his embrace with unreflecting inevitableness.

"Forgive me, dear," he whispered, "I ought to have asked. I do not mean it as a liberty—I am devoted to you, Tessie, dearest."

Tess's eyes, fixed on distance, began to fill, and she tried to withdraw.

"Well, I have betrayed my feeling, Tess, at last," said he with a curious sigh of desperation, signifying unconsciously, that his heart had outrun his judgment. "That I love you dearly and truly I need not say. But it shall go no further now—it distresses you—I am as surprised as you are."

Disturbed by the feeling that had overcome his judgment, Clare avoided her until one day when he came upon her unexpectedly.

"I wish to ask you something which I have been thinking of ever since that day last week. I shall soon want to marry; and, being a farmer, I shall require for my wife a woman who knows all about the management of farms. Will you be that woman, Tessie?" He put it thus that she might not think he had yielded to an impulse of which his head would disapprove.

Tess admitted her love for him but declared that she could never marry him. This refusal did not daunt Clare, and he continued to urge her to be his wife, sweeping away her arguments as to her incompetence for the station of a man like him. Tess's struggle was fearful; her own heart was wholly on his side; but she held that what her conscience had decided for her when her mind was unbiased ought not to be overruled now; yet she was drifting into acquiescence. Love counseled her to

revolt against her scruples and to marry him without revealing anything; and Clare persistently wooed her with quiet pressure. She tried to tell him her story but he laughed away the idea of there being anything serious in her experience, so that each time her courage failed her; and at last through her passionate love for Clare she broke down and consented to be his wife. She might as well have agreed at first. The "appetite for joy" which stimulates all creation was not to be controlled by vague lucubrations over the social rubric.

In reply to an urgent appeal Tess received a letter from her mother, charging her on no account to tell Clare of her trouble, and reminding her of a promise never to reveal it. That experience of the past, so haunting to Tess, was to her mother but a passing incident. Yet she was steadied and calmed by this command, and through a season lived in altitudes more nearly approaching ecstacy than at any other period of her life. There was hardly a touch of earth in her love for Clare. To her sublime trustfulness he was all that goodness could be; she had not known that men could be so disinterested, chivalrous, protective, in their love for women. In truth Clare was more spiritual than animal, and his love inclined to the imaginative and ethereal; it was a fastidious emotion which could jealously guard the loved one against his very self.

Though Tess had resolved to tell Clare all her history before their marriage, her courage ever failed, and she let slip every opening for confession; and at last her wedding-day arrived. She went through the ceremony in ecstatic solemnity; but when they reached the cottage, of which they were to have possession for a few days, Tess was contrite and spiritless, surcharged with emotion. Clare knew that she loved him, but he did not know the full depth of her devotion, its single-mindedness, its meekness; what long-suffering it guaranteed, what honesty, what endurance, what good faith. When they sat in the firelight that evening determination and courage suddenly came to her and she entered on the story of her acquaintance with Alec D'Urberville and its results, murmuring the words without flinching. When her narrative was ended she begged for his forgiveness.

"Oh, Tess, forgiveness does not apply to the case! You

were one person; now you are another. The woman I have been loving is not you, but another in your shape."

She perceived the realization of her forebodings. He looked on her as an impostor, a guilty woman in the guise of an innocent one. In the miserable days that followed he tried not to reproach her; he endeavored to solve the difficulties that her confession had raised. Tess's sorrow, her meekness, her pitiful devotion would have won around almost any man but Angel Clare. Within the remote depths of his constitution, so gentle and affectionate in general, there lay hidden a hard, logical deposit, which turned the edge of everything that attempted to traverse it. It had blocked his way with the Church; it blocked his way with Tess. His power of self-mastery when on his mettle was almost inhuman. He spent several days trying to think of a plan of procedure; and Tess, who had hoped to break down his coldness by her presence, found that her personality did not plead her cause; for the ethereal, imaginative quality of Clare's love made her corporeal presence of little appeal. At length Tess returned to her home and Clare to his. If she had been artful and made a scene when they parted, notwithstanding the fury of fastidiousness with which he was possessed, he would probably not have withstood her. But her submission made his way easy; the effective chords she could have stirred by an appeal were left untouched; and he left her, not knowing that he loved her still. After attempting for three weeks to pursue his agricultural plans, Clare left England for Brazil, which was advertised as an advantageous field for the emigrating agriculturalist.

Tess remained at home only a few days, and then allowed her people to believe that she was going to join her husband. She worked in dairies and in the harvest fields till the fall, when she found herself almost penniless, appeals from home having eaten up all the money that Clare had left with her. She could not bring herself to appeal to her husband's parents, as he had told her to do in case of need; so she went to work on a farm renowned as a starve-acre place, where women were employed for men's work. She did not let her parents know of her sorry situation lest it should bring reproach upon her husband. The work was fearfully hard; but as she slaved through the

long winter, through the morning frosts and the afternoon rains and the bitter wind and snow storms, she was sustained by the hope that the magnanimity she persisted in reckoning as a chief ingredient of Clare's character would lead him to send for her.

In midwinter Tess met Alec D'Urberville, who, having been converted by old Mr. Clare, was now an itinerant preacher. He told her that he intended to sell his home, his since his mother's death, and devote himself to missionary work in Africa; and he asked her, in reparation for the wrong he had done her, to be his wife. When she told him that she was married, a fact she had concealed for her husband's sake, the expression of strange wretchedness, which was not entirely the wretchedness of thwarted duty, showed that his old passion for her had revived. One evening they spoke of religious belief; and when he questioned Tess she repeated Clare's opinions, remembering the very words of his remarks, even when she did not comprehend their spirit; with triumphant simplicity of faith in her husband, she had accepted them as her own.

"Does he know that you are as big an infidel as he?" asked D'Urberville.

The words of Tess, echoed from Angel Clare, made a deep impression on D'Urberville, with whose conversion reason had had nothing to do; and as he pondered on the drops of logic that Tess had let fall, he said to himself: "That fellow little thought that by telling her those things he might be paving my way back to her!"

Thus Clare's teaching shook D'Urberville from his religious fervor, and he began to follow Tess with persistence, offering her protection from the hardships to which her husband had left her, urging the needs of her little brothers and sisters in their wretched home. Terrorized by his determination to master her again as he had once, she wrote a letter full of passionate affection to Clare, begging him to help her in the danger to which she was exposed. In the hour when she was writing this appeal, remorse and regret for his hasty judgment of his wife and fondness for her memory had changed Clare from her critic to her advocate.

When Tess was summoned home to care for her mother in a

dangerous illness, her soul went out to the younger children, victims of shiftlessness and improvidence, with an affection that was passionate. Mrs. Durbeyfield recovered, but shortly after Tess's return her father died suddenly. His was the last of three lives for whose duration the premises were held under a lease, which would not be renewed. D'Urberville followed her to Marlott and over and over reiterated that Clare would never return to her. They were about to be turned out of their home, they had nowhere to go, and possessed but a few shillings in money. D'Urberville worked on her love for her brothers and sisters, until at last she wrote to her husband:

"Oh, why have you treated me so monstrously, Angel! You know that I did not intend to wrong you—why have you so wronged me? You are cruel, and I will try to forget you!

"TESS."

This letter was awaiting Clare at the vicarage on his return from Brazil in May. He went to Flintcomb Ash, where, though he did not find her, he learned much of the hardships she had undergone. Then he sought Mrs. Durbeyfield in her new home and, learning that Tess was at Sandbourne, journeyed thither. When she entered the room where he awaited her he held out his arms.

"Tessie, can you forgive me for going away? Can't you come to me?"

"It is too late," said she, her voice hard, her eyes shining unnaturally. "I waited and waited for you, but you did not come. He kept saying you would never come any more. He was very kind to us all and he has won me back to him." Clare, gathering her meaning, flagged like one plague-stricken.

"I hate him now, because he told me a lie—that you would not come again; and you have come. Will you go away, Angel, please, and never come any more?"

"Ah, it is my fault," said Clare. A few instants passed and he found that Tess was gone; then he was in the street walking he did not know whither. He had gone some distance beyond the town, after delaying at the hotel, when Tess came running after him.

"Angel, I have killed him!" A pitiful smile lit her face as she spoke. "I have done it, I don't know how, still I owed it to

you and to myself, Angel. He has come between us and ruined us, and now he can never do it any more. Why did you go away when I loved you so? But I don't blame you; only, Angel, will you forgive my sin against you, now I have killed him? I could not bear the loss of you any longer."

"I do love you, Tess, it has all come back."

By degrees he came to believe that she had attempted, at least, what she said she had done; and he supposed that, in a moment of mad grief, her mind had lost its balance, had extinguished her moral sense, and plunged her into this abyss. Tenderness was absolutely dominant in Clare at last, and as he kissed her endlessly, while she clung to him with passionate fondness, he assured her that he would protect her by every means in his power.

They walked through obscure paths northward, with the idea of hiding in the interior until they could safely make for some port. The first night they took shelter in a closed mansion and there they remained while five days slipped away in absolute seclusion, not a sight or sound of human being disturbing their peace. Tess protested against going forward. "All is trouble outside there; inside here, content." It was quite true; within was affection, union, error forgiven; outside was the inexorable. On the sixth day they left their shelter and walked until far into the night, in whose black solitude they came to the mighty columns of Stonehenge, where Tess flung herself down on an altar slab.

"You remember, dear, you never would interfere with any belief of mine before we were married. But I knew your mind all the same and I thought as you thought. Tell me now, Angel, do you think we shall meet again after we are dead?"

He kissed her to avoid a reply.

"Oh, Angel—I fear that means no!" she said, with a suppressed sob.

In the silence that followed she fell asleep; and as Clare watched, several men appearing among the columns surrounded them; and he knew that her story was true.

"What is it, Angel?" she said, starting up. "Have they come for me?"

"Yes, dearest."

"It is as it should be," she murmured. "Angel, I am almost glad! This happiness could not have lasted. I have had enough and now I shall not live for you to despise me."

She moved forward.

"I am ready," she said, quietly.

In the old city of Wintoncaster on a bright July morning, a few minutes after the clocks struck eight, a black flag moved slowly up the flagstaff on the tower of an ugly brick building. "Justice" was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess.

HENRY HARLAND

(United States, 1861–1905)

THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX (1900)

From the date of his first book, 1893, Mr. Harland had published ten novels before *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*, some of them under the pseudonym, "Sidney Luska." The story we present established him as a favorite American novelist, and made his name known in foreign countries.

HILE Peter Marchdale on his first evening at Villa Floriano sat in the garden, a young woman appeared on the opposite bank of the narrow river Aco, five or six yards away, and addressed him in English. Though Peter's wits were in perilous confusion, for the impossible had come to pass, an automatic second-self answered for him her remarks on the view; and she announced that she was, as she said jestingly, his landlady. After a few moments she turned back toward Castel Ventirose, of which glimpses were visible from the garden. Peter sat staring after her as she moved away.

"What incredible luck! It's *she*—it's *she*, as I'm a heathen!"

For two weeks Peter saw the Duchessa di Santangiolo, his landlady, but once, though he haunted his garden in the hope that she would again appear across the Aco. But both he and she received replies from correspondents in England to whom inquiries had been addressed.

"There is a Peter Marchdale," wrote Beatrice's friend, "of a highly respectable and stodgy Norfolk family. I'm told the man is a bit of an eccentric, who amuses himself globe-trotting and writing novels that nobody ever reads. He writes under the pseudonym, Felix Wildmay. He was in the Diplomatic, will be near thirty, and ought to have a couple of thousand a year. He is a great friend of Margaret Winchfield, which

goes to show that, however obscure he may be as a writer of fiction, he must possess some redeeming features as a social being."

"An obscure scribbler of fiction," mused Beatrice. "Ah, well, one is an obscure reader of fiction oneself. We must send to London for Mr. Felix Wildmay's works."

From his friend Mrs. Winchfield Peter received a letter which contained certain statistics.

"Your Duchessa di Santangiolo is English, the only child and heiress of Lord Belfont. The Belfonts were the most bigoted sort of Roman Catholics and often married their daughters to foreign men and married foreign wives themselves, so there will be a goodish deal of un-English blood in your Duchessa's veins. She is, as I learn from an indiscretion of my peerage, twenty-eight, and was married at nineteen to Principe Udeschini, Duca de Santangiolo, who was succeeded by his brother five years ago. Cardinal Udeschini is her uncle.

"I shall offer good advice—only this: remember that in yonder sentimental Italian lake country, a solitary young man's fancy might be much inclined to turn to thoughts of—folly, and keep an eye on my friend, Peter Marchdale."

"The daughter of a lord, and the widow of a duke, and the niece-in-law of a Cardinal," Peter brooded. "And a bigoted Roman Catholic into the bargain. Yes," he concluded, "I must certainly keep an eye on our friend, Peter Marchdale."

One afternoon as Peter sat in his garden Beatrice appeared on the opposite bank.

"I've been reading a novel," said she. "Do you know it?"

Peter glanced at the book she held out and dissembled the emotion that suddenly swelled in his heart.

"I can't make out the title," he temporized.

"It is called," replied the Duchessa with an occult little smile, "*A Man of Words*, and is by an author I haven't heard of before, Felix Wildmay."

"How very odd! By a curious chance I know it very well. But I hadn't supposed that seven copies of it were in existence."

"Then, in view of its obscurity, isn't it surprising that you know it?"

"It would be," consented Peter, "if it weren't that I know the author."

"Then I expect, as you know the man, you think poorly of it?"

"On the contrary, I think very well of it," he answered

firmly, "I think it an altogether ripping little book. To be entirely frank—it's a constant source of astonishment to me that he should have done anything one tenth as good."

Beatrice smiled pensively.

"Tell me—what is the quality you especially like in it?"

"I like its every quality," Peter affirmed, unblushing. "But above all I like its heroine. I think Pauline the pearl of human women. I can't think of her at all as a mere fiction. I can see her before me now—her eyes full of mystery and mischief—her exquisite little teeth revealed by her smile—her hair, her hands—I can almost catch the perfume of her garments. I could commit a hundred follies for her!"

"You *are* enthusiastic! But you evince no curiosity to learn what I think of the book. Perhaps I am dying to tell someone my opinion." She smiled a trifle oddly.

"Then I know someone who is dying to hear you," he avowed.

"Well, then, I think—I think—" she began with deliberation. "But I'm afraid it would take too long, so I'll wait till another day."

She gave him a derisory little nod and moved toward the castle.

"You fiend!" he muttered glaring after her. "Well, we've reached what the vulgar call the psychological moment. She's seen my 'Portrait of a Lady' but as yet she doesn't dream who painted it; and she hasn't recognized the subject. As if one were to face one's image in the glass and take it for another's!"

After that Peter met the Duchessa one day when he was out walking; and then for many days he had no glimpse of her and he sank low and lower in his mind. He tried many methods of distraction; but he could do nothing, neither read nor work, only wait and watch, for she *might* turn up at any moment.

At this time, however, Beatrice was in Rome and one day was talking, not to say conspiring, with a priest, a man of perhaps sixty-five, small and lightly built, with delicate-strong features and deep-set, humorous gray eyes. He was decidedly clever-looking, distinguished-looking, pleasant-looking. He was Cardinal Udeschini, informally entitled "Little Uncle of

the Poor" by the populace of the slum in which was situated his titular church.

"Well? What do you think?" Beatrice asked. The Cardinal took snuff.

"It's a shame you haven't a decent snuff-box," she observed, with an eye on his cheap and shabby wooden one. "But I want to know what you think of my Englishman—my tenant—my heretic. What do you think of his conversion? He said he believed that in a universe like ours nothing was impossible—that there were more things in heaven and earth than people generally dream of—that he could see no reason why the Blessed Virgin should not have sent us across the path of those two forlorn little children that day," alluding to an encounter that she and Peter had had one day when they met while walking. "Surely one ought to follow up such an admission and lead him farther."

"Well, carissima, why do you not take the affair in hand yourself?"

"What can a mere unlearned woman do in such a case?"

The Cardinal looked into his amethyst, as a crystal-gazer into his crystal, as if he could descry something deliciously comical in its depths.

"I should think," he responded with a soft little laugh, "that a mere unlearned woman might ask the heretic to dinner. I'll come down for a few days and lend you my moral support."

"You're a perfect old darling!" cried Beatrice, "and you shall have a lovely new silver snuff-box."

Peter received the invitation to dinner, but he did not have to wait till then to see the Duchessa, for a chance encounter procured for him an invitation to the castle the next afternoon. Among the books on the table beside Beatrice he saw, with something of a flutter, *A Man of Words*.

"Yes," she said, catching his glance, "I've been re-reading your friend's novel and I agree with you; I think it's extremely clever and very beautiful. And, with you, I particularly like the woman. It sounds extravagant, but it's true—I can think of no other woman in the whole of fiction whom I like so well—who makes so curiously personal an appeal to me. She seems to me all that a woman ought ideally to be. Does your friend

know women like that, or is Pauline a pure creature of imagination?"

"Oh," said Peter, laughing, "you touch the secret springs of my friend's inspiration! She was a 'thing seen,' and Wildmay was a mere copyist. He drew her from life—from a woman who's alive to-day. But that's the story."

"Tell me the story," she said with imperious eagerness, her eyes intent.

"Oh, it's one of those stories that can hardly be told. He never knew her, never knew her name or her nationality. He simply saw her from a distance, once or twice in Paris, at the theater; later once or twice in London; and then once more in Paris. He saw her and felt her spirit, a prismatic, aromatic fire; her wonderful soul. He didn't know her and had no hope of knowing her; but she became the absorbing subject of his thoughts, the heroine of his dreams, the supreme influence of his life."

"It's strange and romantic and interesting," she declared. "But how could he endure such a situation?"

"He fretted a good deal, but he took it out in writing a book about her. He set before him a mental portrait of her and translated it into the character of Pauline. In that way he spent long, delightful hours alone with her, in a kind of metaphysical intimacy. She became inexpressibly, miraculously real to him."

Beatrice mused for a while.

"I'm thinking of it from the woman's point of view. To have played such a part in a man's life, to have been the subject of such a novel, and never to have dreamed it! To have read the novel, perhaps, without dreaming that there was any connection between Pauline and herself! Or else not to have read the novel! To have inspired such a beautiful book and yet remain unconscious that there was such a book! It is terrifying to have had such an influence on the destiny of someone you never heard of! There's an intangible sense of responsibility! Mr. Wildmay can hardly be a mere materialist; it is not every man who would be capable of so purely intellectual a passion. But I think it's heart-rending that he never met her."

"Oh, but he did meet her in the end, you know."

"He *did* meet her!" cried Beatrice. "Oh, you must tell me about that!"

But just then the Cardinal appeared at the terrace steps.

"It will have to be for another time—unless I die of suspense."

Peter was filled with a kind of exultancy. Not only had he been received as a friend at Ventirose, but he had been encouraged to tell the Duchessa the story by which her life and his were so curiously connected; and he had been snatched from the peril of telling too much. But at the dinner next day, though she was entirely cordial and friendly, the distance, the barriers, were emphasized; she seemed very much the great lady, the duchess; and Peter went home much downcast.

When he went to pay his dinner-call Beatrice questioned him eagerly about his friend's meeting the original of Pauline.

"Did she come up to his expectations? I have been *pining* to hear the end of the story."

"Oh," he said with an assumption of nonchalant airiness, "she 'better bettered' his fondest expectations. She was a thousand times more delightful than he had dreamed; Pauline was the feeblest, faintest echo of her; the pale reflection of one side of her—a pencil sketch in profile."

"It's dead against the accepted theory of things that the reality should excel the poet's ideal! and that any woman should surpass that adorable Pauline! But I want to know what happened. Had she read his book?"

"Nothing happened," said Peter, "save in Wildmay's secret soul. No, I don't think she had read his book. She did afterward, though."

"But wasn't she moved, overwhelmed, when she discovered the part she had in it?"

She leaned forward with shining eyes and Peter steadied himself.

"Oh, she never discovered that."

Beatrice was astonished, dismayed, and declared that Wildmay should have told; that the woman had a right to know. Peter explained that a sense of having taken a liberty restrained him, and Beatrice said that Wildmay was withholding from her a chapter of his own history. Then Peter

said that telling her would have been equivalent to a declaration of love, and that, though when Wildmay met Pauline he fell in love with her anew, he found there were many barriers between them, among others her high rank and enormous wealth.

"No woman could be quite indifferent to the man who had drawn that magnificent Pauline from his vision of her. I insist it was her right to know. He should simply have told her the story of his book and her part in it. She would have inferred the rest."

Peter longed to tell Beatrice then, but he hesitated; and while he hesitated Mrs. O'Donovan Florence, a voluble, witty Irishwoman who had been at the dinner, arrived; and shortly afterward Peter took his leave.

Mrs. O'Donovan Florence immediately asked Beatrice if she could congratulate her on her engagement to Peter. Beatrice scoffed at the idea and replied that he was desperately in love with another woman.

"I'll wager I could guess her name myself, and paint her portrait, too. She's a fine figure of a young Englishwoman, brown-haired, gray-eyed. There's an expression of great malice and humor in her physiognomy and a devil-may-care haughtiness in the poise of her head. She's a bit of a *grande dame*—something like an Anglo-Italian duchess; she's monstrously rich; she's a widow. But what's this? What's come to you?"

"Good heavens!" gasped Beatrice. "It's absurd, and yet, if you should be right, it's too horribly horrible!"

And she recounted the tale of Peter's novel and the romantic origin of its heroine. The Irishwoman shrieked with glee.

"Of course the man would never breathe a whisper of the affair to any soul alive, save to his heroine herself. You ought to have guessed it from the first syllable he uttered. Oh, you miracle of unsuspecting innocence! Where are your intuitions?"

Then she soothed Beatrice—who was in despair at having urged and encouraged Peter to reveal his heroine—with the suggestion that, as Peter was unaware that she knew he and Wildmay were the same, he could not think she had been leading

him on. This idea relieved Beatrice immensely; but she indignantly denied Mrs. O'Donovan Florence's parting assertion that she would immediately re-read *A Man of Words*, and would end by marrying Peter Marchdale.

Meanwhile Peter was in a state of excitement; all his faculties were in a whirl; the Duchessa's arguments repeated themselves over and over in his memory.

"Ought I to have told her? Shall I go and tell her to-morrow?"

The next morning found him in the same state of vacillation, and the same eternal question, "Shall I—shall I not?" kept beating in his head; then suddenly he stamped his foot.

"Come! An end to this. Do it!" cried his manlier soul.

"I *will*," he resolved all at once, and forthwith set out for Ventirose.

On his way he began to feel that, as he had been there the day before, he should be prepared with an excuse, an explanation, lest she should greet him with a glance of cold surprise. As he pondered this difficulty his eye was caught by something that glittered by the roadside.

"The Cardinal's snuff-box," he exclaimed.

She did greet him with a glance of cold surprise, though it might have been interpreted as a glance of nervous apprehension, too. Her attitude was not cordial; it was decidedly the attitude of a person standing off, shut-in, withheld. Peter knew that the present was no occasion for passionate avowals; and anger at her lack of cordiality succeeded disappointment. He assumed an attitude as reticent as hers, gave her the Cardinal's snuff-box, and bowed, preparatory to retiring. She thawed perceptibly and asked him to wait and allow Cardinal Udeschini to thank him himself; but as she thawed, Peter, in his anger, froze the more, and turned away.

"Oh, very well," she murmured in a tone of regret.

"Here is your snuff-box," she said to the Cardinal, "Mr. Marchdale found it in the road."

"What a coincidence! I owed it to him in the first instance."

"I fancied you owed it to me."

"Yes," said the Cardinal. "But as a reward for conspiring

with you to convert him. By the way, how is his conversion progressing?"

"I think there is no chance of it. He is a very tiresome and silly person. He is not worth converting," declared Beatrice succinctly.

"Good gracious!" said the Cardinal.

Peter tramped away angry and sick. Her reception of him had not only administered a death-blow to his hopes as a lover, but had wounded his pride. He felt angry and humiliated in spite of the fact that she had unbent a little at the end. He determined to go to England as soon as he could pack his boxes; but he took no immediate steps to accomplish that task. That evening hope began to revive a little; and the next day when, on returning from a walk, he found the Cardinal's card, he began to wonder if he had not been rather hasty and churlish the day before.

Days passed. He thought he could not go to Ventirose, and he caught no glimpse of the Duchessa. Then old Marietta, his faithful, patient servant, fell ill of bronchitis. Peter summoned the doctor, installed a young woman in her place in the kitchen, had a sister come from the Convent of Mercy in Venzona to take care of her, and himself looked after and waited upon her. The third day, though she was better, she thought she was going to die and wanted to see a priest. The Paróco was away, so Peter sent for the chaplain at the castle, who had gone on his holiday. But in his stead came Cardinal Udeschini. After Peter had seen him with Marietta, had seen his face, his smile, had heard his voice, a kind of strange joy seemed to fill his heart.

"What a heavenly old man!" he said.

After that the Cardinal came once or twice every week, and always Peter thought of him with the same joy—a feeling that was at first indefinite. One day, however, it found definite expression. When the Cardinal gave Peter his hand, the young man did not merely shake it as before. The Cardinal looked startled and his eyes searched Peter's face, then they softened.

"*Benedicat te Omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*," he said, making the sign of the Cross.

In the fourth week of Marietta's illness, when she was able to sit in the garden, the Cardinal persuaded Beatrice that she ought to go with him to see the old woman.

"What a long time it is since Mr. Marchdale was at Ventirose," remarked the Cardinal as the carriage bowled along the white road. "It is nearly a month."

"Oh, is it?" responded Beatrice indifferently.

"He has had his hands full, of course. His devotion to his poor old servant has been admirable. He is a young man whom I like very much; he is intelligent; he has good manners; and he has a fine sense of the droll, a wit almost Latin. But you have lost your interest in him? Is it because you despair of his conversion?"

"I am not greatly interested in him, and I certainly have no hope of his conversion."

"Ah, well—who can tell?" said the Cardinal, smiling at his ring. "Had you not better ask him to the castle to luncheon or dinner?"

"Why should I? If he does not come to Ventirose it is presumably because he does not care to."

Peter was out, and while Beatrice talked with Marietta, the Cardinal walked about the garden. On the rustic table he found Peter's book, open, face downward. He meditated a moment, then he slipped his snuff-box under the cover of the open book. Peter discovered it on his return after he had heard from Marietta about her visitors.

"How did that come there? It never fell there; who could have put it there? Any way, it's a good while since I darkened the doors of Ventirose and a poor excuse is better than none. The Cardinal will be glad to have his snuff."

On his way through the park of Ventirose he came upon the Duchessa seated on a marble bench. She smiled at him; and there was a glow, a softness in her eyes that set Peter's heart racing perilously.

"It seems improbable, and I'm afraid you will think there is a tiresome monotony in my purposes; but I am here again to return the Cardinal's snuff-box, which he left in my garden."

"Oh, he is always mislaying it. It's very good of you to bring it back."

"I may also improve this occasion to make my adieux. I shall be leaving for England in a few days."

"I suppose you are going to see that everlasting woman," she exclaimed.

"'*That* everlasting woman,'" Peter faltered.

"To be sure, the woman of your novel. Of course I have known you were Felix Wildmay from the outset. And now you are going back to her shrine. I hope you will find the courage to offer her your hand."

"You give me courage," pronounced Peter with sudden daring, and proceeded to relate to her all the circumstances of each occasion when he had seen her.

"You are sure," she asked, "that when you met her there was no disappointment?"

"Disappointment!" cried Peter. "She is in every way immeasurably beyond anything that I was capable of dreaming!"

"And you are in love with her—more or less?" asked the Duchessa, smiling softly to herself.

"I love her so that the bare imagination of being allowed to tell her of my love makes me almost faint with joy. But she is the greatest of great ladies and I am nobody. It would be the maddest presumption in me to ask for her love."

"And it is on her account—because you think your love is hopeless—that you are going back to England?"

"Yes," said he.

She raised her eyes and they gave themselves to his, with a glow, a softness in them.

"Don't go," she said.

Up at the castle at dinner-time Peter restored the snuff-box to Cardinal Udeschini.

"I am trebly your debtor for it," said the Cardinal.

MARION HARLAND

(MRS. EDWARD P. TERHUNE)

(United States, 1831)

ALONE (1853)

"I planned to write a religious story that should be as interesting as a novel," said the author of this book—"a living, 'human' narrative with a genuine religious undercurrent. I christened my brain-child, *Alone*. Suddenly, after a year's dreamful toil, I was appalled at my audacity and laid the manuscript aside. At twenty I rewrote it in an afterglow of inspiration. Tremblingly, I submitted it to my father's criticism." The power, vital charm, and daring originality of the story appealed so strongly to this, the first of many readers, that he had it published at his own expense. Fearing the odium that in those days attached to woman-novelists by her congeners, the author paraphrased her maiden name, Mary Hawes, into "Marion Harland." The success of *Alone* bound the sobriquet to her for life. In the hands of an obscure Richmond publisher, and with but the clumsiest of advertising, this novel ran through seven editions in a year. In six years it reached a sale of 500,000 copies, and publishers north, east, and west vied with each other in offers for any other works that might come from the same pen. The book was translated into French and German, and was even more popular in England than in America. It founded a new school of fiction which has had hundreds of pupils. Letters from distinguished authors congratulating the bewildered girl upon her work rained in upon her in her quiet Richmond home. George D. Prentice, then in the prime of his career as poet and editor, became her warm admirer and fast friend. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to her once and again in terms of heartiest commendation. Longfellow said: "*Alone* looks to me like a guide-board pointing to Fame." The book fulfilled its mission of lifting the puritanical ban from novel reading. Thousands of letters received by Marion Harland have the same refrain: "*Alone* was the first novel I was allowed to read." We present here the author's own condensation of the story.

EDA ROSS, a spirited girl of fifteen, was brought up to that age by her widowed mother, a woman of rare moral and mental gifts. At her death the daughter was utterly alone in the world. Having no near relatives, she left the old homestead, "Sunnybank," for a residence in Richmond where her guardian, Mr. Read, lived with his only child, Josephine. The guardian, selected by her father, whose college-mate he had been, was a man who delighted in showing things as they were. Men were machines, moved by secret springs of policy and knav-

ery; the world was a stage. He had penetrated into the mysteries behind the curtain, and had examined, in the unflattering day, the clumsy contrivances and disgustful hollowness of the whole affair. According to his idea, fancy and the pleasures of the imagination were merely bombastic terms.

His daughter was formed in his image. He taught her deceit under the name of self-control; heartlessness he called prudence; he veiled distrust and misanthropy under "clear-sightedness and knowledge of human nature." Father and daughter exchanged opinions as to the new inmate of the home at the conclusion of Ida's first evening with them.

"A weak, foolish baby! It will take an immensity of schooling to make her endurable," said the guardian.

"She has temper enough, in all conscience!" said Josephine.

Ida summed up the relative position of the members of the ill-assorted household on her seventeenth birthday, in the course of an exciting scene with her guardian!

"The idea once entered my mind that I could win you and your child to love me. My most extravagant imaginings never paint such a possibility now. We understand each other! The contempt you had for the mawkish baby can not equal mine for you."

On the morning of that birthday she had said to herself: "If I were to die to-morrow, there is not a creature who would shed a tear. Tired of the world at seventeen! Weary of a life I may not end!"

Into this dreary, loveless life came an intimacy with a schoolfellow and desk-mate, Carry Carleton, that changed the face of the world for the orphan. Carry's cheerful philosophy and resolute altruism were expressed in one of the earliest talks between the two girls:

"I love life, and find this a nice world. Not a day passes in the which we may not add a drop of sweet to the draught appointed to our fellow-creatures. We can not like all, but we may help all."

One of the pleasant incidents that occurred brought the orphan to the family of Carry's sister, Mrs. Dana, with whom Carry lived while at school. A summer passed at Poplar Grove, the residence of Dr. Carleton, her friend's father, was

the turning-point in a long and miry lane. Here she met the brothers of John Dana, Carry's Richmond brother-in-law, Dr. Arthur Dana, Dr. Carleton's partner and Carry's betrothed, and Charley Dana, who from the outset of their acquaintance was an object of especial interest to the visitor.

He was easy and kind in manner, but was not a "ladies' man," eschewed gallant speeches, and consigned flatterers to the tender mercies of Mrs. Opie. He never let fall a syllable of endearment, yet Carry and the children read in his face something that said more. His sayings had as marked a style as his features, a style which those who knew no better termed "droll," and his intimates called "Charley's." It was referable to no other thing or person. He was silent when appealed to for an opinion, or gave it rough-hewn. There was no rounding off of sharp corners; no filling out here or sloping in there to fit in neatly with another's ideas.

"He is one of the best of men," declared Mammy, as foreman of the kitchen-jury.

Ida smiled at the harum-scarum figure that arose in her mind as opposed to the image of sanctity that Mammy's description should have summoned.

To Carry's remonstrance against the injustice done to her favorite by her friend's incredulity, Ida declared: "I like him. He has a rich vein of humor, and his unebbing spirits entitle him to the honors of the Laughing Philosopher."

"He is more than that," asserted Carry earnestly.

During the vacation months at Poplar Grove Ida met Charley's early and best-loved friend, a brilliant young artist, Lynn Holmes, and the three were warm friends, when autumn summoned them to the city.

On the evening of her so-called home-coming Ida wrote to her late hostess: "I am very lonely now, Carry, and weary and wakeful and home-sick. You and your home have spoiled me. My heart has been enlarged only to aggravate the old, empty feeling. You have disabled me for the life I must lead here. I am not like you. I can not love unless I am loved, and had I your warm, open heart, my work here would be trying to heat Nova Zembla with a foot-stove. My former self —I told you how it would be—was waiting for me inside of the

front-door. Richmond is to me a Sahara whose one fountain of sweet waters springs up within your sister's home."

She had not changed her mind when Josephine Read gave her first party, a coming-out affair, on the eve of which that energetic young lady had one of the periodical tiffs with her parent and exemplar to which Ida should have been used by now, whereas each outbreak increased the mental nausea ever excited by coarseness of speech and discourtesy. This, Ida's introduction to the gay world, was a disappointment. After an hour of stupid small talk, she sought refuge in a corner, fatigued, disgusted and misanthropical.

"I had thought that I might shine in general society, where feeling never enters, and flaring flippancy passes for wit. I envy St. Simeon on his stone pillar!"

A man whom she had met but once before that evening, and whom she was inclined to dislike because he was a favored acquaintance of Josephine's, was jostled by the crowd against her chair, and stopped as he saw her.

"Miss Ross, have you a welcome in your retreat for a storm-tossed wanderer? Your quiet nook is most inviting."

Ida looked up mischievously.

"I will not hinder your flight, Mr. Lacy. Your envy of my corner is wasted upon one who heard you singing just now, like the melancholy starling, 'I can't get out! I can't get out!' "

Thus gaily began a talk that soon subsided into deeper channels. The touchstone of her earnest nature brought out responsive sincerity in his; and an impromptu dinner at John Dana's on the morrow strengthened the impression in the mind of each that the other could never again be a mere acquaintance.

When removed from the gnome-like regard of Josephine, Ida was a different being from her former self. The presence of this girl was a mental extinguisher, smothering the flame of feeling in fetid smoke. The kindliness of the Danas was generous oil, feeding the exhausted lamp. From being amused, Mr. Lacy grew interested.

"So much intelligence and so little affectation are seldom found in the same person," he mused. "She has the materials of a noble character."

Ida's entrance upon the social round was not a presage of

the season that was a bewilderment to none more than to herself. To the astonishment of all who had known her then, the reserved student bloomed into the dashing wit and belle. Beauties and heiresses sat uncourted by, while "eligibles" contended for the honor of her preference. Josephine Read was the latest to acknowledge the marvelous change of fortune's favors, and it was but natural that she should resent it hotly. It might have been a salve to her wounded vanity had she guessed how long her jealousy outlived the triumph that aroused it; how the feast of adulation first ceased to tempt, then nauseated.

One night in late January Josephine, who had gone to bed with a toothache and a swollen cheek, was awakened from uneasy slumber by the sound of voices in the drawing-room under her chamber. Her sharpened senses caught manly tones she thought she recognized, and then Ida's rippling, joyous laugh smote her unwilling ears. She hurried on a dressing-gown and slipped down-stairs as stealthily as a cat. The folding doors between the front and back parlors were not completely closed, and through the crack she had a good view of the lighted front room. Morton Lacy stood by the mantel, hat in hand. The expression with which he regarded the earnest speaker was not to be mistaken. By a singular fatality, Josephine had remained ignorant of the growing intimacy between these two; and now jealousy and perception awoke together. She saw herself slighted, foiled, duped. She stole back to her room unseen, with a fell resolve in her heart. "With us it is now war to the death."

Lynn Holmes was the fashion in Richmond that winter. He had long been in love with, and for some months secretly engaged to, Ellen Morris, a pretty and vivacious girl, the whilom schoolmate of Ida and Carry. Ida, as his confidante, had aided in the concealment of the betrothal insisted upon by Ellen, and she enjoyed Josephine's mystification when Charley and Lynn, by turns, played the devoted to herself. She detected the gloom on Lynn's face when, one evening, he appeared in an assembly attended by the élite of the city. Ida was in an embowered recess, with Mr. Lacy as a companion, and Charley hovering near to play propriety and avert gossip. Lynn could not brush by them without speaking, and Ida would not let him go, and

presently she contrived to join him in his promenade through the rooms. He confessed all. It was a common tale. Ida construed it as the thoughtless trifling of a gay girl, but the young lover mourned the death of his dearest hope.

"A girl sinks into a cipher," Ellen had said, "if it is suspected that she is engaged."

Whereupon the justly incensed lover retorted: "If I believed the despicable coquetry you intimate caused you to conceal our engagement, I would trumpet it to the world and then break it myself."

Ellen Morris accepted an invitation to Petersburg, and went away without a farewell to her betrothed. Their last parting was stormy, and the recollection was rankling in Lynn's mind when he attended a supper given by a young lawyer. A man named Pemberton, whom Lynn disliked extremely, bantered him openly upon his unhappy love-affair, coupling with the jeer a sneering allusion to Ida Ross. Lynn sprang at him, and a struggle ensued.

Ida was alone that evening. Mr. Read was in the country, and Josephine had gone to bed. A parcel addressed to "Miss Ross" was brought in. It contained a letter from Lynn, who had been challenged to a duel, and he said he did not mean to defend his life.

Without the delay of an instant Ida set out, attended by her maid, to seek Charley at his brother's. On the way she met Mr. Lacy, who persuaded her to allow him to take her home, and promised to do her errand of mercy. He kept the promise so faithfully that the duel next morning was prevented by the arrival of Charley and Morton.

A week later the city was shocked by news of the death of the promising young artist from pneumonia. The disease had run its course with frightful rapidity. Ida, summoned at his request, received his parting message to Ellen Morris, who did not hear of his death until her return to Richmond on the day of the funeral. Ida had a painful interview with her, in which the friend gave Lynn's last message to the unhappy girl, who dared not mourn openly for the lover she had jilted.

On the eve of Ida's departure for Poplar Grove, where preparations for Carry's wedding were in progress, Morton

called to say good-by, but the presence of the family and other visitors prevented private conversation, and Charley's maneuvers, skilful though they were, failed to effect a diversion of Josephine's watchfulness.

During the still, bright weeks before her friend's marriage, the orphan was contented, even happy. Beloved and caressed by the whole household, she reveled in the quiet hours of friendly communion and the sweeter seasons of witching reverie. The one shadow upon the halcyon summer was her accidental discovery of Charley's long-concealed love for the betrothed of his brother. Besides Lynn, whom the knowledge of his friend's ill-starred love grieved to his dying day, Ida was the only confidante of the secret. Charley made a business engagement the excuse for not attending the wedding. This was the most brilliant affair of many seasons in the fashionable country neighborhood, and the first bridesmaid was the gayest and most admired of the assembly gathered from city and country to do honor to the occasion.

That night Ida found on her table a letter from Morton Lacy. She carried a lamp into an inner room and read the letter there. After telling her of the recent and serious illness of his favorite sister, he announced his engagement to "Annie's" most intimate friend, who had nursed her lovingly back to life.

"And when he came to himself," has been written of thousands of prodigals since that wonderful parable was told upon the hills of Galilee. It summed up the story of the next phase of Ida Ross's life. In after years she wrote it in brief to Carry:

"Having quaffed, in quick succession, the beaded nectar that knowledge, worldly applause and earthly loves gave to our parched lips, we come, weary and distraught, to lie down beside the still waters."

After Carry's marriage her bridesmaid had gone to her childhood's home, Sunnybank, to lie there, ill almost unto death, for many weeks. Her faithful servants tended her solicitously, and the "head man" of the plantation, "Uncle Will," was unwittingly the guide who directed her feet into the path of peace. She returned to Richmond in the autumn, and took up the burden of life again, weak in body and chastened in spirit. Watchfully and prayerfully she strove to keep her

feet in the way everlasting and by no misstep and fall to cast obloquy upon the name she loved.

The winter brought new and unlooked-for trials. Mr. Read outraged his daughter's finest sensibilities and made himself the jest of the town by marrying a beautiful woman young enough to be his daughter. She was gay abroad, coolly imperious at home, and, from the outset, more than a match for her stepdaughter.

On the evening preceding Josephine's announcement to Ida of the impending bridal, the latter was left alone at home, father and daughter having gone together to a ball, where they were to meet the bride-elect. Ida was at the piano when Mr. Lacy entered unannounced. He was on his way to Florida with the invalid sister, and called to pay his respects to his old friend. In the long talk that ensued, a chance allusion from him to her supposed betrothal to Lynn Holmes brought out her emphatic denial. In the unavoidable explanation drawn out by the remark, Ida heard how Josephine had informed him that this was her relation to the artist on the evening Ida had quitted his side to walk and talk with her moody adopted brother. The tale was confirmed by Mr. Lacy's overhearing Lynn's repetition of his reproach to Ellen upon the despicable coquetry that "caused her to insist upon the concealment of our engagement."

"Is this enough?" asked Lacy, passionately. "Shall I recur to your appeal to me to save him from crime and death for your sake? or to the awful hour when you were summoned to receive his last sigh?"

His self-command utterly forsook him when he had heard the truth.

"I have been terribly deceived," he said, rising and pacing the floor. "My actions, my language, must have told you that I loved you. What interpretation have you put upon my behavior since then?"

She reassured him, keeping down her own pain and yearnings, and they parted.

The pain was still fresh in the mind of the girl when Mr. Read installed his young wife, and one of the accompanying bridesmaids proved to be Lelia Arnold, the betrothed of Morton

Lacy. The engagement was not announced, and neither Ida nor Miss Arnold alluded to it during the bridesmaid's visit. Mrs. Read's brother, Richard Copeland—a gay, sarcastic fellow, who, as Ida soon learned, had especial cause for disliking and distrusting Miss Arnold, who had jilted his best friend, and urged his sister to marry what Richard sneeringly called "the elderly goldfinch, Read,"—was not backward in informing Ida that Lelia was a confirmed and unprincipled flirt. She was witty and charming and fascinating to a degree that won all whom she cared to captivate. It was not strange, Ida acknowledged, that "dear Annie's" brother had not proved an exception.

A former lover of Mrs. Read's appeared upon the scene before long. When Mr. Read was laid low by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, Ida, by a strange chain of circumstances, saved the unhappy woman from the shame and disgrace of an elopement with her lover on the very night her husband died. There were complications, and calls for patience, delicate diplomacy and Christian fortitude all through the eventful season that left Ida a nervous wreck when Richard Copeland took his sister away in the spring, and the Danas opened hearts and home to their young friend. She chose John Dana as her guardian to succeed Mr. Read, and became a member of his family, slipping into her place as if she had always been a part of the household. The time winged happily and uneventfully along until her nest was again stirred. John Dana found among her mother's letters to Mr. Read one expressing the desire that it should be optional with her daughter at what time, after she gained the age of eighteen, if she remained single, she should take possession of Sunnybank.

Besides this letter, Mr. Dana had come upon one written by Ida, after her illness, declaring her preference for country life and the binding nature of the duties she felt were resting upon her, in the knowledge of what had been her mother's wishes and expectation.

The warm and loving discussion of the subject by her best friends resulted in Ida's establishment of herself at Sunnybank in the spring. Her chaperon was a respectable woman, the sister of her overseer, who was a man of unusual intelligence and

who had conducted the affairs of the plantation with marked ability since the death of Mrs. Ross. Within a few weeks after her installation in the homestead, Ida began missionary operations in the neighborhood by opening a home-school and calling to its charge Emma Glenn, an orphaned schoolmate of her own, who was a poorly paid governess in the family of a relative. Her next step was to revive the Sunday-school, which had languished sadly since her mother had laid down the work. To every branch of the work she found laid to her hand she brought energy, patience and generous battle-hope. She was too busy to mope, and she gave herself no opportunity to mourn over wasted years and blasted aspirations. Even when Richard Copeland surprised her out of her steadfast composure by bringing in person the news of his engagement to Lelia Arnold, declaring at the same time that he "would dash her ring, her picture, and her letters into the sea, and jump in himself after them, sooner than marry her," principle and faith did not fail her.

"Say the word, and her dupe will be enlightened," he urged. "Where is Mr. Lacy?"

"I do not know, and I would not tell you if I did!" said Ida. "If I were dying of a broken heart, I should refuse the healing that your cold-blooded scheme offers. When he sought her he was shackled by no vows to me. He is not a vain boy to be flattered into courtship. If he is a dupe, she has cruelly deceived the noblest heart that ever beat."

"It is all so confused," she continued, apologetically. "You are engaged to Lelia Arnold. You do not love her. Yet you must have told her that you did. Selfishness, love of admiration, and, in your case, pique, actuated her. You have the bare plea of malice. Punishment, in this world, has cure for an object. Was this yours? Or was it that she might endure the pain she had inflicted upon others?"

She could extort nothing satisfactory. He had unknowingly been guilty of great cruelty in breaking the seal of her heart's closed chamber. For hours and days she felt that the door would not shut again. The whirling chaos was cleared and tranquillized in time, and even Emma was ignorant of the storm.

The mistress of the homestead would be of age on the fifteenth of October. For a hundred years it had been the custom in the Ross family to signalize such events by appropriate ceremonies, and Ida waived her wish for a quiet visit from her dearest friends, and threw herself with apparent spirit into the preparations for the great event. This was but a few days off when a letter was brought to her as she was walking alone in the twilight upon the porch of her home. Her swift step hardly broke the silence—the firm, elastic tread of youth and health. An unruffled spirit was within—a fulness of contentment and peace that the world could not disturb or take away. She had conned the invaluable lesson, "It is better to trust than to hope." Yet the sight of the superscription sent a tremor to her heart, and a minute elapsed before she opened it.

It was from Morton Lacy. He had had a letter from Miss Arnold, annulling their engagement. She had "foreseen the step long ago, when she discovered that the heart she thought she had surrendered to me was wholly another's."

Details of the circumstances that had precipitated the betrothal, which he had known from the first was a mistake on his part, followed her story. In the last sentence the strained composure of the strong man gave way: "What was I to you? What may I hope to be? I have ascertained that you are unmarried. Are you heart-free? May I come to you? Dare I say, Reply at once? I would not wring from you a hasty decision, but remember my suspense."

He did not wait for her reply. Encouraged by Charley Dana, he made one of the family party that included Arthur Dana and his wife and child, Ida's namesake. They arrived on Saturday evening. The birthday gathering was to be on Monday. With the strong backing of John and Charley Dana, Morton carried the point upon which he had determined in setting out upon the journey. He would wait no longer for the woman he had sought two years ago, and never had ceased to love. The merry girls gathered in Ida's room late Monday afternoon were making bridal bouquets when Ellen Morris, who had gone to the garden in quest of arbor-vitæ, burst into the room with the amazing announcement that Josephine Read had arrived.

"Josephine!" Ida seemed to behold a ghoul. She had invited her because propriety demanded she should not put an open slight upon the daughter of her former guardian; but the possibility of her coming had not entered her mind.

Ellen was jubilant.

"If you did not feel so badly, I should delight in her spiteful rage when she knows she has come to your wedding—and with Mr. Lacy! Oh, it is transporting!"

By the blunder of a maid too much excited by the grand occasion to make sure of the bridegroom's name, Josephine was led to believe that Charley was the happy man, until the bridal pair actually appeared in the doorway. A freezing night shut her in. Through it she saw but two forms—a princely figure, his head erect in proud happiness, and the hated, injured rival to whose house curiosity and vanity had tempted her.

Ida had been a happy wife for seven years when she sat at her husband's knee, her brotherly friend Charley Dana beside them, before the drawing-room fire in Sunnybank.

"My mother's training was all that saved my disposition from adapting itself to Mr. Read's mold," she was saying. "Josephine had no such talisman. I wish she had one hundredth part of my happiness. A woman is terribly lonely without home and friends. They are to us (I do not say to men) necessaries of life."

"She can gain them," replied Morton. "You did."

"To be taught the inadequacy of perishable things to satisfy a soul that must live forever," mused Ida, looking into the blaze. "I may apply literally the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

"Few may do that in a temporal sense," remarked Charley.

"But who may not, spiritually? Why will men make a comfortless, doleful mystery of our cheerful, life-giving, home faith? Why not think, write, talk of it—"

"And act it?" interrupted Charley.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

(United States, 1848–1908)

GABRIEL TOLLIVER (1902)

This book is notable from the fact that it is the only novel proper yet written by that prolific story-teller, "Uncle Remus," and because it professedly contains autobiographic touches in the character of Cephas, and implicitly presents in the reflections of Gabriel some of the "long, long thoughts" of the author's youth.

ABRIEL TOLLIVER, of Lumsden Place, Shady Dale, Georgia, was fifteen years old when the Civil War ended. Were the war beginning, he would have taken up arms. But, with a calmer and wiser head than some of his elders—for Sherman had marched through the region, leaving burning buildings and burning hearts behind him—he cheerfully accepted the new order, and, assuming the responsibilities of manhood, which were thrust at an early age upon the youth of that place and period, he set to work to rebuild the fortunes of his family. Now "family," if future additions were not to be taken into account, is a large term to apply to the Tolliver household, the only other member of which was Gabriel's maternal grandmother, Lucy Lumsden. But Gabriel was not lonesome for kinsfolk; all the neighborhood seemed related to him in the bonds of intimate affection. Billy Sanders, who was "Uncle" to everyone, took a paternal oversight of the fatherless boy, and Mrs. "Johnny" Dorrington, the stepmother of his girl playmate, felt that she was replacing the dead Mrs. Tolliver no less than the mother of Nan. Gabriel could not have venerated any grandfather more than he did Meriwether Clopton, son of the founder of the community; indeed, the picture of Mr. Clopton hung in the parlor of Lumsden Place, and once Gabriel

had caught his grandmother talking to it in a loving, whimsical fashion, which gave him a clue to the secret of the charming old fellow's bachelorhood.

Gabriel's playmates, Nan Dorrington and little Cephas, were closer to him in sympathy than his own sister and brother would probably have been, for he found in them souls needing a supply of the Tolliver-Lumsden imagination, rather than an outlet for it.

In 1868 Gabriel was eighteen years of age, Nan seventeen, and Cephas twelve. Nan had just put on her first long frock, and assumed with it very matronly ways. Gabriel met her in the street, and felt a grievance that he could neither express nor understand. He had been so taken up of late with a new friend, Francis Bethune, a young man who had been in the war, and had just drifted back to his old home, that he had not before noticed Nan's transformation into a woman. Impulsively, and with seeming irrelevance, he cried: "Oh, Nan, I'm so sorry!"

Nan understood, but wilfully acted a girlish part.

"Why should you be sorry?" she said. "You have everything to make you glad. You have your Mr. Bethune, and only yesterday I heard Eugenia Claiborne say that you are the handsomest man she ever saw—yes, she called you a man. She declared that she never knew before that curly hair could be so becoming to a man. And Margaret Bridalbin says that you and Eugenia would just suit each other—she a blonde and you a brunette."

Gabriel, perplexed at his old playmate's attempt to evade his meaning, made no reply. A pained expression replaced the blush that had responded to Nan's school-girlish remark. Nan dropped her head, and tapped the ground with the toe of one of her new and dainty shoes.

Around the corner, out of sight, two men had paused to finish an earnest conversation, and the young people got their first whiff of the troubles that had been slowly gathering over that region.

"As President of the League," said a voice which neither Nan nor Gabriel recognized, "you will have great responsibility. I hope you realize it."

"I'm in hopes I does, suh," replied the voice of a negro preacher, the Reverend Jeremiah Tomlin.

"As you so aptly put it last night at your church, the bottom rail is now on top, and it will stay there if the colored people know their own interests. Every dollar that has been made in the South during the parst two hundred years was made by the niggeroes, and belongs to them."

"Dat is de Lord's trufe, and I'll try fer to make my people reelize it."

"What you lack in experience you make up in numbers. Organize your race; impress upon them the necessity of acting as one man. Once organized, you will find leaders. We have arranged for that."

"We needs 'em, Misser Hotchkiss."

"Yes, for there is a conspiracy already forming among the white people of the South to reënslave the niggero. They propose to take the ballot out of his hands and put in its place the hoe and the plow-handle. They intend to deprive you of the freedom bestowed by the martyr President."

"Gord bless Linkum!"

"So you must stand together for Lincoln's party—the Republicans."

"I jined de Erpublican party when I fust heard de name."

"We meet to-night in the old schoolhouse. Bring only a few—men you can trust—the older the better. There'll be no lights that can be seen from the outside. Rap three times, slowly. The password is—"

He must have whispered the word, for no sound came to the listeners. Gabriel motioned to Nan, and they walked on around the corner, Nan gushing about Eugenia Claiborne as if continuing an animated conversation. Gabriel noted that the white man, whom the negro had called Hotchkiss, was a stranger, and he had the appearance of a preacher. All his features stood for determination, except his eyes. These were wild and restless, the mark, as Gabriel afterward learned, of a fanatic.

"Don't say a word of this, Nan," said Gabriel.

Nan at once left the world of womanhood she had just entered, and returned to the realm of make-believe which

Gabriel had opened up to her in their childhood. She guessed that it was Gabriel's purpose to go to the meeting at the old schoolhouse, and learn the nature and purposes of the negro "League" that was forming. She imagined that he would be in terrible danger, and resolved to rescue him. Now Gabriel was strong enough to take a man's place at a log-rolling, and was discreet beyond his years, so Nan's solicitude was as misplaced as it was uncomplimentary. Nan could not conceive of her old playfellow in an heroic light. Her ideal hero (and, it must be confessed, lover) was a man of desperate experiences, a daredevil, such as John A. Murrell, the highwayman of Southern pioneer days, about whose bloodthirsty career tradition had cast the glamor of romance, endowing him with all the chivalry of Robin Hood.

Fired by these romantic imaginings, she resolved to take the part of knight, and relegate Gabriel to the rôle of the rescued. So she went to the old schoolhouse, taking along as her squire Tasma Tid, a dwarf African woman, whom her father had bought to be her "live doll," from the shipment of slaves landed in South Carolina in 1858 on the *Wanderer*. Tasma, to escape house service, devoted herself to her young mistress, and played an important part in the imaginary romances of Gabriel, Nan, and Cephas.

The schoolhouse was locked, but Tasma Tid crawled under it, entered the room by raising a loose plank in the floor, and, unbolting the back door, admitted Nan. The two entered a closet, shut the door, and awaited the event.

In a little while they heard a window being forced. Then the intruder leaped to the floor, and entered the closet, where he sat down upon the floor and stretched out his legs with a sigh of relief. Nan and Tasma Tid recognized by the sigh that their fellow-spy was Gabriel. She realized that she was in a very awkward position, and mentally resolved that this should be the last of her tomboy escapades. She thought, What if I should sneeze? and was immediately seized with an irresistible longing to do so, which was fulfilled in a spluttering explosion.

"Who are you?" Gabriel called firmly.

Tasma Tid came to her rescue. "Huccum you in we house? How you call you' name?"

"Tiddy Me Tas!" said Gabriel in a playful distortion of her name. "What are you hiding here for? You'd better run home to your Miss Nan."

"Honey Nan, she talkin' by dat Misser Frank at Clopton. Dee got cake, dee got wine, an' no want we."

Nan pinched the African for telling this whopper; Gabriel did not deserve to be treated so. Had he not called her "Miss"?

Gabriel sighed. Tasma Tid continued: "You go an' look in de blin' wey you see dat Misser Frank make love. Maybe you kin fin' out how fer make love you'se'f."

Gabriel laughed uneasily. "No love-making for me. I'm either too old or too young, I forget which."

The lock turned in the front door. The "Leaguers" were coming in. The meeting was called by the stranger.

"I am not here," he said, "in my own behalf. I have nothing to gain but the betterment of those who have been released from the horrors of slavery, and for this I shall probably lose my life. The fact that I am here should assure you of my sincerity. I represent the great party that has given and will maintain your freedom. This constitutes my credentials."

"Bless God!" cried the Reverend Jeremiah, trying to memorize the imposing word "credentials" for future use.

The stranger's words were far above the heads of his audience, but all the more impressive for this reason. His tones were persuasive, and the sincerity of his manner carried conviction.

"My name is Gilbert Hotchkiss," he continued. "I am of an abolition family. There are thousands of men and women like myself devoted to your cause. All we ask is your coöperation."

"Coöperation," memorized the Reverend Jeremiah.

"Give us this, and a large part of the lands, the houses and the stock that your labor has made valuable and created, will come into your hands."

The audience applauded vigorously, one voice exclaiming: "You sho' is talkin' now, boss!"

"To help us you must organize. We have met to form a Union League among you, to resist the efforts of your former masters to take away your ballots. Your rights have been

bought by the blood of thousands of martyrs, and you must defend them. If necessary, arm yourselves. Yea, apply the torch!"

At this old Uncle Plato, Mr. Clopton's servant, rose in protest.

"Spozen you ban' tergedder, and de white folks see what you up ter, an' tu'n dere backs, den what you gwine ter do? You got ter live here, an' you got ter make yo' livin' here. Is you gwine ter cripple de cow dat gives de cream?"

He paused and looked round, saw that he was in a hopeless minority, reached for his hat, and, making a Chesterfieldian bow to Mr. Hotchkiss, said, "I'm mighty glad to know you, suh, but I hatter bid you good-night." With that he went out, followed by two other old servants that were of his opinion.

The Union League was then unanimously organized with the Reverend Jeremiah Tomlin as its president. Only scraps of the mummery of initiation that was calculated to impress the simple-minded negroes came to the listeners in the closet. When the meeting ended and the Reverend Jeremiah, last to leave, had blown out the candle, Gabriel and Tasma Tid departed to their homes. Gabriel thought a second figure slipped by him in the darkness, but his mind was too greatly taxed with the importance of the meeting to puzzle out the phenomenon. Next day he told what he had discovered to Mr. Clopton and to Mr. Sanders, with the result that Hotchkiss became a marked man. Much was made by the white folks of Uncle Plato and the two seceders from the meeting, to their great mystification. To the Reverend Jeremiah, on the other hand, the cold shoulder was given, rendering him very bitter in his hatred of the "oppressors of his race."

This peaceful application by the old folks of the old-time principles of patronage and the boycott did not satisfy the younger white men, and they resolved to intimidate the negroes at the next meeting of the League. A dozen of them, draped in white, rode to the old school-building and took stations about it. The negroes, emerging after the meeting, saw these apparitions, and fled yelling in all directions. The horsemen, however, contented themselves with chasing the Reverend Jeremiah, heading him off, and finally surrounding him. He

looked at his captors and saw that each one appeared to be carrying his head under his arm.

"Name er de Lord!" he cried; "what you gwinter do wid me?"

"Beware! Beware!" they cried solemnly in chorus, and slowly dispersed.

The fright given to the negroes by the white riders stopped for a time the Union League movement in that section. Hearing of this, Hotchkiss returned, bringing with him a man calling himself Boring, but known to the older people of the community to be Bridalbin, a worthless fellow who had run away from Shady Dale at the outbreak of the war, deserting his wife and their little daughter.

These men soon raised hatred of the whites among the negroes to a greater pitch than before. They sought, through the negro women, to inflame what they called the "patriotism" of the influential men among the negroes. One of these leaders whom they desired to affect in this manner was Ike Varner, a man of remarkable ability as an entertainer, and therefore welcome at every gathering, whether of white folks or black. He was a fine cook, and provided 'possum suppers for those who sat up late at night, and ice-cream for those who went to bed early. He realized, as did Uncle Plato, the dependence of the negro upon the white people, and was one of the three seceders from the Union League.

Varner was a happy-go-lucky fellow, who spent his money as fast as he made it, chiefly on Edie, his handsome young mulatto wife, of whom he was madly jealous. To keep her away from other men, he lived on a small patch of ground some distance from Shady Dale, where he kept his little eating-place.

One day a farmer that lived near Varner's cabin came into town, and casually remarked that Hotchkiss had better look out; for Ike, learning that the white agitator was visiting his wife, had borrowed the farmer's pistol and was looking for the man whom he supposed to be his "woman's" lover—but who was really only a fanatic negrophile.

Gabriel felt it his duty to advise Mr. Hotchkiss to avoid the neighborhood of Ike Varner's cabin, and did so. He was re-

buffed for his pains by the suspicious agitator, who supposed that the young man was fishing for information as to his movements—indeed, told his colleague, Bridalbin, to shadow Gabriel.

One night there was a Union League meeting at the house of Mahlon Butts, a white man who supported Hotchkiss from principle, at the cost of being ostracized in the community. Butts lived just beyond Ike Varner. Bridalbin was out at Lumsden Place watching Gabriel's movements. He saw the young man leave the house and strike across the fields in the direction of Mahlon Butts's place, and followed him, but soon lost sight of him. Convinced that the young man had gone to Butts's, Bridalbin turned back to the high road and there waited Gabriel's return.

Gabriel had gone forth into the night simply to think out under the stars the problem of Nan Dorrington. He threw himself down on a grassy knoll by the side of the path, whence he was careful not to stir while Bridalbin passed and repassed him, and he did not return to the house until late. As he was climbing the fence into the high-road, a wagon-load of young men came by, returning from a party.

"What in the name of the seven stars have you been doing to-night?" said Francis Bethune.

"Watching 'em," said Gabriel; and as all the young men knew his mooning propensity they laughed with the kindly humor of comprehension.

"Well, I don't know any stars to compare with the eyes of the girls we saw to-night; do you, boys?"

"Especially when that curly-headed Tolliver was mentioned," said Jesse Tidwell. "It's no use for Gabriel to blow his horn when all the girls are doing it for him."

"Well, Gabe, your horn would have been of some use to raise the dead to-night. Feel (Felix) Samples has a cow that gives apple-brandy, and old Burrel Bohannon, the one-legged fiddler, must have milked her dry, for about ten he rolled his eyes, fetched a gasp, wabbled out of his chair, and lay on the floor just as if he was stone dead."

Bridalbin had crept up in the shadow of the rail fence, and heard the closing words. Had the young men, led by Tolliver, killed his colleague Hotchkiss?

Mr. Hotchkiss, on his way to Mahlon Butts's, was walking by Ike Varner's cabin, when a voice softly called to him from the gate: "Won't you come in, Mr. Hotchkiss, an' tell me about Ike? You got him in the League all right?"

"No, and I think we are wasting our efforts on him. Good-night!"

"An' won't you come to see me no more?" Edie came close to him.

In order to conceal the odor of her race, which she knew to be offensive to white men, Edie had saturated herself with perfume. Hotchkiss, being a thorough reformer, was entitled to as many fads as he chose to have, and among these was an objection to commercial perfumes. He drew back from the woman in disgust.

"Why will you ladies," he said, "drench yourselves with such odious scents?"

"I dunner what you mean," said Edie, edging still closer.

"Why, that infernal——"

A pistol-shot rang out, and Hotchkiss fell like a log. Edie ran screaming down the road, and beat at the door of Mahlon Butts.

"They've kilt him! they've kilt him!" she screamed; "an' he was sech a good man! Oh, sech a good man!"

On information laid by Bridalbin, Gabriel Tolliver and the young men who were with him on the night of the murder, were arrested. All but Gabriel were released at once upon overwhelming proof of an alibi, and Gabriel was imprisoned in Fort Pulaski, below Savannah.

Mr. Billy Sanders evolved a plan to rescue the young man he loved as a son. To secure the prisoner's coöperation he wished to send him a secret message. How to do this was the only part of the project that puzzed him. One day he heard little Cephas and a playmate talking in a strange gibberish:

"Fasasee, erawha ooya ingago?"

"Oolaska."

"Umaka aypla keyahoo."

"What kind of lingo is that?" asked Mr. Sanders.

"It's the way we boys talk when we don't want anybody else to know what we're saying. Gabriel taught it to us."

"The very thing!" said Sanders. "Cephas, run home and tell your mother I'm going to take you to Savannah to see Gabriel."

Cephas, knowing his mother, assumed her consent to his trip, and ran instead to inform Nan Dorrington of it. Unfortunately, she was talking with Eugenia Claiborne when he found her, and she felt it necessary to mask her interest with indifference.

"I hope you will find Gabriel well," she said stiffly.

Cephas turned away, grieved and insulted. Girls were queer creatures. Could they be trusted in anything? Perhaps Nan and Eugenia might tell of his errand, and he went back to pledge them to secrecy. He met Nan hurrying toward him. "Cephas," she said, "why did you tell me before Eugenia?"

"I wasn't saying anything to be ashamed of."

"And I oughtn't to have been ashamed of what I wanted to say, but I was, and, and—I can't say it now. It wouldn't be proper in a young lady. Just tell him, tell him—that I'm well and happy, and—if he doesn't come home soon I shall die!"

Cephas successfully delivered Mr. Sanders's message to Gabriel in dog-latin, and returned to Shady Dale filled with importance. Nan was at his home awaiting his arrival.

"Well?" she inquired.

"I'm mighty sorry I went," said Cephas, and stopped short provokingly.

"Why?"

"His face looked like he had been sick a month; his eyes were hollow, and had black circles around them."

"Did he say anything?"

"Yes, he said, 'Brace up, old man.' "

"Was that all?"

"Then he asked whether anybody had sent him any word, and I said, 'Nobody but Mr. Sanders.' And he said, 'I might have known *he* wouldn't forget me.' "

Cephas could see Nan crushing her handkerchief in her hand, and he enjoyed it immensely.

Nan finally burst out: "But I did send him a message."

"Yes, a fool thing cooked up by you and that Claiborne

girl. I'd cut out my tongue before letting him know that folks at home were joking about him." And Cephas marched off to bed, trying to reconcile the Nan Dorrington who used to be so simple and straight and true with the Nan Dorrington who was flirting in long skirts, and putting on all sorts of incomprehensible airs.

When the train brought Gabriel Tolliver to Malvern, the county town where he was to be tried for his life, it found a large crowd waiting at the station. And an already excited crowd, for two respectable citizens of Shady Dale, that were known as old cronies, had just been struggling desperately to "have each other's life" for some sudden insult, and were even now glaring at each other, being held back by friends.

As Gabriel, lean and haggard, stepped upon the platform, preceded and followed by soldiers, the antagonists tore themselves away (with suspicious ease) from the restraining hands, and began to fire their pistols in each other's direction, but a little too high for the shots to be effective. That is, if scattering the crowd were not the effect intended; for a wild panic ensued, in the midst of which Gabriel ducked his head and made a rush with the rest. He slipped his small hands through the handcuffs (a trick he had been practising in the train) and had nothing to impede his movements—not even the crowd, which strangely opened before him and closed in behind.

Backed up to the station was a covered farm-wagon, the driver of which was loudly denouncing certain persons who had hoaxed him by telling him that the dépôt was a cotton-warehouse. Gabriel recognized the voice, leaped within the back of the wagon, and crawled under the cover.

"Now here—now here!" cried the countryman; "you slick city fellers can make a fool out'n me about your cotton-warehouses, but I'll be jigged ef I let you take my waggin' an' team!" And Billy Sanders (for it was he) stripped the cover from the top of the wagon, and lo! no one was there—only a cotton-bale.

The crowd, including one of the soldiers who had seen the performance, were as much astonished as the countryman appeared to be. Mr. Sanders climbed upon the wagon-seat and drove off, saying, "The next time I have a crop of cotton

to sell, I'll waggin it to some place wher' war'houses ain't depots, and wher' jugglers don't jump on you and disappear in broad daylight."

He pulled the wagon up to a warehouse owned by a political leader, and saw the cotton-bale deposited with unusual care in a small unoccupied room that had recently been an office. Here the "bale" proved to be merely a box, covered with bagging, with one side hinged like a door. This opened, and Gabriel Tolliver emerged.

No pursuit was made of Gabriel, and in a short time the military government was changed for civil in the State, and cases, such as Gabriel's, growing out of the political disorder, were abandoned. It became generally, although not officially known, that Ike Varner had killed Mr. Hotchkiss, and Gabriel returned to Shady Vale and took his place in the community with no danger whatever of prosecution.

When Sanders was reminded that his elaborate plot had proved to be unnecessary, he answered with a story: "I knowed a gal who knit socks for a feller she took a fancy to. The feller died, but she went ahead with the knittin'. Now, that didn't do the feller any good, but it holp the gal up mightily."

Strangely enough, the message that brought him home was one from Nan Dorrington, begging him not to believe his other friends, who reported it perfectly safe for him at Shady Vale, and imploring him to stay where he was. And for a girl whose express wish had been deliberately disobeyed, Nan was strangely forgiving.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON

(MRS. BURTON HARRISON)

(United States, 1846)

THE ANGLOMANIACS (1890)

This novel was published anonymously in the *Century Magazine* in 1890, and it appeared in book form the same year, but still without the author's name, which, however, was added in a later edition. The story aroused much amusement and speculation as to its authorship, and for some time was regarded as the work of an Englishman.

"WE have half decided to take Lily to Tupelo," said Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, as she leaned back in her steamer-chair on the deck of the *Etruria*, homeward bound. "It is so soothing, so restful! So un-American, you know."

"Ah, yes! there is nothing like Tupelo," murmured Mrs. Clay; but secretly she was saying to herself: "For a woman who never has been there, this way of talking is simply unique. As a beginner she's immense."

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis had but just emerged, as it were, from the environment consequent upon life in a quiet cross-street in New York. Six years before the present voyage of the *Etruria* Mr. Curtis was engaged in a thriving business in dry-goods, and Mrs. Curtis, an energetic, ambitious woman, took high stand in the charitable world. Their wildest idea of dissipation was a church sociable, and an occasional evening at the theater. Otherwise, the couple would remain at home, he reading the newspaper until he fell asleep, she doing fancy-work or trimming a hat for Lily.

Thus several years of married life had passed, when the astonishing news came that the miserly old father, who owned a grocery in a western town, had died, leaving his daughter a

fortune. What to do with it was the problem that confronted Eliphalet Curtis, but in this crisis the wife rose to the emergency.

"Do?" said Mrs. Curtis briskly. "Well, the first thing is to rent this house and go to Europe."

From that trip abroad Eliphalet returned bored, and determined to resume his work at his office down-town. And so, in spite of the nagging of his wife, he doggedly kept on. Mrs. Curtis had the wit to see that her husband's dry-goods did not materially affect her social position, as some of the most conspicuous society leaders had sprung from similar beginnings. The ambitious woman realized that her fondest hopes centered in winning a place for her boy and girl in the social whirl. She placed Hamilton, a commonplace youth of sixteen, at school at Eton; while Lily, now nineteen, with her red hair, hazel eyes, youthful complexion, and erect figure, was destined to shine as a star of the first magnitude in exclusive Society.

The yearly trip abroad became inevitable in the newly arranged program, and even the family name was slightly altered, to accord with fashion's decree. The good lady Mrs. Eliphalet F. Curtis, who went forth from Sandy Hook in May, returned a few months later as Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, the hyphen being a tacit suggestion of her rise in the social scale.

Meanwhile Lily had attracted a certain amount of attention and unsought-for newspaper notoriety by snubbing an exalted personage at an impromptu breakfast-party he had given in her honor at Homburg. The wilful maiden, to her mother's dismay, showed a marked preference for a handsome young guardsman, to the evident chagrin of the giver of the feast. When her mother took her to task, the girl remarked that she did not like talking to the personage because he was too old, but she did like talking to that beautiful young man. These chronicles of Homburg summer gossip were promptly sent to America by a correspondent of the New York press, and advertised the young lady extensively.

At the famous breakfast, Barbara Clay, who was a former chum of the personage, assumed the task of consoling him, at the same time making the acquaintance of the young lady who had, as it were, fallen from a chariot of fire to the common sidewalk. She saw that it answered her purpose to follow in

the train of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, making herself absolutely indispensable to that lady, in helping her to avoid the shoals and snares of social requirements.

She planned their gowns, helped them in their selection of Parisian novelties, introduced them to more fine people than they ever had dreamed of, and decided to take passage on their steamer. If anyone had foretold to Mrs. Floyd-Curtis that her return voyage was to be glorified by the intimacy of Mrs. Bertie Clay, she would have deemed it impossible. The "Honorable Mrs. Clay" was a New York girl, well placed, coming of a family of merchants, who, by grace of a generation of wealth and culture, took rank among later aspirants as if born to the purple. Ten years earlier she had married Bertie Clay, a handsome young Englishman, son of a poverty-stricken lord, and for a dowry received a considerable sum of ready money.

As long as the cash lasted Bertie and his wife were seen and heard of on the top wave of London's smart society; then came rumors of financial straits, and finally Mrs. Clay returned to New York without her husband. "Dear Bertie is on a yacht," she would say pleasantly to inquiring friends, and apparently he spent many years thereafter in this agreeable pastime. Then Barbara's father died, leaving his only child a mere pittance of an income. Instead of starving, as the world expected, Mrs. Clay thrived in a little nest of a flat in an apartment house on Fifth Avenue, to which resorted visiting dukes and countesses from abroad. Naturally, New Yorkers asked no inconvenient questions.

It served Mrs. Clay's purpose admirably to become attached to the Curtis family, and she was gentleness and thoughtfulness itself to both mother and daughter. On the morning when the proposed trip to Tupelo was under discussion, an event took place which filled the soul of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis with maternal alarm. Her daughter Lily had indulged in what Mrs. Clay termed "a very pretty scrimmage," with a lady who had endeavored to take her chair.

When Mrs. Curtis learned that the dispossessed lady was no other than the distinguished Countess of Melrose, a titled personage to be propitiated at all costs, she was filled with wrathful indignation. Struggling to emerge from her encum-

bering rug, she exclaimed angrily, growing redder in the face than was becoming:

"Lily will be the death of me! Oh, Mr.—ah—Jencks! if you will be so very kind. Just say to my daughter, over there, that I will thank her to come to me *at once*."

"And who is Mr. Jencks?" asked Mrs. Clay, with a note of animation and a keen look at the gentleman in question.

"Somebody—we—Lily has picked up—an Englishman."

Just then Lily put in her appearance upon the scene, and was rebuked for her encounter with the Countess.

"Poor old Lady Melrose!" said Mrs. Clay, laughing.

As to the young man looking on, he began to laugh too, but a glance at the majestic scorn in the face of Lily's mother froze him to good behavior.

Mr. Jencks had been presented to the mother and daughter at Liverpool by a well-known American gentleman who had come to see him off. He was a college man, a leading light in the world of science, and was going to take a professorship that had been offered to him in Illyria, Michigan.

It is a well-known fact that there is no place where two young persons can become so well acquainted on short notice as on the deck of an ocean steamer. This is especially true if they are impervious to the effects of rough weather and their chaperons are the victims of unconquerable sea-sickness. Sometimes when rain was drizzling on an angry, rolling sea, Lily Curtis ventured forth, to the admiration of all beholders, and Jencks, who was oftener her partner than anyone else, compared her to Undine, expecting her to dissolve and recede under one of the big foam-fountains in their wake. With returning sunshine, however, Lily was constantly followed and entwined by Mrs. Clay, or carefully guarded by her mother.

Not until the *Etruria* touched her pier did Ernest Jencks have a chance to see his divinity alone. Then a throb of rebellion assailed him, and he felt that he could have seized her and jumped overboard had he dared believe she returned his passion. While he was standing alone, amid the confusion of going ashore, someone touched him lightly on the arm.

It was Lily Curtis, who had come to ask him whether she might keep a book he had lent her, promising to return it.

"Don't send it back. Or, if you must, keep it till you've need of me—you might, you know; then send it, and I will come."

"All the way from Illyria?" she said, with a merry smile at the extravagance of his promise.

"From the world's end," he whispered hotly, and their hands met. Then Mrs. Floyd-Curtis bore down upon and separated them.

A few days later they met again at Tupelo, and this time Jencks took the opportunity to let her know how he loved her. "Don't you see that I love you better than life?—that if I asked you to marry me I'd be a cur? One day on the steamer I thought for a moment—one mad moment—that you might care for me. But in the meanwhile I've seen that I was mistaken. If I go away it is with the intention to live this passion down. It's because I respect my manhood as much as I love you that I'm going; can't you see?"

What was trembling on her lips to say, and was yet unsaid because he had told her he did not mean to ask her to be his wife, might have changed the course of events. She was conscious of a wave of protest, of longing not to be left, like a child's clinging to one who bids him farewell and sets him down to go away. While these emotions were tearing her heart a carriage came round a turn in the road, and within sat Lily's mother and Mrs. Clay, the latter appearing languid and indifferent.

"Lily!" called Mrs. Floyd-Curtis. "Come in with me; I am taking Mrs. Clay for a turn before luncheon. Mr.—er—Banks?"

"Jencks, madam," said that person, bowing.

"Mr. Jencks can no doubt find his own way to the club. Drive on, Thomas. Good morning, Mr. Banks."

Next morning Lily received a note that read as follows:

"I write this at the station, waiting for the train that will take me away from you. I tried to pass out of your life without another word, but vainly. With my whole heart and soul I love you. Good-by, and be happy always, as you deserve to be."

Lily kissed the prosaic bit of paper again and again, raining over it a summer tempest of girlish tears. It seemed to her that a great black stone had rolled across the pathway of her life. She realized that this man, this stranger but a short

time known to her, had suddenly become the master of her heart. He had come, he had gone; and with him the springtime of her woman's life.

Meanwhile among the guests of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis at Tupelo the Countess of Melrose was the great attraction for the club-members and cottagers when they assembled in the ballroom of the club-house. The unfortunate encounter between Lily and the Countess had been long ago forgotten, owing to the unceasing kindness of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis to the titled invalid when she succumbed to sea-sickness while crossing the Atlantic. Even the most stony-hearted peeress could not have resisted the daily offerings of homage, under such trying circumstances. Moreover, the Countess was duly impressed with the fact that Lily had an immense fortune, and on her arrival in New York she wrote to her son to that effect. As he was greatly in need of money, he profited by his mother's suggestion, and arrived in New York some months later. He was entertained lavishly, and though not brilliant as a conversationist, his distinguished manner and fine, manly appearance won for him many friends.

He was seen so often with Lily Curtis that it seemed a foregone conclusion that her first season would end in her engagement to the Earl. The old ladies in the club windows and the old ladies at the tea-parties had promptly settled this. It was all so appropriate—Lily's beauty and fortune in return for his title and present condition of moral whitewash. And then to think of his mother returning home to rub up the family jewels and prepare to present her American daughter-in-law in London! The only obstacle to Lily's luck was—Lily! What she said when the Earl proposed did not transpire; but when he sailed away guessers declared that the Floyd-Curtises were as inconsolable as Calypso at the departure of Ulysses.

The fact was, Lily had put her suitor upon a year's probation, with the hope in her heart that something might happen meanwhile. One evening at the opera she had had a fleeting glimpse of the man she so obstinately preferred to other men. He had been gazing at her, how long she knew not, when their eyes met, and his look conveyed every assurance a woman could exact. Their souls had blended as naturally and simply as if alone in the first trysting-place for lovers upon earth. She

had faith in him; he had not changed, and together they might move mountains from their path.

Yet she did not see or hear of him again till a day or two later, when his name was mentioned by a journalist at a dinner party given by one of Lily's friends. A new book by Mr. Jencks was under discussion, and one of the guests at the dinner announced that the author had come from Baltimore, but was to leave that same evening for the West at nine o'clock.

Some one asked Lily whether she had met Professor Jencks.

"Yes," the girl said faintly, and just then the clock rang out nine cruel silver strokes.

Turning his stubborn back upon New York, the Professor was at that moment punishing himself for a passing indulgence of the eye by what Tom Brown's creator calls "the silent pleasure, so dear to every Englishman, of enduring, resisting, and struggling with something, and not giving way."

The following Saturday Melrose was expected, and Lily's final decision had to be made. She wondered again and again why the man she had loved had gone away without a word to show the gladness his eyes had spoken at seeing her after long months of absence. She had tried hard to forget him, but without success. His obstinate silence, his strength of manhood enabling him to keep away from her, were like a rock against which her lamentations beat like waves. And the rock did not feel the waves. "With all my soul and strength I love you," he had said—and left her.

The cruel thought made Lily blush, and she felt ready to die of shame at her longing and her pain. It nerved her to face the consideration of the new life into which events seemed crowding her forward with tremendous force. It was now virtually settled that on the arrival of Melrose their betrothal should take place. In a few days everyone would hear of it, and the heart of Ernest Jencks would be wrenched away from her forever. The first act of her little commonplace life-drama would be ended and forgotten. As Lily kept lonely vigil with such gloomy thoughts, she pleaded with herself that it was for the very last time.

Melrose came, and in due time was formally accepted,

the announcement being made at a banquet preceding a costume ball given for the benefit of a favorite good work. Lord Melrose was attired in the becoming garb of a cavalier of Venice in the seventeenth century, Lily's costume being that of a Venetian princess of the same period. When she danced with her lover she enjoyed the admiration and homage of her friends. Melrose, on his side, was genuinely touched by her beauty, and longed to make himself worthy of this innocent young girl.

He had yielded Lily to some other partner, and had strolled off alone musing on these strange things, when someone touched him on the shoulder with a fan. Turning, he saw Mrs. Clay, who hastened to congratulate him. She could not fail to see the resentful expression in his eyes when he returned her greeting, but she airily ignored its meaning.

"I've been so clever in shaking off the man who brought me here. Now, before he comes back, I wish to tell you how proud I feel that you have won Lily. I'm like a child who has been building a card-house. There is always the excitement of fearing that the house may tumble down."

"I'd like to know your meaning. You are too bad."

"Not too bad for you?"

"You mock at everything. You make a man feel no woman can be——"

"Hush! or you'll be getting rude," she cried, as they found seats in a cushioned alcove under a swinging lamp. "And to think we've been such *bons camarades*. I fancy your going really to be married makes me think of it. A woman can't help indulging in sentiment about her—early friendships."

"Come, now," said the young man resolutely. "You have sought this talk, not I. You must have got the letter I sent over a week ago?"

"In which you told me that you do not desire my intimacy with Lily to continue. That I, in short, will not be welcomed at your house," she said sharply. "What if she knew my share in securing her great prize? And what delightful reading for her would be certain old letters—"

"What!—you would dare?"

"If, I was going to say—if I had not destroyed them too," she hurried on, warned by a flash of anger in his eye. "You

asked me to do so, don't you know, when the thing began to take shape seriously."

Melrose drew a long breath of relief.

That she was not telling the truth was proved some weeks later, when Lily was enjoying a temporary change of air, as a rest prior to the excitement attendant upon the wedding, which Lord Melrose had asked might take place at the end of April. A yacht had been placed at the disposal of Melrose and whatever company Lily might select.

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, finding that her presence in town was indispensable, proposed as her substitute Mrs. Bertie Clay, and was surprised at the positive disapproval shown by her son-in-law. Even Lily, when consulted, suggested other friends in place of the charming Mrs. Clay.

After a week's idling spent in Chesapeake Bay, the yacht touched at Fort Monroe for letters and supplies, and among her letters Lily found a thick package, addressed to her in the familiar handwriting of Mrs. Clay. It contained several envelopes of which the seals had long been broken, and the following note:

"These letters I enclose for your amusement on the voyage. They were written by a man who has vowed vows to many women, and whose motive in marrying you you will find herein discussed. Some of them have been for years in my possession. The most recent will enlighten you upon any points that may seem to be obscure. They are the wedding-present to you of

"BARBARA CLAY."

She took the envelopes to her lover, saying, as she faced him with blazing eyes, "I came to bring you these. I have not read them. I don't wish to handle them."

Knowing by intuition what serpent had entered into his Eden, he took the packet, muttering:

"It is like her, to do her stabbing in the back."

"It is true, then?" said Lily.

"True that a creature who has for years made a deliberate practise of toying with emotions she can no longer feel, got me into her net. Yes, that is true!"

"That she is only one of many women? Here is her hateful letter. Take it and read it, and see for yourself that it has poisoned all my life; that between us two there never can be anything again."

The cruise was abruptly ended, and returning with her friends to town, Lily announced to her mother her intention to break her engagement with Melrose. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis besought her child to reconsider her determination, but in vain. Father, friends and all urged her to marry Melrose, till Lily felt desperate. In this crisis, when she stood facing, as it were, the weal or wo of her future life, who was there to whom it could possibly mean as much as to her? With a bound, her heart sped back to the one love of her life.

In a rash moment, she took from a sacred corner the little book the professor had left with her, telling her whenever she needed him to send the book, and he would come, were it from the world's end. She wrapped it up and wrote his name and address upon the card, then, ringing for a servant, despatched the parcel to the nearest mail-station.

This action, seeing that Lily's engagement to Lord Melrose had not been canceled, was indefensible by the canons of good form. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, who did not fail to become at once aware of it, intercepted the messenger, and was shocked that her daughter should stoop to exhibit such weakness. Not in the least understanding Lily's intention, she took care to suppress at the very outset what seemed, at the least, an overture toward correspondence with the obscure and uninteresting Jencks. Without ceremony she burned the book.

Day after day Lily waited for the answer that never came, and at the end of April she married Lord Melrose. As a bride she was beautiful, crying a little at parting with her parents, and sailing for England on her wedding-day. She was received with kindness everywhere, and her happiness depended upon the fact that she was young, brave and loyal.

Her husband was devoted to her, and apparently her future happiness was assured. Nevertheless, as one of Lily's friends remarked, on receiving her first letter from the bride, and reading between the lines:

> "Nothing will bring back the hour
> Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower."

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

(United States, 1839–1902)

GABRIEL CONROY (1876)

This novel of California was the first of its author's works of fiction at full length. It achieved popularity, but neither this nor any other of his extended novels met with an acceptance equal to that accorded to *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* or *The Heathen Chinee*.

A PARTY of emigrants were snowed in and starving on the 15th of March, 1848, in a little-used pass of the Sierras. Most of them were so far starved as to have lost not only courage but character. They were little better than brute beasts perishing of hunger.

One man, calling himself Philip Ashley, retained courage enough to make long daily journeys in search of food and succor. He was superior to most of his companions in intelligence and education, and he was a stranger to the others, having joined them on their journey westward.

Another was also a stranger. This was Dr. Devarges, a foreigner and a *savant*. When he was dying of starvation his chief concern was for the scientific discoveries he had made. In order that these might not be lost, he asked Philip Ashley to deposit his boxes of plant specimens, bird-skins and papers in a cairn, where they might some day be found.

In the company were Peter Dumphy and his wife. Dumphy was a monster of selfishness, who cared only to keep himself alive, to that end practising cannibalism.

In the party also were Gabriel Conroy, a simple-hearted, ignorant giant, his sister, Grace Conroy, and a baby sister, Olympia.

On his deathbed Dr. Devarges made Grace Conroy put a certain stone in the fire, and afterward rub it, so that its character as virgin silver appeared. He gave Grace directions by which the rich lead from which he had got the silver might be found, and he gave her a paper conveying the property to her.

Dumphy and his companions saw the rubbing of the stone and believed it to be a baked potato. They had overheard Philip telling Dr. Devarges just where he had buried the boxes, and, convinced that he and Ashley had a secret store of provisions, they decided to break into the cairn.

That night Philip Ashley persuaded Grace to go with him in search of help. Dressing herself as a boy, she set out with him. They fed themselves on the way with nuts from a squirrel's store, together with such game as they could secure, and after five days they came to a river. Grace had sprained her ankle so that she could not walk. Philip placed her on a floating tree-root and managed to float down the river to a trapper's cabin. There he left her and went back to Starvation Camp, in response to her urgings. But he left her as Grace Ashley, his sister, to avoid scandal, he said.

Gabriel Conroy by accident saw Dumphy's cannibal feast, and, seizing the baby Ollie, fled the place in horror.

When Philip Ashley reached the cañon again he found a rescue party there. They had found Dumphy in a starving condition, and the rest of the party were dead. One dead woman was found dressed in the clothes that Grace had left, and was identified by them as Grace Conroy. Philip did not undeceive the rescuers, nor did he tell them that he was the man who had called himself Philip Ashley. The army surgeon with the party recognized him as an old comrade, Arthur Poinsett, late Lieutenant in the Army. Thus the official report set down Grace Conroy as dead and Philip Ashley as missing.

A week or two later Grace, quitting the trapper's hut, made her way to the Presidio of San Ramon, where Don Juan Salvatierra was in command. She gave her name as Grace Ashley and told the story of Starvation Camp. Referring to the report of the rescue party at the suggestion of his secretary, Victor Ramirez, the Commandant found no such name. Then

she told the truth and fell fainting. She was removed by an Indian woman, Manuela, who soon discovered her condition and exclaimed: "Poor woman, and without a husband."

Five years later Gabriel Conroy was working the poorest claim at One-Horse Gulch, getting out just enough gold to keep food in his own mouth and in that of his little sister Ollie.

It was his habit to nurse all the sick in the gulch, a service for which nature had peculiarly qualified him.

Among his patients was a Mexican, Victor Ramirez, suffering with violent rheumatism, but minutely questioning Gabriel about the events of five years before at Starvation Camp. One night, a few hours after Gabriel had left him very ill, this man suddenly appeared in Conroy's hut, announcing that he had been summoned away and had suddenly recovered. Seeing a picture of Grace Conroy, he closely questioned his host about her.

Arriving at Marysville next morning, Victor Ramirez went to the hotel and sent his card to Miss Grace Conroy. The woman who had assumed that name was in fact Madame Julie Devarges, divorced wife of the doctor who had starved to death in the cañon. Peter Dumphy, now a rich banker in San Francisco, had written to her of papers that he had "found" —that is to say, stolen from the cairn—including a grant of mineral lands to her late husband, and had offered to help her get possession, for a percentage. Victor Ramirez had been secretary to Don Juan Salvatierra. He had possession of the only copy of the rescue party's report, and he had also the map and other papers that the dying doctor had given to Grace Conroy. He made love to Madame Devarges, and it was decided that she should impersonate Grace Conroy, and Dumphy should swear to her identity as such. Victor had learned by aid of the map that the undiscovered mine given to Grace by the dying man lay on the land—Conroy's Hill—now occupied by Gabriel Conroy. His impulse now was to give up the enterprise. Not so the woman. She explained that her evidence, Dumphy's, and Ramirez's could not be overthrown by anything that Gabriel Conroy might say. She believed Grace Conroy to be dead. She had given birth to a dead child, and Don Juan Salvatierra had been secretive as to her own fate.

Madame Devarges sent Victor to San Francisco to tell Dumphy of his discovery, secure a lawyer, and return to her, and their conversation was overheard, through the thin partition, by Jack Hamlin, gambler.

Mrs. Markle kept the boarding-house at One-Horse Gulch, aided by a wall-eyed servant, Sarah Clark. One morning Gabriel Conroy called upon Mrs. Markle, and both that lady and Sal openly assumed that he had come a-courting. Afterward poor Gabriel's soul was disturbed by fears of a breach-of-promise suit. While he was in this mental trouble, he went up the valley, and discovered that a great dam was breaking there. Hurrying, he sought to intercept the Wing-dam stage, then due, and save its passengers. He was too late for that, but he discovered, and with great difficulty saved, a beautiful woman who was caught in the raging torrent. When he had reached the shore with her he saw other passengers coming, and with the fear of breach-of-promise suits strong upon him, he fled.

That evening Lawyer Maxwell called upon Gabriel and, without mentioning the name of his client, intimated that he had come hoping to settle her claim out of court. Gabriel, supposing the client to be Mrs. Markle, frankly admitted that he had wronged the woman, and offered to abandon his property to her at once. Maxwell went away, and Gabriel prepared to quit the place. His little termagant sister Ollie, who held a grudge against Mrs. Markle, took matters into her own hands. Going to the lawyer, whom she found in the presence of Madame Devarges, the woman Gabriel had saved, the little spitfire broke out in a tirade about the way in which Mrs. Markle had pursued Gabriel. Realizing the mistake under which Gabriel had been laboring, the two fell into uncontrollable laughter.

The result of Ollie's explanation was that Gabriel and the false Grace Conroy met; that she gave up the impersonation; and that she became Gabriel Conroy's wife.

When Dumphy received Madame Devarges's letter telling him of her intention, he was in no wise disturbed. He saw his way to success as clearly under the new conditions as under the old. But when he told Ramirez of it, that viciously passionate person fell into frantic rage, partly because in his savage way

he loved Madame Devarges, but more because he felt himself to have been the woman's dupe.

He purchased a new bowie knife, and began forming plans of murderous revenge. But he must wait until night before the boat would leave for Sacramento. Wandering about in fury, he went at last into a gambling-place where Jack Hamlin was temporarily dealing monte. Jack promptly recognized him as the man who had visited Madame Devarges at Marysville. In his exasperatingly cool and satirical way, Jack insulted Ramirez, but that person, after a look at Jack Hamlin's clear and handsome eyes, left the place without gratifying the bloodthirsty impulse that possessed him. He even gave up his intended journey to One-Horse Gulch, and went instead to a Spanish establishment whose proprietor was accustomed to furnish forged papers and false witnesses, for a consideration, to those in need of them.

Under the old Mexican rule, the officials were accustomed to sign grants of land in blank, and leave them to be filled out by subordinates when needed. When the Americans took possession many of these signed blanks were found and the proprietor of this establishment secured possession of them. He kept his witnesses on hand in good supply. He kept also a translator, called Perkins, a man of queer ways who dressed as an antique beau and was at pains to have no acquaintances.

On this occasion Ramirez secured what he wanted, a Mexican grant to the land that had been granted to Dr. Devarges and by him given to Grace Conroy—the land now occupied by Gabriel Conroy. The grant was not made out in Ramirez's name, but in the name of another.

The pueblo of San Antonio was untouched by the manners that had come in with the American invasion. The great estates there were held still by their ancient Spanish titles. Only one of them had passed into American hands, and the American owner of that was the charming Donna Maria Sepulvida, widow of the late Don José Sepulvida. The pueblo was greatly concerned over the flippancy of the Donna Maria, who wore Parisian gowns and seemed likely at any time to bring shame to the region by marrying some American.

One day Donna Maria was riding on the seashore, accom-

panied only by an ancient *vaquero*, who found it impossible to keep pace with his hard-riding mistress, and therefore gave up trying. As she, left thus alone, approached the Point of Pines, she discovered that the incoming tide had flooded the beach there. Seeing a young man on horseback near the point, she resolved to escape him by riding through the water instead of turning back; but her horse fell into a quicksand, and the young man went to her assistance and succeeded in rescuing her and her horse. Then he introduced himself as Arthur Poinsett, lawyer, and her late husband's counsel, and urged her to dry herself by galloping over the wind-swept plain.

Arthur Poinsett went first to Father Felipe, telling him his business. A new grant of land had been found, a grant by the old Mexican Governor to the late Juan Salvatierra, whose daughter and sole heir owned the greatest of the estates in the pueblo. She was a young woman, who lived in the strictest seclusion, and wore a thick veil whenever she left her house. The grant was not mentioned in the list of his properties left by Don Juan Salvatierra at his death, and Arthur had been sent by his law firm to look up the matter. To Father Felipe he expressed a hope that he might be permitted to meet in person the beautiful recluse, Donna Dolores Salvatierra. The priest assured him that that could not be, and told him that the young lady was a half-breed, the illegitimate daughter of the late Don Juan, who had recognized her and made her his heir.

Father Felipe's assurance that Arthur would not be able to see the Donna Dolores proved to be wrong. From her carriage she saw him out riding with her intimate friend Donna Maria, and presently she sent him an invitation to visit her.

Pleading an indisposition, she received him in a half-darkened room, but without her veil. She was the most beautiful woman he ever had seen, in spite of her dark Indian complexion, and to him her features seemed strangely familiar. She made minute inquiries about the grant, about Gabriel, about his sister Grace, and all the rest of it. She told him how Grace had come to her father; how he had befriended her; how she had given birth to a child; how she and the child had both died in her (Dolores's) arms. In return, Arthur Poinsett admitted

that he was the Philip Ashley who had run away with Grace, and betrayed and abandoned her—that he was the father of her child.

Gabriel Conroy's wife appeared jealous of his devotion to his little sister. In his innocence he suggested that his wife should go to San Francisco for a few months, whereat she flew into a passion, declared that the land belonged to her, and threatened to turn him and Ollie adrift. Almost immediately afterward she became placative, took Ollie for her bosom friend, and treated Gabriel with the utmost consideration. Gabriel could not understand. Ollie explained by saying that he had no "sabe" as a husband, that he did not know how to treat his wife so as to win her affection.

At Mrs. Conroy's instigation Gabriel had sunk holes all over Conroy's Hill. Without his knowledge she had sent specimens of what he had dug up to Dumphy, and presently that person appeared. He told Mrs. Conroy that the specimens assayed eighty per cent. silver, and he offered to put the whole thing into a stock company with $5,000,000 capital, she to have one half, he a quarter for himself and another quarter to dispose of as he pleased. The shrewd woman reminded him that Gabriel's discovery of the lead made the mine his in spite of all land-grants, and that she herself held the only document that could be in any way used to invalidate her husband's claim. To his astonishment, she told him that Gabriel knew nothing of her story, nothing of her impersonation of his sister. He discovered that the woman really loved Gabriel, and upon his promise never to reveal her secret she agreed to let him manage the business.

Becoming thus suddenly rich, Gabriel built a new house for his Julie and sent Ollie to Sacramento to school. One-Horse Gulch became Silveropolis, with a new hotel, two newspapers, great smelting-works and all the pride of prosperity.

Dumphy was true to his client. He sent for Ramirez and effectually silenced him by reminding him that in view of the mineral discovery the grant he had forged and sent to Donna Dolores was of no possible value, and that any attempt Ramirez might make to expose Mrs. Conroy's past would be made to

react on himself to his ruin. Then Dumphy gave him a check to pay him for his silence, and sent him about his business.

About this time Jack Hamlin found himself out of health, and under medical advice went away in search of quietude. At the Pueblo San Antonio he saw Donna Dolores's face through a church window and was fascinated with it. In the hope of seeing her again, he attended vespers. From behind a pillar he saw her enter and leave, but at the door she turned back. Hamlin, seeing her agitation, offered assistance. She protested that she was only faint, and that a man at the door had rudely jostled her. Looking, he saw Ramirez there apparently waiting for her to come out again. In his impulsive fashion Jack pitched Victor down the steps and for his reward received a smile from the escaping young woman.

The old copyist and translator, Perkins, visited Donna Dolores next day concerning the grant, and in the course of the conversation he learned for the first time that Mrs. Conroy, the woman who had sought to impersonate Grace, was the widow of Dr. Devarges. He well nigh fainted, for he was in fact the brother of Dr. Devarges, and he knew well the demoniacal character of that woman. He asked permission to take the grant with him, promising to clear all doubts. As he drove away, Donna Maria entered and falsely told her friend that Arthur Poinsett had proposed to her and that she had rejected him.

In his new-found prosperity Gabriel sought again to find his lost sister, this time through a "personal" in the *New York Herald*. This was answered by another personal signed "P. A.," saying that the long-lost-one never would return. Gabriel's wife—who had inserted that reply in the newspaper—assured him that the letters "P. A." stood for Philip Ashley, and that this made an end of the matter.

A note from Victor Ramirez summoned Mrs. Conroy to meet him at a lonely place among the pines, and as she waited for his coming, another visitor accosted her. This was Perkins, the translator. He revealed himself as Henry Defarges, brother of her late husband, reminded her that he had run away with her, betraying his own brother, that she had deserted him in turn and had had many lovers since. He told her of the

forged grant, they quarreled bitterly, and he went away. As he went he met Victor, who had seen and overheard the interview.

Gabriel Conroy, too, had seen his wife with the stranger, but he had not listened. He had gone away instead, and in going he had caught Victor spying and listening. He choked the Mexican, who, perhaps in revenge, told him all he knew about Devarges and Mrs. Conroy. Then Gabriel prepared a paper giving everything he had in the world to his wife, equipped himself with a prospecting outfit, and went away, meaning never to return. As he was leaving he met his wife and told her all, without complaint or reproach. She had already learned to love this great, simple-hearted giant with a purer love than she ever had known before, and his generosity now intensified her affection the more because she knew, as he did not, that she was soon to bear him a child. But she could not speak, and in a moment Gabriel was gone.

That evening she saw Ramirez haunting the place, and went out to meet him. They quarreled bitterly, and the half-breed, filled with rage, drew his knife and would have slain her, but at that moment Henry Devarges came out of the darkness and seized him.

Leaving them struggling, Mrs. Conroy wrote a hasty note to Gabriel, entreating him to return and hear her secret. She gave this—with gold, and a promise of more—to a Chinaman, bidding him find Gabriel; and the Chinaman overtook the fugitive and delivered the note. Convinced that it referred to some news of Grace, he returned to his former home in the darkness; but ten or fifteen minutes later he was seen hurrying away from the town again. Meanwhile Victor Ramirez lay upon Conroy's Hill, dead, with a knife in his heart.

Next morning at Wing-dam Gabriel Conroy was arrested, charged with the murder of Ramirez. He made no denial, even to his lawyer, Maxwell, and when Maxwell showed him a paper that would help mightily in his defense he tore it to bits. Jack Hamlin, who was there, was delegated to go to Sacramento for Ollie, whose testimony would be important. Telling her nothing of the murder, Jack brought her to Wing-dam; and as they approached Jack discovered some vigilantes on their way to One-Horse Gulch to lynch Conroy. While they were

drinking at the bar, Jack took one of their horses and set off to help in protecting the prisoner.

The sheriff, anticipating the attack, took his prisoner to the court-room and barricaded himself. In one of the rushes made by the vigilantes, Jack slipped in, receiving a shot in the thigh from the sheriff's pistol. He made himself known, and, bleeding nearly to death as he was, he used his pistol freely in defense of the prisoner.

A great earthquake came, which so jammed the doors as to seal them against the assailants. There were no windows, but Conroy, carrying Jack, escaped to the roof. Another shock jammed the roof-door, sealing the sheriff in. It also toppled the great wooden statue of Justice over upon the ringleaders of the lynching-party, killing them.

Hiding in a mine tunnel, Conroy bandaged Jack's wounds; and, waiting there until night came again, he made an effort to carry Jack and escape. But the sheriff, who had got out of the courthouse, met the two and arrested Conroy again.

There was no longer any talk of lynching. The three vigilantes were dead, and popular opinion turned in Conroy's favor.

Arthur Poinsett, learning the facts, and fully believing that Dumphy had instigated the lynching, visited the banker and adroitly let slip some hints that made that astute person very earnest in his desire for Gabriel Conroy's safety. Then Arthur set off for Bloody Gulch to assist Maxwell in Conroy's defense. Mrs. Conroy had been missing ever since she had summoned Gabriel to return.

At the trial the evidence against the prisoner was purely circumstantial, but very strong. When Gabriel was put upon the stand and asked his name, he astonished his counsel by saying that his real name was Johnny Dumbledee. He had already told Jack Hamlin that he had not killed Ramirez, but that he believed his wife had done so, and in order to save her he was determined to baffle his own lawyers in their effort to acquit him.

Then the prosecution called Grace Conroy. She was Donna Dolores, but with her face cleared of its disguising stain. She identified Gabriel, swearing that his name was Gabriel Conroy.

Then the defense put upon the stand a newly discovered witness, Perkins the translator and copyist—Henry Devarges in fact. Devarges swore that he had interposed to save Mrs. Conroy from Ramirez's knife, and that, finding himself baffled of his vengeance, Ramirez had driven the knife into his own heart.

He explained Mrs. Conroy's absence from the trial by saying that he had taken her away, and that she had since given birth to a child.

Cleared of the charge against him, Gabriel's first thought was of his wife and babe. For them he had only love and tenderness, and as soon as he was free he set out to join them.

Jack Hamlin, who had secretly found the witness Perkins and induced him to appear at the trial, had been failing very fast of late, and presently he died, as he had lived, carelessly defiant of fate or circumstance. Grace Conroy and Arthur Poinsett adopted the theory that they had been husband and wife all the while, and made themselves such in legal ways.

The earthquake had buried the Conroy mine under a great mass of rock, so that the lead could never be recovered, and Dumphy's company was ruined. But by accident Ollie and Gabriel discovered that the stones, out of which the chimney of the old cabin was built, were eighty per cent. silver ore, and thus a new mine of enormous value was discovered, and Gabriel Conroy was again a rich man.

Better still, he was very happy in the love of his wife and child.

EVA HARTNER

(EMMA VON TWARDOWSKA)

(Germany, 1850)

SEVERA (1880)

The writings of this author, though little known outside of Germany, are great favorites with her fellow countrymen, particularly among young readers.

IT had been raining incessantly, and large pools had gathered in the lately-constructed road. A woman, haggard and obviously exhausted, her skirts bedraggled, stood leaning over the railing of a small, stout bridge, spanning the swollen streamlet. Her dark eyes were fixed on the outlines of a stately mansion visible against the autumnal sky. Her companion, a little girl of ten, had dropped down on a large stone, her eyes, as dark as her mother's, fixed and expressionless. This young life must have known both anxiety and pain; their traces were stamped about the delicate mouth and over the childish forehead.

The woman keenly scanned the occasional carriages that rolled by.

"It will soon be dark," she muttered. "Come, Severa, let us move on."

The two trudged wearily along. Suddenly an equipage drawn by a span of spirited grays came quickly along the avenue. The woman's white face flushed. Quickly she jerked the child to her, sat down on a pile of stones, and covered her face.

The carriage passed. Its occupant, a gentleman with a blond beard, sat upright as he saw the figures by the wayside.

Then the vehicle was gone, and mother and child resumed their weary way.

About half a mile farther they came to an inn. There was a look askance in the small eyes of the host who barred the doorway with his stout form as the two approached.

"Can we have lodgings here for the night?" asked the woman.

"If you pay," replied Herr Seibel.

She scornfully tossed a thaler upon the table in the inn parlor, and he immediately removed his cap respectfully.

No other guests were present, and the woman and child ate their supper in silence. The host and his wife sat near, speculating on the identity of this woman, so poorly dressed, but obviously not of the laboring class.

"Many carriages are out to-day," finally remarked the stranger.

"They are coming from the funeral," said Herr Siebel.

"Who is dead?"

"The old Herr at Nordheim."

"Who?" cried the woman, starting violently.

"Lord save us!" said the startled host. "Did you know him? The old Freiherr von Nordheim, I said. Come, come, Frau, do not be so distressed. If you had anything to ask him, his son will do it. He, to be sure, is not so kindly a man as the old Freiherr was, but then, where will you find another such as he? His sufferings were hard. When a son goes astray there is hope, but when a daughter is lost there is none."

"Hans!" remonstrated the hostess.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "Everybody knows the story. The old Herr's darling was his daughter, Eleonore. She was to have married Herr Gerhard, from Friedlands yonder. She was nineteen, he twenty-one. Just on the day the engagement was to be announced, she disappeared, eloped with an actor whose company had been playing in the town. It broke the old Freiherr's heart."

The woman's kerchief had dropped, revealing her pale, agitated face.

"Your face seems familiar," said the host. "Good heavens!

"Indeed," the stranger said composedly, "everybody, and even you, used to say so. Can't you remember me? I am Katherine, lady's maid to Herr Gerhard's mother."

"But I thought you were drowned!" exclaimed the astonished host. "Surely, after that affair with Eleonore's brother, Herr Ludwig—"

"Nonsense, let Herr Ludwig be—that incident is past. But I am tired; let us retire."

Next morning the mother and child left the inn early and approached the manor-house of Nordheim. Above the gateway the Nordheim coat-of-arms was carved in stone—three stars on a blue field. In an inclosure two boys and a girl were playing, while a short distance from them a lady in deep mourning was pacing slowly back and forth.

"Remain here, behind the shrubbery, Severa," said the woman. She passed through a side door that stood ajar, ascended a stair, and came to a small door in the wall, which she opened by some peculiar pressure known only to the initiated. Entering a large apartment, evidently a study, she seated herself in a chair.

A door opened, and a man entered, who at first started back in dismay, then, recovering himself, closed the door. The stranger arose.

"Eleonore!" he said slowly, then,—"too late! He called for you, ready to forgive. But we could not find a trace of you."

The woman sank into a chair, sobbing.

"Tell me, what can I do for you?" he continued.

"Save my child, Ludwig," broke from her quivering lips.

He stood a moment, irresolute.

"From what?" he demanded.

"From her father."

"I can not. If I were childless, yes. But how can I bring the child of your husband among my innocent children? I will pay for her education in the best of schools, if you like, but the living image of your disgrace must not enter my house. I can not acknowledge her as my niece."

"Refused!" she murmured. "Farewell, Ludwig, I shall vanish again."

chamber door, and a man, just in the vigor of life, entered, much agitated.

"Ludwig," he said, "what child is that outside?"

"It must be one of the village children, Gerhard," replied Herr von Nordheim.

"It is no village girl, I tell you. She had Leonore's eyes."

"My dear fellow," insisted Ludwig von Nordheim, "her mother was just with me; a miserable, poverty-stricken wretch."

Gerhard von Weilern strode to the window just in time to see the two figures disappearing down the road.

Six years passed. Gerhard von Weilern and his intimate friend Arnold von Woringen were walking the streets of the capital, passing through a poor section of the city, when a cry in the night brought them to a stand in the deserted street.

"Help, for God's sake!"

The two friends hurried to the door of a cellar, where a slender girlish figure stood swaying. She was young, a mere child.

"My mother is dying," she wailed. "Do not leave me."

They descended hurriedly. Upon a miserable bed of straw, illuminated by a single candle, a haggard woman lay gasping. Gerhard gave a violent start, then kneeled beside the couch, and lightly touched the damp forehead.

"Leonore," he whispered, while the girl kneeled on the other side, clasping her mother's hand.

His voice had pierced the shades of death.

"Gerhard, is it really you?" the woman whispered, and groped for the child.

"Severa, my poor child, I must leave you."

"Leonore," he said, in a clear voice, "listen to me. I swear by my God that your child shall be as my own."

A look of gratitude was cast from the failing eyes. There was a slight spasm of the limbs, and a life rich only in suffering was at an end.

When Gerhard awakened from restless slumber next morning, he found Arnold at his bedside with a written paper in his hand.

"Here is the contract," he said. "In return for three

hundred thalers yearly the best of fathers delivers his only child into your keeping."

Some days later Gerhard entrusted his young ward to the care of Fräulein Müller, the principal of a famous boarding-school for young ladies. He knew of this institution from his neighbor, Herr von Tettau, whose daughter Olga was finishing her education there.

Olga became the intimate friend of the little dark-eyed orphan. Fräulein Müller, knowing Severa to be the adopted child of Gerhard von Weilern, the object of his charity, received her with dubious cordiality, and in spite of her intelligent grasp of her studies, made some discrimination against her, for the pupils in her institute were daughters of the aristocracy. It was understood that Severa should study to pass the government examinations for governess, an object naturally beneath the dignity of her aristocratic fellow students.

Thus two years passed. Gerhard had written to his ward several formal letters, which she had answered as formally. Severa passed her examinations brilliantly, and would have accepted immediate employment, but Herr von Weilern wrote her, recommending her to rest till the autumn in the home of his uncle and neighbor, Major von Lehnin. So she and Olga left the school together.

The two girls drew up at the "Golden Star," of which our old friend Herr Seibel was still landlord, and their reception was rather different from the one extended to the forlorn wanderers some years previously.

"A carriage from Lehnin awaits you," said Herr Seibel to Olga's companion, as he fixed her with his round blue eyes.

"I must go," said Severa, obviously agitated, and, in spite of the protestations of the vivacious Olga, she departed in the carriage from Lehnin.

"She has a Nordheim face," said Herr Seibel to his wife, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe.

The inn and the surrounding scenery had awakened painful memories in Severa's mind. So, also, had the name Nordheim, for she remembered her father's uttering it once in a fit of passion. A horrible suspicion rose within her; but she put it away with dread.

The carriage stopped before a gray cottage covered with vines and surrounded by a beautiful park. A tall, soldierly figure, accompanied by a huge mastiff, advanced to meet her.

"Welcome to Lehnin," was his warm greeting, while he beamed on her with his kindly gray eyes. He escorted her up to the vine-covered balcony, where sat his invalid daughter in a wheel-chair.

Thus was Severa established in the first home she had known, under the gentle protection of her guardian's uncle. A week of blissful rest passed, when one morning the Major proposed a walk into the forest.

"I have business with our forester," he remarked, "which will serve as a pretext for a pleasant ramble."

They reached the clearing where stood the forest lodge, and while the Major withdrew with the forester to discuss their business, Severa chatted with the old woman over a cup of coffee. Suddenly the dogs outside began barking, and a man's figure came swinging across the clearing. Severa's heart beat fast, for she immediately recognized the new arrival.

"Permit me to introduce myself—" he began.

"I believe you need no introduction," replied Severa, her voice trembling in spite of herself.

Gerhard started.

"What!" he exclaimed, "Severa! How you have grown!"

After a few exchanges of commonplaces with the forester's wife, Gerhard proposed a stroll to Severa. They walked out under the hemlock, each silent for a while. Gerhard was deeply agitated, for was not this Eleonore's child?

"Are you happy where you are?" he asked her finally.

"They are very kind to me," she replied shyly.

"Remember," he said, "that though I am your guardian, I shall not pretend to do more than advise you. You must be frank with me. When you wish to leave, let me know."

He found it impossible to address her as "my dear child," as he had done in his letters. "You must have confidence in me," he added.

"In whom, if not in you?" she said smiling.

Several days later Olga appeared at Lehnin with her brothers, one a young lieutenant, and took Severa back with her to her

home, where she passed three days. On the first of these they visited Frau von Holzen, a pretty young widow, who, as all the gossips knew, had made strong efforts since her husband's death, two years previously, to force Gerhard von Weilern into a declaration, but hitherto with no success. There was obvious antipathy in her reception of Gerhard's ward.

On the second day they visited Nordheim.

"Herr Ludwig is not well," was Olga's remark after the welcome. He had, in fact, received his guests with obvious agitation. The conversation at the dinner-table turned to family resemblances.

"Severa has a Nordheim face," remarked Arthur, the young lieutenant. The master paled, and his delicate wine-glass broke in his hands.

On their return home they stopped at the inn. Severa caught the old innkeeper's eyes fixed on her again, then saw him turn to his wife and whisper, not low enough to be unheard,

"It is she."

Again rose those dark thoughts in Severa's mind, stronger than before, horrible to contemplate.

The summer passed pleasantly—too pleasantly, thought Severa, to endure, for dark forebodings kept forcing themselves upon her. In one of her rambles she again chanced to meet Gerhard.

"Herr von Weilern," she asked him, "did you know my mother?"

"Yes," he replied. "Your father," he continued, "when he died a year ago, left a small packet of papers, from your mother to you, probably. There you may learn the truth of your own origin," and he gave her the packet.

"Should I read them?" she asked, with deep emotion.

"For your own happiness, no—not yet," he replied.

"No more need be said," was her response, "I shall not read."

That night she carefully laid aside the packet. It was his wish that she should not read; it was enough.

Gerhard's visits to Lehnin, at first frequent, gradually became daily. He helped Severa in her garden, and a quiet sympathetic intimacy sprang up between them.

One morning Gerhard was surprised to see a woman on a horse approach his estate. It was Ada von Holzen.

"I have come to consult you; I need your advice," she exclaimed, as he helped her to dismount. He invited her in, and over a cup of coffee they chatted.

"I need a governess," said Frau von Holzen, "for Leonore; she is too old for me to manage alone. Can you not give me this girl you picked out of the streets?"

"Fräulein Severa," said Gerhard, "is her own mistress. You must see her yourself."

As Ada was mounting her horse, she suddenly said, with visible effort:

"Herr von Weilern, I want your advice on a very delicate matter. I have had an offer of marriage; should I accept it?"

"I can not advise you on so personal a question," he replied coldly.

Then with a flush of anger she turned away and rode off.

There was very little gossip about the countryside which did not reach the ears of Ada von Holzen. Reports about Severa she had heard; therefore it was that one day she appeared at the "Golden Star" Inn and did not leave till she had extracted from Herr Seibel all he knew, or thought he knew. Thus armed, she came to Lehnin one morning, and found Severa in her room, writing letters. Abruptly she proposed to the girl that she accept a place with her as governess.

"I suppose," she continued, "you are tired of charity."

Severa flushed.

"Good heavens!" the widow added, "are you so frightened at me? You must in the end accept some employment. A girl without relatives—"

"Pray, Madame," interrupted Severa, "what do you know of my relatives?"

"Only what is common report—what everyone knows. It is nothing; you are not to blame. We can't select our parents. Your father is of good family, Ludwig von Nordheim, but your mother—well, she was Frau von Weilern's maid, Katherine. Such things are of common occurrence; a rich young fellow and a pretty servant-maid. But let that be; consider my offer." With this parting shot, Ada von Holzen was gone.

Gradually the terrible meaning of Frau von Holzen's words dawned on Severa, only to substantiate her own vague suspicions.

She decided finally to open her mother's packet, and read it. Though she was of legitimate birth, this truth seemed hardly less horrible than the other. She must leave—go far away, far from Lehnin, from all that was dear to her, and from him.

As she paced the garden restlessly, the shrubbery parted and Gerhard stood before her, he whom her mother had so terribly wronged.

"I am—I wish to leave Lehnin," she sobbed.

"To leave!" he repeated, deeply moved.

"I cannot longer live on your charity," she said.

"Severa," said he, taking her hand, "why this sudden access of pride? Have you lost confidence in me?"

"You have always been generous," she sobbed; "now be pitiful."

He drew her to him, reading aright her emotions.

"Severa," he whispered, "I loved your mother, but fate drew her from me. Will you not repay my suffering?"

Her only answer was to lay her face on his shoulder.

WILHELM HAUFF

(Germany, 1802–1827)

THE IRON HEART (1825)

This story has been translated into many languages, under various titles, being known in Germany as *Peter Munk.*

IN their manners as well as their costumes the people of the Black Forest set themselves apart from others. They are far taller than common folk, broad-shouldered and of mighty limbs. On one side of the forest the people busy themselves with glass and clock-making. Their black garments, red stockings and wide-brimmed hats with pointed crowns lend them a strange and dignified air. Those on the other side deal with their trees. They raft their pines through the Neckar and down the Rhine to Holland to the rich mynheers, who build ships with them.

They wear kirtles of dark linen and a broad green suspender over the broad chest. Their great pride is in their boots, which are probably the largest worn in the world, for they can be drawn two hand-spans above the knees, and the raftsmen can wade in three feet of water without getting wet.

The forest spirits are garbed the same as the people themselves. Thus the Glass Man, a beneficent little spirit only three feet tall, always appears in the tall, pointed hat, red stockings and black coat of the folk in his territory.

The Hollander Michel, on the woodsmen's side of the forest, is a giant garbed like a raftsman; and they who have seen him are glad that they need not pay for the calves that must die to make a pair of boots for him.

The Glass Man is well known to be a sprite who can do

wonderful things for those who find favor in his eyes—especially if they have been born on a Sunday and know a certain verse. Peter Munk was one of those with such a lucky birthday, and he knew three of the four lines. They ran:

> Lord of the Forest's treasury,
> Thou hast seen many a century;
> Thine is all land where pine-trees be—

but strain his mind as he would, he could not remember the last line, without which the charm was vain. He was a charcoal-burner, and these people have much time to think. When he sat by his smoking pit, the deep silence of the woods attuned his heart to tears and vague longing.

He envied the glass-makers, the clock-makers and even the men who fiddled in the taverns. More than all he envied the fortunate, swaggering raftsmen in their stately garb. When these splendid ones took out handfuls of dollars and threw dice, his wits nearly left him, and he used to creep miserably away to his hut.

Most of all he envied three men, of whom he did not know which was the most wonderful. One was a stout, tall man with a red face, known as the Fat Ezekiel, who was considered the wealthiest man of the district. He always sold his lumber with marvelous luck, even when the rest failed.

The second was the tallest man in the forest. Men called him the Long Schlurker. He associated only with the wealthiest people, and even they never dared to contradict him, because he seemed to be stuffed with money.

The third was a handsome man, who danced so well that he was known as the Dance King. He had been in the service of a lumberman as wood-chopper, but suddenly exhibited an apparently endless supply of gold. None knew how he had obtained it, over night as it were, but young and old admired him as if he were a prince.

One day Coalmunkpeter, as they called him in the forest, could bear his poverty and his envy no longer. He put on his Sunday hat and dressed himself in his holiday costume with his best red stockings and made his way to the Tannenbuhl, where the Glass Man was said to dwell.

The Tannenbuhl is in the highest elevation of the Black Forest. For two hours' journey around it there is neither hamlet nor hut, for the people are aware that things are not right there. Axes fly from their helves and kill men who try to fell trees in the Tannenbuhl. The raft-masters would not dream of taking a pine from the place, because men and raft are sure to meet disaster if a single log from the weird spot be in it. Even birds avoid the Tannenbuhl.

Peter Munk trembled when he entered the dim, sinister, silent place. He paused before an enormous pine, took off his Sunday hat and said in a low, quivering voice:

> Lord of the Forest's treasury,
> Thou hast seen many a century;
> Thine is all land where pine-trees be—

Hardly had the words left his lips when he was terrified by the sudden appearance of a tiny form peering from behind the great tree. But it vanished again immediately.

He turned away with hasty steps that soon became frightened leaps, and he did not pause until he reached a hut inhabited by a family of wood-choppers. They took him in kindly and gave him a place at the table, on which was a great roasted forest cock and excellent cider.

After the supper the women gathered with their spindles around the lighted pine knot. The boys carved spoons and forks out of wood. The grandfather and Peter looked on. Outside in the forest a great storm began to rage. Mighty blows resounded. It seemed as if big trees were being split. The boys wished to look out, but the grandfather said sternly: "Who goes out to-night will not return. The Hollander Michel is felling a new raft for himself."

Peter Munk was eager to learn more.

"The Hollander Michel is the bad spirit of this forest," said the old man. "I will tell you what I know. A hundred years and more ago a rich lumberman lived here. One evening came to the door a man such as he had never seen. His costume was that of the Black Forest lumbermen, but he was a full head taller than the tallest. His name was Michel, and he was such a lumberman as his master never had had before. He

could chop down more trees than any three men. If a tree was so huge that six men were needed to lift one end, he could lift the other alone.

"After some months he asked permission to take a raft down the Rhine. The raft was huge; but Michel brought eight immense logs, the greatest that any man's eyes had ever beheld in the Black Forest. No one knows to this day where he felled them. He said: 'These are to float me. I can not use your little shavings.'

"His master wished to give him boots, but he brought out a pair that made everybody stare. My grandfather has assured me that they were five feet long.

"The raft departed; and if Michel had surprised the wood-choppers before, now he surprised the raftsmen. Instead of being retarded by the mighty logs, the raft sped like an arrow. When they reached a bend in the river Michel would leap into the water and push the entire raft to right or to left to keep it in the channel. When they reached a deep place he drove his enormous pole down to the bottom and shoved the raft so that land and trees seemed to shoot past.

"Thus in half the usual time they reached Cologne, where they usually sold their lumber. Michel, however, proposed that they take the raft to Holland, where they could get more money. 'We can keep the difference,' said he.

"The others agreed, and Michel brought the raft quickly to Rotterdam. There they got four times the ordinary price, and the vast logs owned by Michel himself brought an especially large sum. The men of the Black Forest could hardly contain themselves for joy when they saw all this money. Michel divided the gold; one part for the owner at home, and the other three parts among the men. Then they all went to the taverns and spent the money in drink and gambling.

"From that time Holland became the paradise of the Black Forest's young men, and Michel was their king. For a long while the lumber masters did not know about it.

"When the truth finally came out, the Hollander Michel disappeared; but he is not dead. He haunts this forest, and he has helped many to become rich, but only for the price of their poor souls.

"I dare not say more; but this is certain—on stormy nights he selects the finest pines on the Tannenbuhl, where one should not cut. With these he drives down the river to Holland. Were I master in Holland, I would fire on him with shrapnel, for every ship that has even one of Hollander Michel's logs in it must sink.

"I want nothing from him. No wealth would tempt me to be in the skin of the Fat Ezekiel, the Long Schlurker, or the Dance King."

Next day Peter set out for home. He had to cross the Tannenbuhl again, and when he reached its green darkness a gigantic raftsman stepped toward him. On his shoulder he carried a pike-pole made of a whole tree.

"Peter Munk," said the giant, "I saw you trying to beg of the little one. He is a miser. I am sorry for you. How many hundred dollars do you need for a beginning?"

He rattled money in his pocket. Peter's heart leaped spasmodically, and he ran away at top speed, crying: "Thank you. I know you. I want nothing from you!"

Though he was running with all his might, the giant walked with enormous strides by his side and muttered: "You will regret it. Listen to one word more. The end of my territory is just ahead."

When Peter heard this he saw a small ditch and made a desperate leap over it. The giant hurled his huge pole, but it splintered in the air as against an invisible wall. A long piece fell near Peter, and he picked it up. Instantly it began to move, and, to his horror, he saw that it had changed to a big snake. It struck at him. The next moment a great forest cock swooped down, seized the snake and carried it away, while the Hollander Michel roared and raged.

Peter continued his way, until he found himself again in front of the great pine. He bowed and said:

> Lord of the Forest's treasury,
> Thou hast seen many a century;
> Thine is all land where pine-trees be.
> A Sunday child petitions thee.

"You haven't quite hit it," said a thin voice; "but since it is you I will let it suffice."

Peter saw an old man in a black coat and red stockings, with a great hat, smoking a pipe of blue glass. As Peter approached he saw that clothing, shoes and hat were all made of the same material, but quite pliable, as if it were still hot.

"So you met that ruffian, the Hollander Michel," said the little man. "Well, I have taken his trick pole away, at any rate. Now, Peter, I know what you want. If you will work honestly I will help you. You may have three wishes. Two I will grant, whatever they may be. The third I will refuse, if it is foolish."

"Hurrah!" said Peter. "Then for my first wish I wish that I could dance better even than the Dance King and that I might always have as much money in my pocket as the Fat Ezekiel."

"Fool!" cried the manikin. "See to it that you wish more wisely for your second wish!"

Peter scratched his head and said: "I wish I had the best and biggest glass factory in the whole forest, with all the money necessary to run it."

"Very well," said the little man. "Here are two thousand dollars. Do not come for more. If you do, I shall hang you to the highest tree." He stuffed his pipe with pine cones, and vanished in a mighty cloud of smoke.

The very next day Peter Munk bought the best glass factory in the district. For a while he was greatly interested; but after a few weeks he left the work to his men and spent all his time in the taverns. One day when he entered a forest inn he saw the Fat Ezekiel throwing dice. At once his hand went to his pocket. The Glass Man had kept his word. His pocket was full of gold and silver. It was the same on the dancing floor. He danced so much better than the Dance King that he soon got the name of Dance Emperor. He also got the name of Dice Peter, for he gambled all day long; and the more the Fat Ezekiel won from him the more he had in his pocket.

It was not long before his glass factory went to ruin. Debts swamped Peter before he knew it. One night as he left the tavern late, thinking with rage and grief of the loss of his property, he saw the Glass Man in the path.

Instantly he seized the little fellow and screamed: "I will

make my third wish"—but the next moment he roared with agony. The manikin had transformed himself into red-hot glass and disappeared. After his burned hand had healed he said to himself:

"Well, even though they may sell me out, so long as the Fat Ezekiel has money in his pocket I can not want."

He went to the tavern that Sunday, and then and there learned a curious example in arithmetic. The Fat Ezekiel and he began to game. For once, Peter won continually. At last the Fat Ezekiel cried with a curse: "Here is my last hundred. I will stake it all. If you win you must lend me some."

Peter won, and thrust the hundred marks into his pocket. The Fat Ezekiel asked him for some. Peter felt for money, but could not find a penny.

The Fat Ezekiel swore furiously that Peter was a sorcerer and had wished his money away by witchcraft. The people cried that he ought to be burned, and they fell on him and beat him terribly.

The next day officers of the law sold his factory. In despair Peter went to the Tannenbuhl and called "Mr. Hollander Michel!" At once the giant stood before him and said, "Come!"

He led Peter to a steep precipice. Leaping down the rock as if it were a flight of stairs, he made himself grow like a steeple and held out a hand as large as a table. With a voice like a funeral bell he said, "Hold fast to my thumb."

As soon as Peter was on his hand the Hollander Michel shrank to his original form, and in an instant they stood before a house deep in the gorge.

"Do you know what is the trouble with you?" cried the Hollander Michel, pouring out wine. "It is your foolish heart. You would be surprised if you knew how pleasant it is to be without it. See here."

He threw open a door. There was a room full of glass jars. In each one lay a heart. Each jar was labeled, and Peter read the names of the Fat Ezekiel, the Dance King, the Long Schlurker, the Chief Magistrate, the money-lender of the district, and, in short, the names of most of the wealthy men, far and wide.

"They have all taken a nice, stone heart in exchange," said the Hollander Michel. "It is very cool in summer, and it never

causes foolish pain when you see other people suffering. If you will exchange I will give you one hundred thousand thalers."

"Done!" cried Peter. The next moment he was riding in an elegant coach, and saw the Black Forest in the blue distance behind him. He wondered at himself for feeling no sorrow at leaving his old mother and his old home. But then he put his hand on his heart and understood. It was quite still and cold.

For two years he rode through the world. He saw everything; but nothing gave him joy, neither picture nor house nor landscape nor music. He could not even smile. It was not homesickness, but merely boredom, that finally drove him home again.

As soon as he reached the Black Forest he went to the Hollander Michel and said: "The world is all foolishness. I am bored to death. Give me my old heart again."

The Hollander Michel laughed grimly. "When you are dead, not before. Do something, Peter. Build a house, marry, make money. You need occupation. That is all."

Soon everybody in the Black Forest learned that Peter had returned richer than ever. He began to deal in grain and money. Before long half the district owed him money, and he lent nothing at less than ten per cent. He was close friends with the Chief Magistrate, who sold Peter's debtors out of house and home as soon as they defaulted in their interest. At first this used to bother Peter, because the homeless people came to his door and begged. But after he bought some great hounds the poor soon learned to avoid his door.

His greatest annoyance after that came from an old woman, his mother, who came occasionally to his door, limping with a cane. So she held out her withered hand humbly and took the piece of coin that a servant brought her. Peter heard her feeble voice as she gave thanks, he heard her cough as she crept from his door, but his cold heart did not stir.

One day he heard that a certain poor wood-chopper had a daughter who was the most beautiful and virtuous girl in the Black Forest. He rode to the hut and decided that he would marry her. The father of the beautiful Lisbeth was overpowered by the good fortune that had come to him, and the good girl obeyed him without demur when he ordered her to accept

rich Master Peter. But it was a sad life that the poor child entered upon. She could do nothing to satisfy her hard master, and at last, when he caught her giving alms, he said furiously that he would let her feel the weight of his hand if she did it again.

After that, whenever the beautiful Lisbeth sat at her door and saw a beggar she shut her eyes and clenched her fist in helpless pity. Thus it came that very soon the whole Black Forest said that she was even stingier than Peter.

One day an old, old man came by the house, gasping under a heavy burden. Lisbeth looked at him and could not bear it. Hastily she filled a goblet with wine and called to the old man to rest and refresh himself.

"What!" cried a terrible voice. "Are you giving my wine to beggars? Take that!" and Peter Munk beat his wife over the white forehead with the butt of his whip. She fell into the arms of the old man.

"You have crushed the loveliest blossom in the Black Forest, Coalpeter," said he, and, as he spoke, he expanded until he became enormous. Peter Munk's stone heart did not save his limbs from giving way with terror. The Glass Man seized him with eagle's talons and threw him heavily to the ground.

"Wretched earthworm!" he cried, "you have offended against the Lord of the Forest. I will give you eight days of grace. If you do not turn from your evil ways then, I shall destroy you in your sins!"

Late that night some passers-by found Peter lying insensible and carried him into his house. As soon as he became conscious he asked about his wife, but none had seen her. That night, while he lay in terror and bitterness, it seemed to him as if he heard a sweet voice that cried continually, "Peter, get thyself a warmer heart!"

Next day he told everybody that Lisbeth had gone on a journey. In vain he tried to distract his thoughts. Vainly he spent hours in the tavern with the Fat Ezekiel and his other boon companions. Wherever he went and whatever he did the sweet voice sounded in his ears; and at last, after seven days had passed thus, he suddenly said to himself:

"Very well, I'll see if I can get a warmer heart. This

indifferent stone in my breast makes my life monotonous and dull."

He rode to the Tannenbuhl and repeated his verse before the huge pine. The Glass Man came out at once, but he was not friendly and merry as usual. He wore a coat of coal-black glass, while a long black streamer hung from his hat.

"I have still one wish, Mr. Glass Man," said Peter.

"Can stone hearts wish?" asked the manikin, with a hollow voice. "I can refuse it if it is foolish. What is it?"

"Take the stone, and give me a living heart," said Peter.

"Did I exchange your heart?" asked the Glass Man. "I am not the Hollander Michel. But I pity you, evil as you are. You can get your heart only by stratagem. Here is a cross of glass. He can not harm you if you hold this out toward him and pray at the same time. Now, do what I tell you."

Carefully the little man gave him directions for tricking the Hollander Michel, and Peter went straight to the ravine, called his name three times, and the giant stood before him.

"You have murdered your wife," said he. "I suppose you need money to get away. Very well. All you want."

He led the way into the house and began to count out gold. While he was doing it Peter said:

"You are a great joker, Michel, to try to make me believe that you have my heart and that I have a stone in my breast."

"Why, you don't feel any heart in your breast, do you?"

"Oh, you have made it stop," said Peter, laughing, "but it is all a trick. I have seen many tricks like that in my travels. Those hearts that you keep in jars are all wax. You are a great fellow, I'll admit, but you are no sorcerer, as you pretend."

Angrily the giant reached to a shelf and brought down a jar with Peter's name on it. "I will show you!" said he. He tore Peter's coat open, took a stone out of his breast, breathed on the heart that he took out of the jar, and set it carefully in the place of the stone. Peter felt it throb, and a wonderful joy overcame him. Quickly he pulled the little glass cross out of his pocket and held it toward the Hollander Michel, at the same time praying as fast as he could.

Michel glared in fury, but he became smaller and smaller until he was no larger than a worm. He writhed and groaned

and moaned, and all the hearts began to throb and quiver till it sounded like the workshop of a clockmaker.

Peter ran from the house in terror and clambered up the rocky wall, for he heard the Hollander Michel cursing behind him. While he ran toward the Tannenbuhl a fearful tempest blew. Lightnings struck the trees to right and to left; but the glass cross preserved him and he reached the Glass Man's tree safely.

All the way he could feel his heart throbbing joyously. But he thought with horror of the life of his recent years and of the frightful deed that had ended Lisbeth's existence. He was sobbing bitterly when he reached the great pine.

The little Glass Man sat under the tree and smoked.

"Why do you cry, Coalpeter?" he asked. "Did you not get your heart?"

"Ah, Lord of the Forest," said Peter, "while I bore the cold heart of stone I did not weep, but the thought of the deeds I did then nearly breaks my warm heart now. I have set dogs on the poor and suffering, and you know how my whip fell on the forehead of the beautiful and good one."

"Peter, you were a great sinner," said the Glass Man. "Money and idleness spoiled you, but repentance expiates. If I were sure that your past life is hateful to you now, I might do something for you."

"I wish nothing more," said Peter. "I can never be happy again in this life. You would better kill me."

"Very well," said the little man. "If you have no other wish I will grant that one. My ax is at hand."

He knocked out his pipe calmly and disappeared behind the pine. Peter sat in the grass sobbing and waited for the stroke.

"Turn around, Peter Munk!" cried the Glass Man. He looked and saw—his mother and his wife Lisbeth looking at him lovingly. Joyfully he sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"You are not dead, Lisbeth! And you, mother, have you forgiven me?"

"They forgive you," said the Glass Man, "because you feel remorse. Go home to your father's old hut and be a charcoal-burner as before."

The three departed full of happiness, and great was their amazement when they reached the old hut. It had been transformed into a pretty cottage.

"The good Glass Man did that!" cried Lisbeth. "Oh, how much happier I shall be here than in the great house with all the servants!"

From this time on Peter remained a simple, patient man. He was industrious and contented and at last became wealthy again, but this time through his own efforts.

When their first boy was born he went to the Tannenbuhl and recited his verse, but the Glass Man did not appear.

"Well, then," said Peter, "since you will not appear, I shall take these pine cones as mementos." When he arrived at home and emptied his pockets he found no pine cones, but many rolls of newly coined gold thalers. That was the gift of the manikin of the pine forests for the little Peter.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

(United States, 1846)

ARCHIBALD MALMAISON (1878)

This story was republished in the United States twenty-one years after its first appearance in England. It has been the most widely read of the author's books, partly because of its dramatic climax, but chiefly because of the psychological problem presented in the hero. Thirty years ago double personalities and psychic study had not become matters of common talk, and the book aroused a great deal of discussion, while Mr. Hawthorne received many letters —some indignant, some skeptical, others frankly interested. Shortly after it first appeared Mr. Wilkie Collins, in a conversation with the author, deplored the fact that he had not made a three-novel volume out of it. "You missed your chance, Hawthorne," he said. But most readers will agree with the writer that brevity and rapid motion are essential in a tale of this sort. We present here the author's own version of the story.

RCHIBALD MALMAISON, the second son of Sir Clarence Butt Malmaison, of Malmaison Hall, Sussex, had the odd distinction of being born on the twenty-ninth of February, 1800. The Malmaison estate adjoined those of Colonel Battledown, the renowned soldier of the Peninsular war, and of the Honorable Richard Pennroyal. The families had been on a friendly footing since the early days of George III. The Honorable Richard was much the youngest of the three present incumbents, but he appears to have exercised an ascendency over his elders. In the year following Archibald's birth he had married Sir Clarence's sister Jane, who was fifteen years his senior, but brought him fifty thousand pounds. At the age of forty-two, seven years after her marriage, Jane had completely lost her memory and become partially idiotic. This was the only record of anything abnormal in the family, unless it were a curious old document extant to the effect that some members possessed the faculty of vanishing at will. It was said under

oath that the Baronet in the time of the second Pretender, being hard pressed by his enemies, and pursued by them to the far eastern chamber of his house at Malmaison, had suddenly disappeared, though the room had but one outlet, then guarded by soldiers. And three days later he had reappeared, none the worse.

Archibald proved to be a dull child, and, though having fine physical health, he appeared to be almost asleep. He was slow to learn, and preferred sitting absolutely still, with a neglected toy in his hand. He loved a brindled cat more than anything else, and conceived a doglike devotion for his uncle Richard—a compliment which that person did nothing to deserve. From Kate Battledown, the Colonel's only child, a year or two younger than he, the boy would do anything to get away.

When he was seven years old his brindled cat was killed by a dog; and Archibald, though no one told him the cat was dead, was nevertheless immediately aware of the fact. He neither wept nor tore his hair, but lost his appetite. His depression continued about six weeks, when, toward the end of February, he had a sort of epileptic fit. On recovering, he drank a glass of milk and fell into a sleep that lasted thirty-six hours. When he awoke he was, except for his healthy and well-developed body, no more than an infant. He had forgotten how to eat or talk or walk. All that he had laboriously acquired in his seven years of existence had been swept away. But one thing was noticeable, he was for the first time in his life thoroughly awake. In a few weeks he had learned not alone to walk but to run; not alone to speak, but to make good and constant use of his vocabulary. In a year he was like a boy of ten. He had to make the acquaintance of his family and friends over again, and it was observed that he felt antipathies where he formerly loved, and *vice versa*. For his Uncle Richard in particular he showed a decided aversion, while Kate, whom he had disliked, now inspired in him a chivalrous boyish devotion. His temper, from being timid and docile, became determined and bold. His was now a character to make its way in the world.

The devotion of Kate and Archibald to each other grew with their growth, and this naturally suggested other thoughts

than mere passing entertainment in the minds of their elders. Aside from family friendship and mutual attraction, Kate might do worse. And—though this was an aspect of the case which Colonel Battledown kept to himself—it was not beyond a possibility that Archibald might finally inherit Malmaison; for his brother Edward had always been delicate, and the years were not making him stronger.

About this time Aunt Jane, the Honorable Richard's wife, was drowned in the fish-pond that lay between the two estates. This pond was very deep and had a bottom of unfathomable mud. Archibald had chanced to see her as she was sinking for the third time; his cries had brought a game-keeper to the spot, and he had watched the recovery of the lifeless body in silence. He was given to keeping his own counsel, and he never alluded to the subject again; but toward the widower his manner, from being simply hostile, became almost insolent. Somehow the Honorable Richard bore his young kinsman's rudeness with admirable forbearance, and there were some who hinted that, had Archibald been a few moments earlier, he might perhaps have seen something—well, something that no one quite liked to put into words. But, to say the least it was singular that a poor half-witted creature should have been able to evade her guardians, in the dead of winter, and make her way straight to the fish-pond, which was a long way from the house. And it was known that her husband had been losing heavily at cards, and that Jane's fifty thousand pounds would not come amiss. He could touch only the income while she lived.

Archibald had taken a great fancy to the eastern chamber, the scene of his ancestor's mysterious disappearance, and had adopted it for his own. The room was wainscoted in oak, with tapestry hangings. Over the brick fireplace, with its great carved slate mantelpiece, hung a portrait of the Jacobite baronet. One hand held the hilt of a sword against his breast, while the forefinger of the other pointed diagonally downward, as much as to say, "I vanished in that direction."

Archibald, sitting day by day opposite the peculiarly intent and frowning glance that the painted eyes forever bent upon him, began to wonder what that look and pointing finger meant to indicate. One day, following the finger down to the

point of intersection on the floor, he determined to cut into the oaken beam and see whether any secret was concealed there. In attempting this he started the board, which was short, and to his delight was able to shove it under the jamb of the fireplace, thus revealing a cavity, within which lay a silver rod about nine inches long and twisted somewhat like a corkscrew, with a blunt end.

Archibald conjectured that this rod, so carefully hidden, and whose hiding-place was so cleverly indicated, must be meant for important uses. But what these uses were he could not discover, though he puzzled over the matter for weeks before finally giving it up. In the latter part of the year 1813, however, he made a discovery. Desiring to nail up a mounted fox's head, he fixed on a spot some distance above the mantelpiece and to the right of the picture; but his blows only succeeded in doubling up the nail. Archibald thereupon scratched at the wall and found, set into the plaster, an iron disk with a movable lid, like a covered key-hole. Pushing this aside, he saw a hole deeper than he could plumb with his nail. Chancing to lift his eyes, he met those of the portrait, which seemed to be earnestly fixed upon him—and the pointing finger! In an instant the boy had sprung to the ground, pushed aside the board, seized the silver rod, and driven it into the aperture. The rod twisted in, and, as he continued to press, something seemed to give way. At the same moment a sort of shuffling sound made him look over his left shoulder. The right jamb of the mantelpiece was moving forward. A spring had been released, and an unsuspected doorway was revealed. Archibald peered into the cavity thus exposed. It was intensely dark, and from it came a strange dry air.

The lad procured a candle and with a beating heart set out to explore the opening. He found himself in a passage extending toward the left. Carefully studying the mechanism of the revolving mantelpiece, he found that the rod could as easily open it from the inside as from without, and after pouring a little oil into the joints he pulled it to behind him and proceeded down the passageway.

After walking about ten paces he came to a door half open and with a key in the lock. He crossed the threshold and

found himself, as well as he could judge by the feeble light he carried, in a room of fair size, furnished in a style of quaint and somber magnificence. A cabinet at one end was piled with gold and silver plate. Beautiful sconces projected from the walls, and into one of these Archibald thrust his candle. As he grew more accustomed to the gloom he wandered about, thrilling with excitement. On a table lay a heap of parchments and papers, one spread open with the pen lying beside it. A bed stood on one side, hung with silk; rich rugs were on the floor, and everywhere were evidences of luxury and taste, hardly tarnished in the dry air, though thickly covered with a fine dust. Many years must have passed since the place had echoed to a human footfall.

Suddenly Archibald's heart leaped in him, and the hair stirred on his head. From the darkest corner of the room he had caught a glimpse of a figure stealing toward him—but what living thing could be here in a spot that had been closed for sixty years at least? Everything in the boy yearned for flight; but he was brave and would not yield. He stepped forward, and saw that the apparition was no more than his own dim reflection in a tall mirror he had not noticed in the obscurity. The revulsion of feeling was so great that his knees gave way and he fell, striking his forehead on a corner of the cabinet. He was on his feet again in an instant, but he felt strangely giddy, and his forehead was bleeding. He took the candle from its sconce, returned to the stone doorway, and thrust the rod into its hole. The door yielded silently, he slipped through and closed it behind him. The first object his eye rested on was Kate, standing with her back to him and looking out of the window. Softly he replaced the silver rod and slipped the board back into place. It made a slight sound, and Kate turned, saw him, and cried, "Oh!"

"Good day, Kate," said Archibald.

"How—how did you get there, Archibald?"

He made a gesture toward the door.

"No—no," said Kate. "I locked it in fun"—she came nearer, but stopped with a look of terror.

"What is the matter, Kate?"

"You are all over blood! What has happened? What

are you?" She was almost ready to believe he was a ghost.

The odd giddiness increased in Archibald's head. What indeed was he? Who was he? Who was this girl before him?

"Me not know 'oo," said Archie, and began to cry. "Me want my kittie—my 'ittle kittie," he blubbered, tears streaming down his cheeks.

With a scream, Kate rushed to the door, unlocked it, and fled down the hall. And toddling after her, his arms stretched out, his baby heart filled with mourning for the cat buried seven years ago—or was it only yesterday?—came Archie.

Everyone soon realized that the boy had once more, as it were, fallen asleep, and had taken up existence again at the point where it had been interrupted by the fit preceding his second period. Archibald was again the gentle and timid child of seven. He recalled nothing of the past seven years, and of his boyish love for Kate nothing remained; while his scorn and antipathy for Pennroyal changed to the adoring worship of his early days.

Several years after Archibald's relapse his father, who never had been the same man since, died from an apoplectic stroke brought on by the announcement from Richard Pennroyal himself, of that gentleman's engagement to marry Kate. Sir Clarence had always taken Archibald's engagement to Kate seriously, and this betrayal of his son by his old friend killed the Baronet. Yet Kate could hardly be blamed for giving up a lover who no longer recollected her and showed only the mildest interest in her society. At any rate, if she showed no special eagerness to marry Richard, she certainly consented to do so, and finally fixed the marriage day for the fifth of May, 1821. The ceremony was to take place at Malmaison Hall, and Archibald was to be best man—a choice that aroused a good deal of comment in the neighborhood, but with which the young man himself was childishly delighted.

The wedding took place in the great hall. Just as the bride was being given away, Archibald was seen to stagger, and then to sink into a chair, where he remained with bowed head. The ceremony over, the register was brought in, to be signed by the witnesses. When Archibald's turn came, some

one touched him on the shoulder. He raised his face, which was deadly pale and covered with sweat, and then he sprang to his feet, overturning the chair.

"I came in by the door," he cried, in an excited voice. "How else could I?—but this is the great hall! What are you all doing?—how came I here?"

There was an appalled silence. Most of those present thought that Archibald, from being a harmless idiot, had suddenly become a raving maniac. Then Richard, relying on his oft-proved influence over the youth, stepped forward and seized him by the arm.

"Sit down, and don't make a fool of yourself, Archie," he said.

Archibald returned his look in surprise. "Who are you? Not Richard Pennroyal? What makes you look so old?" he exclaimed. Then seeing Kate, he rushed toward her. "Kate, I never have seen you look so beautiful—and this white veil? Is it a wedding? Is it our wedding? What does it all mean?"

Kate was deadly pale, and she had not taken her eyes from Archibald since he had, as it were, arrived.

"It means—it is too late," she said, in a low, bitter voice.

"This lady is now Mrs. Pennroyal," said Richard, interposing.

"If you were not in my father's house, I should say you lied," returned Archibald, grimly. And catching the Honorable Richard by his padded sleeve, he flung him violently backward. "He shall not insult you again, my dear."

There was a general murmur, and Richard came back, white with fury. Without a word, Kate lifted her hand, showing the ring upon it, and at that sight Archibald stepped back abruptly.

"Is it true?" he asked. And then he began to laugh.

Here his brother, Sir Edward, with the dignity and self-possession characteristic of him, motioned the wedding party into the breakfast-room, and led Archibald into his private apartment, where he explained to him what had occurred. But Richard after this considered himself to have been insulted, and the relations between the two families were broken off. As the months rolled on this became more marked, and finally Sir Edward was insulted at a county dinner where they were

both guests by Pennroyal, who asserted that Edward's father was an illegitimate child, and that the Malmaison estate really belonged to himself, by virtue of an agreement between their two grandfathers. A duel was the result, and Edward was wounded, but recovered. He seemed, however, to have something on his mind, and spent much time searching through old papers and seeing lawyers. As the years passed, the brothers, in spite of their reserve, became deeply attached to each other, and when one day Edward was taken ill, and the old wound reopened, Archibald haunted his bedside. Edward suddenly said to him, "How will you like to be Sir Archibald?"

Archibald leaned forward and took his hand in a long grasp.

"Do you think that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I am your brother."

Then Edward told him of Richard's accusation, of his long, anxious search for the missing documents, so long known by the family to have been lost, and his fear that their enemy would dispossess them.

"Edward, I wish you had told me this before. I know where those papers are—I have made a strange discovery. We can prove everything necessary. Get well, think only of that."

The brothers had a long talk, and then Archibald went to bed. At dawn he was awakened by the news of Edward's death.

One autumn day Sir Archibald chanced to meet Mrs. Pennroyal at the fish-pond, and they entered into conversation. This proved to be the first of many meetings. Kate revealed that her husband intended to ruin Archibald and claim the estate under the old agreement. And when the Baronet told her that he was only waiting for this to crush his enemy, she expressed her ardent joy.

In good time the lawsuit, in which the whole county was deeply interested, came to trial. The court-room was crowded. Pennroyal had lost immense sums at cards and on the Stock Exchange. He had sent Kate's money after his, and his estate was heavily mortgaged—but the Malmaison estate would set him on his feet again. So he was full of pleasant anticipations.

Matters were not destined to end quite as Richard had fancied. The missing papers were not lost, after all; on the contrary, they were all there; the upshot of the matter being that Pennroyal, and not Sir Archibald, left the court a ruined man. Moreover, he carried the contempt of the whole country-side with him. But the bitterest pang of all was spared him—he did not see the look exchanged between his wife and his enemy. He was old, and the blow felled him. He took to drink and led a wretched existence, his one joy being the fact that Kate was his wife, with the knowledge that Archibald would have given all he had won for her, and the conviction that, in spite of everything, Kate loved him.

But one winter night, half crazed with brandy and fancying himself called by his first wife (drowned Jane), he went to the fish-pond and found Kate there with Archibald. The two men exchanged shots, and Richard fell, shot through the heart. In falling, he threw his pistol at his wife, who had fainted; it flew wide and struck Archibald on the temple, inflicting a slight wound. The Baronet sank the body in the pond.

"It will freeze to-night, and the fishes will do the rest," he said. "And now come, my poor Kate."

In the secret chamber at Malmaison a cheerful fire burned, candles blazed in all the sconces, shining on the glittering plate, the rich hangings, the subdued luxury. A supper fit for epicures was on the table. Into this scene entered the lovers, pale and haggard. Archibald made Kate drink some wine, and then bade her good-by for a short while, since it was necessary to show himself to Lady Malmaison. He bent to kiss her, but she drew back.

"There is blood on your forehead," she said, in a sharp whisper.

"Only a scratch—I had forgotten it. In half an hour, then, my dearest. Be brave—all our happiness is to come."

She made no reply, and he left her, locking the door after him, and, after shutting the secret entrance, carefully hiding the rod in its receptacle. He then walked sluggishly across the floor and, after hesitating curiously, made his way to Lady Malmaison.

"Mamma," he said, going up to her awkwardly, "where is

Kate? Has she been married while I was asleep? Richard promised I should be best man. It was unkind of her."

During the months of consternation that followed the Pennroyals' disappearance no one thought of connecting Archie's relapse with the mystery. It was generally supposed that they had fled to escape their creditors. The matter gradually ceased to be talked of, the Pennroyal land was sold, and as the years followed the months their very name began to be forgotten. As for the daft Baronet and his mother, they lived on quietly at Malmaison. People said there was a curse on them; and certainly the house was haunted. Servants reported that muffled screams had been heard for days after Archibald's seizure, and the eastern chamber was avoided.

Late on the night of the twenty-second of January, 1833, Sir Archibald hurried toward this room, with but an indistinct memory of what he had been doing during the last hour. He glanced at his watch and found he was within his time, the half hour was not up. Taking a candle, he thrust the rod into its aperture, hastened down the passage and, unlocking the further door, stepped across the threshold.

As he did so a cry of surprise escaped him. Kate had let the fire and lights go out, and, instead of warmth and beauty, cold and darkness met him. Poor child, it had been a terrible night for her, and she had probably fallen into an exhausted sleep. Yes, there she was, kneeling before the low chair, with her head on her arms and her thick hair unbound and falling over her shoulders.

"Kate, Kate," said Archibald, in a hushed voice. "Come, my darling, will you kiss me now?"

How still she was!—she must have fainted. Archibald hurried to her and laid his hand on her shoulder. He seemed to grasp only the empty stuff of her dress. With a terrified, convulsive movement he pulled her round, so that the head was disturbed from its position on the arms, and the ghastly mystery was revealed. The spectacle was one not to be described. He uttered a weak, wavering scream, and stood there, unable to turn away his eyes.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(United States, 1804–1864)

FANSHAWE (1828)

This was the first of the author's novels and was written when he was but three years out of college. It was published by Marsh and Capen, of Boston, and came out anonymously, bearing on the title-page a motto from Southey: "Wilt thou go on with me?" The story was not a success, and the author himself felt it to be unsatisfactory and made an effort to call in all the copies within reach and to destroy them. He made his sister and his most intimate friend give up their copies, which he burned, and he never again referred to the story. It was not till a dozen years after his death that a copy was found and the story reissued. The action of the romance takes place about 1740. The few original copies that have since been discovered command very large prices.

N a retired corner of one of the New England States rose the walls of an institution of learning called Harley College, at whose head was a learned and orthodox divine, Dr. Melmoth. It was universally allowed that the doctor was diligent and successful in the art of instruction, and the young men in his charge prospered under his eye, regarding him with an affection that was only strengthened by the little foibles that occasionally attracted their ridicule.

Dr. Melmoth, at the time he is introduced to the reader, had borne the matrimonial yoke (and in his case it was considered no light burden) nearly twenty years. But the blessing of children had been denied to him, a cross which was to him a sore trial, for he had a kind and affectionate heart.

In his youth Dr. Melmoth had possessed a dear friend who in early manhood had been his chief intimate. Circumstances separated them for many years, half of which were spent by his friend in a foreign country. And though the doctor retained a warm interest in his old associate, the different nature

Portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne (p. 130)

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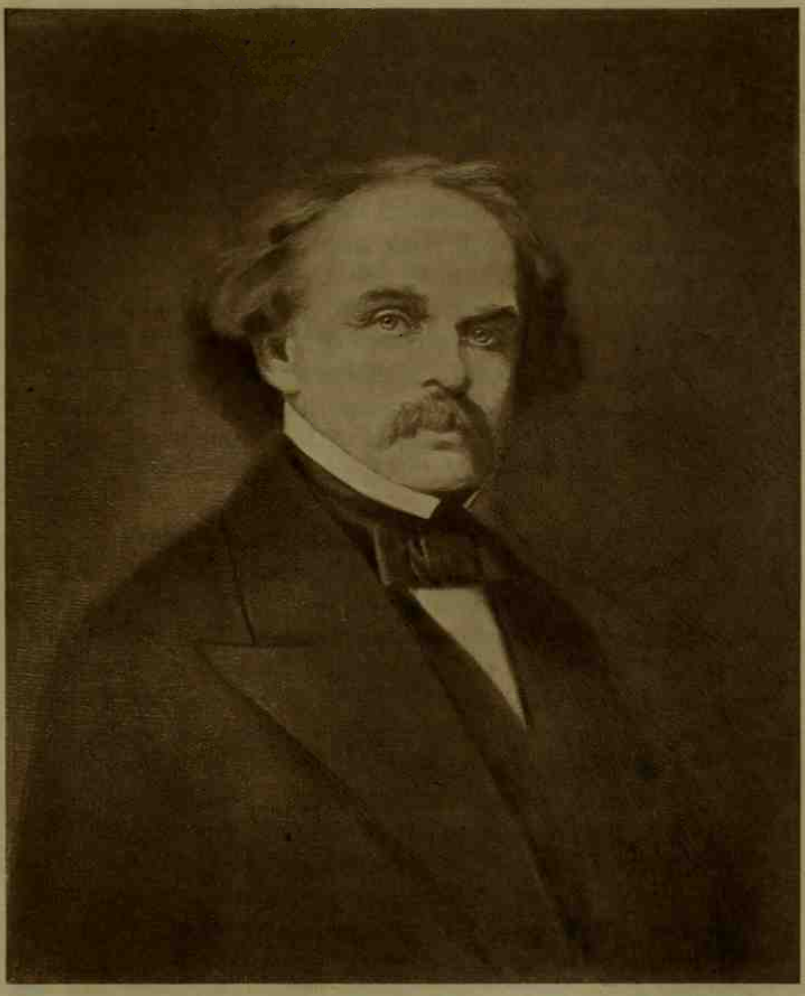

of their thoughts and occupations prevented them from corresponding. He was therefore the more surprised to receive a letter from this friend containing an unexpected request.

This friend, Mr. Langton, had married late in life and his wife had died soon, leaving him a daughter. Certain misfortunes in trade had forced him, in order to save his fortunes, to leave his own country for what he hoped would be a brief stay in another. But though his affairs prospered it became increasingly difficult for him to arrange his extensive concerns so that they could be safely intrusted to another. His child had been left in the care of a sister upon whose tenderness he could rely. Now, however, this sister had died, and the distant relative with whom Ellen had to remain was at variance with the father and unwilling to continue in the office of protector. It was still some months before Mr. Langton, who now desired to return to his own land and his child, might accomplish this desire. His request to Dr. Melmoth, therefore, was to be a father to his Ellen until he could himself relieve him of the charge.

The doctor welcomed this occasion to do a service to his friend; and Mrs. Melmoth was quick to perceive the firmness of his purpose and did not care to hazard her usual authority by a fruitless opposition. She therefore, albeit unwillingly, acceded to her husband's proposal that he should journey to the seaboard town where Ellen resided; and a fortnight later the two travelers alighted from their steeds (for on horseback had the journey been performed) at Dr. Melmoth's door.

If pen could give an adequate idea of Ellen Langton's loveliness, it would achieve what the pencils of the Colonial artists who attempted it never could. Suffice it to say that before very long the young men of Harley College were all at her feet. With the doctor himself she became the very blessing of his life, and even Mrs. Melmoth found the stock of dislike she had prepared totally inapplicable. The young stranger was more successful in winning her love than the lady herself was perhaps aware.

To one of the collegians, Edward Walcott, circumstances, independent of his personal advantages, afforded a superior opportunity to gain Ellen's favor. He was nearly related to

Dr. Melmoth, on which account he received his education at Harley College rather than at one of the English universities, to the expenses of which his fortune would have been adequate, and this connection gave him familiar access to the doctor's hearth. Ellen soon became familiar with him, for he was her only companion of an age suited to her own, and the difference in sex did not occur to her as an objection. They were together on all necessary and allowable occasions.

As they were about turning homeward one day from a ride that had consumed the greater part of the afternoon, Ellen perceived a horseman descending the hill, and asked Edward who he might be.

"Do you not know him? But it is hardly possible you should," he said. "We must do him the good office, Ellen, of stopping his progress, or he is likely to find himself at the town a dozen miles hence ere he resumes consciousness."

"Has he lost his senses?" Miss Langton inquired.

"Not so, Ellen—if much learning has not made him mad," Edward replied. "He is a noble fellow; but I fear we shall follow him to his grave erelong. Dr. Melmoth has sent him to ride in pursuit of health, but he will never overtake it at this pace."

As the young scholar approached, lost in revery, Ellen had an opportunity for examining him. He could hardly have attained his twentieth year, and had a face and form such as nature bestows on none but her favorites. There was nobleness on his high forehead, and all his features were formed with a strength and boldness of which his pallor, produced by close study and confinement, could not deprive them. His expression was proud and high, even triumphant, as of one who was a ruler in a world of his own. But a blight, of which his thin pale cheeks and the brightness of his eye were proofs, seemed to have come over him ere his maturity.

The scholar's attention was suddenly attracted by the hoof-beats at his side, and, starting, he fixed his eye on Ellen, whose young and lovely countenance was full of the interest he had awakened. He blushed, but there was nothing awkward in his manner.

Fanshawe, for by this name Edward greeted him, joined the

two in their ride homeward. On the way they stopped for refreshment at a cottage, or rather hut, by the wayside. The place proved to be utterly poverty-stricken and was inhabited only by two old women, one of whom was feeble-minded and bore the sallow look of long and wasting illness. The other, notwithstanding her years and an expression both sullen and fretful, was apparently robust. She regarded the visitors with a lowering eye and in silence.

"We entered in the hope—" began Edward Walcott. But he paused, for the sick woman rose from her chair and tottered toward him. She took his hand in both of hers, and though he shuddered he did not withdraw it. She gazed at him with an eager anxiety that gradually faded to disappointment, and then turned to Fanshawe with a similar scrutiny. Lastly, she regained her chair and wept bitterly. Ellen attempted to soothe her; but she only asked:

"Have you seen him? Will he return before I die?"

Seeing that their presence could do nothing to relieve this misery, they did what they might for the poverty that seemed to be the least evil in the cottage, and then emerged into the open air.

A few months later Dr. Melmoth received news that his friend's arrangements were nearly completed, and that by the next home-bound ship he hoped to return to his native land. This ship was now daily expected.

Fanshawe gradually became, as constantly as Edward himself, the companion of Ellen's walks. His passion had been strengthened, since that day when her first glance had awakened it in his bosom, more than proportionately to the time that had passed. But he had made a strong resolution that he would not even endeavor to win Ellen's love, the result of which, for a thousand reasons, could not be happy; but feeling also that neither time nor absence could cure him, he saw no reason for breaking off the intercourse that was established between them. As for her, she undoubtedly felt an interest in the solitary student, and saw that her influence drew him away from the too destructive intensity of his studies; but beyond that she suspected nothing.

At the close of a beautiful summer day Ellen and her two

lovers had met as usual, and were standing by a stream, where it swept into a deep pool that afforded at that moment a hiding-place for a trout of noble size.

"Had I but a hook and line!" Edward exclaimed. "Look, Ellen, there he lies, beneath that bank."

"If you had them, I should save him, thus," the girl replied, dropping a pebble into the water. "There, he has darted down stream—may there not be happiness in the life of a fish?" she added, smiling at Fanshawe.

"Not for this one," interrupted Edward. "There is an angler on his way toward us who will intercept him."

A man, in truth, was making his way up the stream, fishing every likely pool as if he were familiar with the locality. And as the friends stood watching he cast his line into a pool below him and drew out a fine, large fish. They approached him, and as they came near the angler raised his head and gave them a quick, searching glance. His face was bronzed as if from long exposure to a hotter sun than shone over New England, and there was something foreign in his air, as of a sailor who knew most lands better than his own.

"Have you met with much success, sir?" inquired Edward.

"Only one fish—I am a stranger to the stream," replied the angler, "but I love the art. Will not the young lady try her skill?" he added, casting a bold glance at Ellen. His offer seemed meant for courtesy, but it produced a disagreeable effect, and Ellen almost imperceptibly shrank from it.

"The fish will love to be drawn out by such white hands," said the stranger, offering her the rod.

Edward felt his cheek flush at the angler's persistence, and stepping forward he observed:

"The young lady will not put the gallantry of the fish to the proof, and she therefore has no need of yours."

"I will take my answer from her own mouth," answered the stranger, haughtily. "Step this way and cast your line here."

Ellen, hoping to keep the peace, accepted the rod and stepped where she was directed, while Edward bit his lip with vexation. Fanshawe, whose abstraction always vanished where Ellen was concerned, regarded her and the stranger with a fixed and earnest gaze. He, as if to offer her assistance,

advanced to her side and seemed to speak, but in so low a tone that the sense of what he uttered was lost before it reached her friends. Its effect on Ellen, however, was immediate. Her eye flashed and an indignant blush rose high on her cheek. Then, returning the rod to its owner, she turned away calmly and approached her comrades.

"The breeze is chill; let us hasten home," she said, and took Edward's arm with a freedom that at another time would have enchanted him. He hesitated, but complied with her evident desire to leave at once. Fanshawe also attended her, and they returned home almost in silence.

That evening Ellen sat at one of the windows that overlooked the garden. Her thoughts recurred to the angler and to the demand he had so suddenly addressed to her for a private interview. She assigned in turn many motives for the singular request. Her most prevailing thought was that he must be a messenger from her father, though why he should have aught to communicate that required privacy was a mystery she could not fathom.

Suddenly in the gathering gloom she became aware of a man's form standing in the garden. Had she doubted his identity, his words, spoken in the same low tone that he had used to her before, would have dispelled her doubts.

"Do you still refuse my request, when its object is your own good?" he asked. "I have news of your father that can be told to you alone. If you would avoid misfortune now and sorrow hereafter, you will hear me."

Ellen's first impulse was to fly; but she checked it and answered:

"I will hear; speak quickly."

"Here we are in danger of interruption, which would be fatal to my errand. I await you in the garden." So saying, he withdrew and faded from her eyes.

The garden was wild and tangled, and Ellen was conscious of a strong sensation of fear as she followed the mysterious stranger.

"What is it?" she whispered, as they paused under a dark and twisted fir. "I will go no farther."

"It will depend upon yourself whether or not you see your

father again," replied the man. "Here is a letter that will explain. You will see it is your father's hand, and you should doubt me no more."

Ellen received the letter, many of her suspicions vanishing at the openness of his manner. He was preparing to speak further when a footstep was heard. Ellen saw that the intruder was Fanshawe, but she hoped his usual abstraction would assist their concealment.

The student resembled a hunter rather than a dreamer as he advanced down the path, and a flutter of Ellen's white dress betrayed her while he was still distant.

"It is as I feared," said Fanshawe to himself. Then, addressing the young girl with a calm authority that well became him, "Miss Langton," he inquired, "what do you here at such an hour and with such a companion? Permit me to lead you hence."

Ellen made no reply, though her eyes filled with tears of shame and annoyance. But the stranger advanced.

"Your power may extend over simple girls, young man, but not over men. Miss Langton is under my protection and shall remain so."

Fanshawe turned calmly and fixed his eye upon the stranger. "Retire, sir!" was all he said.

A mysterious and unearthly power seemed to be in Fanshawe's voice. The stranger, borne down by a superior mind, lost his boldness of eye and bearing. He muttered a few words; but, quailing at length before the student's bright and steady gaze, he withdrew.

On the day previous to this encounter between the three friends and the angler, Hugh Crombie, landlord of the "Hand and Bottle," had been surprised, even alarmed, by the advent of an old companion whom he had known in his past and would-be-forgotten days, when his life had been wild and criminal. This companion had chanced to learn of the loss of Mr. Langton's vessel with all on board, and had conceived of a scheme whereby he could get Ellen into his power—"When she will be glad enough to be made a wedded wife," he remarked, and so he would secure possession of her fortune. He succeeded, albeit with difficulty, in getting the landlord's promise to help

him. Then, meeting the girl as we have seen, and finding the further opportunity to give her the forged letter, he arranged with Crombie to have horses in readiness, and on the night following the one when Fanshawe had led Ellen from the garden, he was to meet the girl again, and this time, as she supposed, to lead her to her father.

The next morning Dr. Melmoth and his wife were breakfasting alone together, Ellen, who had pleaded indisposition the evening before, not having made her appearance. The post had arrived, bringing the doctor a large bundle of letters and the newspaper with its fortnight-old news. Herein Mrs. Melmoth discovered the loss of the brig that was to bring Ellen's father home. Shocked and overcome, the two gazed at each other, and then Mrs. Melmoth went upstairs to break the news to Ellen. The doctor remained glancing over his letters, though hardly conscious of the deed, when suddenly a firm, well-known writing met his eyes. He tore open the letter, looked through it, and then rushed upstairs after his wife. This lady, meanwhile, having found what equally amazed her, was rushing down. The two met with some force, and begun eagerly to explain the cause of their haste.

"She is gone, fled, eloped," cried Mrs. Melmoth, shrilly. "Her chamber is empty, her bed has not been occupied."

"Mr. Langton is safe," exclaimed her husband. "He was prevented from taking the vessel he had planned to sail on. He is even now on his way hither, and may arrive at any moment."

As soon as might be the doctor was off in pursuit, and the news circulated rapidly through the village. Fanshawe was the first to hear it, and followed, but his horse was a poor one. Edward, being better mounted, overtook and passed Fanshawe. He next overtook Dr. Melmoth just beyond the hut where Fanshawe and he, with Ellen, had seen the strange old women. He had heard a rumor in the village that the sick one had died, and he now saw that the hut was crowded with visitors.

Dr. Melmoth and the young man rode on together until a turn in the road brought them in sight of a gentleman riding toward them, who proved to be Mr. Langton.

The doctor explained to the father the strange and dis-

tressing errand on which they were bent. Though there was a momentary convulsion of Mr. Langton's strong features, he did not otherwise betray his feelings; but he turned his horse and rode with them to the country town where they hoped to discover traces of the fugitives.

Ellen, completely deceived by the forged letter, and thinking her father was in illness or peril in which he needed her help, had met the angler, according to the directions she received, and had ridden away with him on horses provided by Hugh Crombie. Arrived at the hut, they were checked by the appearance of the sour-faced old woman whom Ellen recognized.

The angler, his voice thrilling with indescribable emotion, addressed her.

"Woman, whither go you?" he asked.

"One is dying within," she answered.

He leaped from his horse, followed by Ellen. They found the invalid lying on her couch, and as they entered she raised herself slowly.

"My illness is gone; I am well," she gasped. "But where is my son? I have sorrowed for him; will he not comfort me now?"

The stranger advanced, grasped the lamp and knelt down by the bed.

"Mother, here is your son," he exclaimed.

At that unforgotten voice the darkness rolled away from her soul. Her countenance beamed with joy, she flung her arms around his neck, and a multitude of words seemed struggling for utterance. But the one moment of happiness had been her last. She fell back dead.

After a minute's awful silence the angler rose and left the hut, dragging Ellen with him. The other old woman had disappeared, and the horses with her. Ellen suggested a return. But the stranger, with a singular and terrible smile, answered, "There is no return now for us, sweet Ellen," and he led her down a dim trail into the forest, until they reached a cave. Then he turned upon her.

"Is it not lonely here, lovely Ellen? Lonely as guilt could wish? Cry aloud, shriek, and see if there be any to hearken to you."

Gathering desperate courage from the extremity of her fear, Ellen pleaded with him.

"Think of your mother," she cried, "of her sorrow through life, of her death"—but her words died at the expression of his face, which became so fiendlike that she fell on her knees before him.

"I had no mercy on my mother," he muttered. "Do you think then that man or woman will meet with mercy from me?"

At this moment they were startled by the fall of a piece of rock near them. Ellen started from her knees and with her false guide gazed eagerly up at the precipice that overhung them.

Far above them stood the slight form of Fanshawe, and when the betrayer saw him his knees trembled. There was something awful to him in this sudden apparition, like the visit of a being from another sphere. The next moment, however, he prepared to revenge this second intrusion on his designs.

"By Heaven, I will cast him down at her feet, and there shall be no form or likeness of man left in him," he said, and in a few minutes he was halfway up the precipice, clinging to trees, shrubs, and projections of the rock. Fanshawe watched his approach with a high courage. His spirits rose buoyantly, his limbs seemed to grow firm and strong, as he prepared for the death-struggle that would follow the success of his enemy's attempt.

But the attempt did not succeed. When within a few feet of the summit the adventurer grasped at a twig which failed to sustain him. With all the passion of hell in his heart he fell heavily back, his head struck a perpendicular rock, and the life was crushed out of him.

Hardly knowing how, Fanshawe reached Ellen's side. She had fainted. He lifted her in his arms and gazed upon her with a joy, a triumph that was almost madness. But it contained no mixture of hope; it had no reference to the future; it was the perfect bliss of a moment, an insulated point of happiness. He bent over her and pressed a kiss—the first, and he knew it would be the last—on her pale lips. Then he bore her to a stream and sprinkled her with water. Finally she opened her eyes and looked wildly around.

"Fear not, Ellen, you are safe," he said.

Fanshawe had been enabled to come to Ellen's assistance by the help of the old woman, whom he had met, and who had directed him to the forest. There he had lost the path, but chance, or it may have been something else, had drawn him to Ellen's vicinity.

Ellen was confined to her room for several weeks by the illness resulting from the agitation through which she had passed. Edward haunted the house like an uneasy ghost while she was sick, but when she was able to come down from her chamber he ceased his visits, feeling that Fanshawe's claim was superior to his own. The latter, however, made no effort to press his advantage, and it was not till Ellen chanced to meet him on the path by the stream that they saw each other again. They then exchanged a few words, and Ellen saw the love which all Fanshawe's lofty determination could not hide. She did not pretend to misunderstand, and blushing, but with a noble frankness, she offered to join her fate to his.

Despite the moment's overpowering happiness, Fanshawe refused the sacrifice, and turned away an instant to hide the tears which all the pride of his nature could not restrain.

"No, Ellen," he said, "we must part now and forever. Your life will be long and happy. Mine will be short, but not altogether wretched, nor shorter than if we had never met. When you hear that I am in my grave do not think that you have hastened me thither. Think rather that you have scattered bright dreams in my pathway—an ideal happiness that you would have sacrificed your own to realize."

Ellen felt that his determination was unalterable, and, unable to speak, she took his hand in hers and pressed it to her lips. They saw each other no more. Mr. Langton took her back to the seaboard town where she had before resided, and here she remained until her marriage with Edward; but this event did not take place until four years after Fanshawe's death. He died at twenty, after devoting himself with an almost insane eagerness to study. He left a world for which he was unfit, and we trust that, amid the innumerable stars of heaven, there is one where he has found happiness.

THE SCARLET LETTER (1850)

This story was the first sustained work of fiction acknowledged by Hawthorne and is the best known of all his works. Hawthorne said of the story, "It lacks sunshine," and was in doubt as to its success with the public, a doubt that was shared by his publishers so strongly that they printed for the first edition only five thousand copies, after which the type was immediately distributed. But the first edition was exhausted in ten days.

N a summer morning, two centuries ago, nearly all the inhabitants of Boston, then a little settlement between the ocean and the wilderness, were assembled before the door of the jail awaiting the coming forth of a woman condemned to wear the Scarlet Letter—the A, which signified Adulteress. She was to stand on the stocks before the meeting-house, that her shame might be in the eyes of the people as a warning and a reproach.

It was a hard-featured and a hard-hearted assemblage before which Hester Prynne was about to appear with her child in her arms and the letter of disgrace upon her bosom. When it was rumored that the magistrates, instead of condemning the unfortunate woman to wear the Scarlet Letter branded with a hot iron upon her forehead, had merely condemned her to wear it embroidered upon her bodice, a murmur ran through the crowd that the magistrates were overmerciful.

Finally the door of the jail was thrown back and the town beadle, dressed in black, with his staff of office in his hand and his sword by his side, stepped like a black shadow into the sunshine. As he reached out one hand to the prisoner, who had hesitated a moment in the doorway, the young woman repelled him and came forth alone with a natural grace of dignity.

She bore in her arms a girl-child, three months old, who winked at the bright light, for she had known only the light of a

prison. For an instant the woman clasped the child to her breast, as if to hide the letter that burned there, then proudly she changed its posture, so that all might see the mark of her shame—the letter A cut from scarlet cloth set upon her bodice and surrounded by the most elaborate and skilfully worked embroidery in gold thread.

She was a tall, dark, beautiful woman of rich complexion and classic regularity of feature. Even in her hour of public humiliation her pride was apparent, her strength of will manifest.

Hester was to stand for three hours upon the scaffold of the pillory, then to be taken back for a term in prison, and to wear the Scarlet Letter for the rest of her life. That she had not been branded on the forehead, that she was spared putting her head in the pillory, in fact, that she had not been condemned to death was, the people said, owing largely to the intercession of the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, the pale young pastor into whose church she had brought this great scandal.

As Hester stood on the scaffold of the pillory, above her in the wooden balcony of the meeting-house stood and sat the great men of the town. These Puritan fathers came forth to burn a witch or hang a Quaker in a solemn state which they now found suitable to the punishment of a woman who had incurred the penalty of the Scarlet Letter.

For two years this woman, Hester Prynne, had lived in Boston. She was the daughter of an English family of the armiger class but of decayed fortune, and had been given in marriage while still a mere child to an elderly man, slightly deformed but of considerable means and a scholar of wide reputation. Most of the time the scholar-husband was with his books; but in his leisure moments he liked to be amused by Hester's conversation and to enjoy the light of her beauty.

For several years they had lived in Antwerp. Then he had sent his wife across the ocean, intending to follow as soon as he could arrange his affairs. News came of his departure from the other side, but the ship in which he sailed was never heard from.

Then that had happened which had happened. She had refused steadfastly to reveal to the magistrates the name of the partner of her guilt, and now, as she stood there with the sun

shining so brightly on the gold threads that surrounded her badge of shame as to make the Scarlet Letter seem branded upon her bosom, the famous John Wilson, Boston's oldest clergyman, raised his voice and demanded that the young Dimmesdale, under whose spiritual ministrations Hester had been, should "deal with her" before the community. He ended with: "What say you again, Brother Dimmesdale? Shall it be thou or I that shall deal with this poor sinner's soul?" The Governor added his commands to the entreaties of Elder Wilson, and at last the young clergyman, with a ghastly white and drawn face, leaned over the balcony and addressed the wretched woman telling her to speak, and spare not to reveal to the world the partner of her crime. But Hester still refused, declaring that she could bear his sorrows as well as her own.

To an intimation that if she revealed the name, the doom of the Scarlet Letter might be taken from her, she replied: "Never! It is too deeply burned into my heart."

While Hester was thus being "dealt with," as the phrase was, she chanced to glance toward the outskirts of the crowd and there saw that which caused the blood to leave her cheeks and for an instant her fortitude almost to forsake her. The town was close to the edge of the forest, and out of the forest had come a man, old, misshapen, and only too well known to the woman standing there.

Hester had now borne all that she could bear, and for the rest of her stay upon the scaffold stood with glazed eyes and an expression of wearied indifference. In this condition she was taken back to prison, and those who followed said that the Scarlet Letter shed a red light about the dark passage as she entered.

After her return to the prison Hester was found to be in a state of such nervous excitement that it required constant watchfulness to prevent her from doing violence to herself. Finally medical aid had to be called, and a man was introduced who had announced himself to the jailer as Roger Chillingworth, a scholar well versed in all Christian modes of physical science, as well as in knowledge gained by a year's residence among the Indians.

The man was Hester's husband, the scholar Prynne, whom

she had recognized on the outskirts of the crowd. The ship in which he had sailed had been wrecked on the coast, and for a year he had been captive among the Indians. He had arrived in Boston to arrange for his ransom from the Sagamore whose captive he was.

Hester became still as death when Chillingworth, as we must call him hereafter, entered the room. Few words were spoken between them at first. When the jailer left the room the supposed physician prepared a draught for the suffering woman and she took it, saying:

"I have sought for death; would even now welcome it; but think twice ere your hand administers it to me."

"I desire not your death, but that you may endure your punishment," he replied. "That you may live to endure it, drink this." And the woman drank.

He told Hester that he should remain in Boston as a physician and that, while the punishment she was now to take up for life was sufficient for her, he should devote the rest of his days to discovering and punishing the man who had wronged them both.

"As to us," said he, "the scale hangs evenly balanced between us. We have deeply wronged each other. Mine was the first wrong in betraying thy budding youth into an unnatural alliance."

He charged Hester that she tell not the secret of their relations to any living person, and the woman swore that she would keep his secret.

When Hester's term of imprisonment was ended she took up the burden of her life with a quiet meekness that hitherto had been foreign to her character. At the edge of the town, between the settlement and the wilderness, was a deserted cottage with a ruined garden, which she obtained permission to occupy. Her skill with the needle gave her a means of livelihood, and the townspeople, though they avoided her in the street, purchased her work. But on one garment Hester Prynne never was allowed to try her art. The costume of a bride must not be touched by her fingers.

In the streets people turned out of the way to avoid her, and when she stood in a crowd there was always a vacant

circle around her. Children, remaining at a distance through fear, would follow her with shouts of reproach of which they were too young to know the meaning.

At first Hester regularly attended the Sabbath meetings, but only to find herself made the text of the sermon and pointed out as an example of the fate of the evil-doer. Sometimes, while her crime was still fresh in the minds of the community a minister seeing her pass in the street would even take the occasion to hold forth upon her sin to a little knot of passers-by that would gather around him.

At rare intervals Hester, passing along the street, felt an eye—a human eye—upon her ignominious brand that seemed to give her a momentary relief, as if her agony were shared. The next instant it all rushed back again with a deeper throb of pain, and the saintly Master Dimmesdale went on his way.

Only old Mistress Hibbins, the bitter-tongued widow of the magistrate, and sister of the worshipful Governor Bellingham, greeted Hester eagerly when they met and, with many a knowing wink and nod, asked her if she had "seen the Black Man lately." "Had she signed the book yet?" and went tottering away upon her staff with, "We know, you and I. You'll be with us soon." Poor, crazy lady!

Among the morbid fancies that Hester's isolated life brought to her was that her Scarlet Letter gave her the power of detecting the hidden sins of others. Often, walking with downcast eyes along the street, she would feel a strange sensation and look up to see passing the most respected elder, or the most righteous matron, or the most prudent damsel of the colony.

Why did not the tortured woman flee from the scene of her disgrace? She asked herself this question, and the answer was: No! Here had been the place of her sin, and here should be the scene of her earthly punishment; and so, perchance, the torture of her daily shame would eventually work out for her another purity than the one she had lost: more saint-like because the result of martyrdom.

Always she busied herself in works of charity. Where there was sickness or poverty there was Hester with a helping hand, though those she helped reviled her while they accepted her ministrations.

The child grew into an elfish creature, full of strange fancies and weird freaks of action, so that sometimes Hester asked herself whether her own child had not been stolen by some malevolent fairy, and a changeling from another world left in its place.

Old Roger Chillingworth in the mean time had settled in Boston as a physician, and had attached himself especially to the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale. The minister was suffering both physically and mentally, and while ministering to his physical ills the old man sought to delve into his mental being as a miner digs for gold or rather like a sexton delving into a grave. To keep the young man alive by the exercise of his skill, to wrest from him by the exercise of a malign ingenuity the hidden secrets of his soul—this was the task to which Roger Chillingworth addressed himself.

There was one peculiarity of the clergyman which Chillingworth could not fully understand. Very frequently the young man would place his hand over his heart with a sudden gesture. That he had some cardiac trouble, from which, indeed, he was likely to die at any time, the old man knew. But Dimmesdale would place his hand to his heart when he was suffering no physical spasm, but when a sudden mental perturbation seemed to sweep over him.

One day, in the presence of the physician, Dimmesdale, who slept but little, and that lightly, fell into a deep slumber in his chair. A potion administered by the doctor had caused this. Old Roger stole over to him, opened his shirt front and bared the flesh above the young man's heart. What he saw there caused him to spring back and throw his hands above his head with the looks and gestures of a devil. What he had only suspected before he now knew to a certainty.

From that hour Chillingworth was not only a spectator but an actor in his victim's interior world. He had him forever on the rack, arousing him to throbs of terror, remorse, agony. The minister fasted and kept vigils. He made himself a little whip and scourged himself at night.

Steadily, remorselessly, Roger Chillingworth was guiding his victim along the path that led to insanity, and this he did with a fiendish skill, playing upon every nerve of the young man's mind, upon every throb of his sickly body.

One dark night the minister, unable to bear the terror of his thoughts, stole forth from his house and going to the market-place ascended the scaffold where, seven years before, Hester Prynne had stood with her babe in her arms and the Scarlet Letter glowing on her bosom. There he raised his hands to heaven and in his agony shrieked aloud. But the town seemed all asleep. Only old Mistress Hibbins apparently heard and, thrusting forth her head from her lattice, looked anxiously upward. He saw a lantern coming down the street. It was borne by old Father Wilson returning from the deathbed of Governor Winthrop. But the old man saw not the figure on the scaffold, and passed by.

The whole town would come forth in the morning, thought the minister, and find him there. Carried away by the grotesque horror of the picture that he conjured up of the aspect of the various people who would see him, he laughed aloud. The laugh was answered by the laugh of a child out of the darkness. It was the laugh of little Pearl, Hester Prynne's child. Hester had called her Pearl, having in mind the saying, "A pearl of great price," and heavy indeed had been the price that was paid for this Pearl. The child was returning with Hester from watching at the house of Governor Winthrop.

"Come up hither!" cried Dimmesdale. "You have both stood here before; but I was not with you. Come, and we will all three stand together."

So the three stood there, holding each other's hands in the darkness. And little Pearl looked up and said:

"Minister, wilt thou stand here with mother and me tomorrow at noontide?"

Then a great light suddenly gleamed far and wide over the muffled sky. It was doubtless but the ordinary phenomenon of a meteor, but it threw the whole town into radiance and made the Scarlet Letter on the breast of Hester Prynne glow with a fierce brightness.

They cast their eyes aloft, and a great letter A, marked out in lines of dull red light, seemed to appear in heaven. At that instant, and in that light, they were aware of the figure of old Roger Chillingworth standing not far from the scaffold watching them.

"Worthy sir," said Chillingworth, who now advanced to the foot of the scaffold, "Pious Master Dimmesdale, can this be you? We men of study need close looking after. Come, sir, let me lead you home. These books! These books!"

"I will go home with you," answered Dimmesdale weakly.

The next day all Boston said that a great red letter—the letter A—had appeared in the sky to signify Angel, for that, as good Governor Winthrop had that night been made an angel, it had doubtless been held fit that there should be some notice thereof.

Hester was so shocked by the condition in which Arthur Dimmesdale revealed himself to her and saw so clearly the manner of her husband's revenge, that she determined to warn Dimmesdale of his peril. Seizing a favorable opportunity, she spoke with her husband and begged him to spare Dimmesdale. But he answered that it was not given to him to pardon—only to revenge.

"It is our fate," he said.

Then she warned him that she would reveal all to the clergyman.

"Go thy way," replied he.

Learning that Dimmesdale had gone to visit the Apostle Eliot among his Indian converts in the wilderness, Hester, knowing the path by which he would return, intercepted him in the forest. There she revealed to him the fact that Roger Chillingworth was her husband, that he knew of the minister's participation in her guilt, and she showed the young clergyman what he himself had begun to suspect by intuition, that the old man was stretching his victim upon a bed of daily physical and mental torture in the pursuit of an insatiable revenge.

She now urged the young man to take the step she had refused to take for herself—to flee to other lands. There he could escape the vengeance of Roger Chillingworth and there he might begin life anew.

But Dimmesdale hesitated. "Oh, Hester," he cried, "there is not the strength or courage left me to venture into the wide, strange, difficult world alone—alone. Hester!"

"Thou shalt not go alone," she replied firmly.

A ship bound for England had come into port from the

West Indies, and Hester, whose occupation as a lay sister of charity had brought her into contact with the captain and crew, secretly secured passage on her for two adults and a child, representing them as persons escaping from the rigors of the Puritan laws.

After his interview in the forest with Hester a new life seemed to have entered into Arthur Dimmesdale. His eye was bright, his step firm, and his manner almost gay. The changed demeanor of the clergyman was not lost upon Chillingworth. He knew that Hester had done as she had threatened, and he surmised the rest. Skilfully following his surmises, he found them to be correct, and he engaged passage on the same ship in which Hester and the minister were to embark with little Pearl.

The day of the inauguration of the new Governor came, and in the stately procession that wended its way through the crowded market-place to the meeting-house where the election sermon was to be delivered, none held his head higher and looked the future more hopefully in the face than Arthur Dimmesdale.

Old Mistress Hibbins, nodding her high head-dress and violating the sumptuary laws of the colony in her velvets and brocades, came up to Hester, whispering, "Can ye tell me, is that the same clergyman ye met in the forest when ye signed the Black Book together?"

As Hester stood in the crowded market-place, and the procession of the great ones of the colony passed by, there was, as usual, a little vacant space about her. People elbowed one another in the press, but none suffered themselves to be forced into that vacant space about the woman of the Scarlet Letter. But now into this space came rolling and swaggering the captain of the ship in which Hester had engaged passage, and, for once she was thankful for the visible sign that divided her from those of her kind, in that it enabled this man to speak to her without being overheard.

"This physician—Chillingworth, he calls himself—is minded to try my cabin fare with you," he told her. "But doubtless you know of it, for he says he is a great friend of the gentleman you spoke of—he that is in danger from these sour old Puritan rulers."

Looking up, Hester saw old Roger Chillingworth gazing at her from a distance. Soon were heard the accents of the Reverend Master Dimmesdale beginning the election sermon. It was a great triumph. An under-current of anguish and wo was poured out from a heart sore tried, vibrations of unutterable anguish both from sin and sorrow: but, rising above all, the song triumphant of a liberated soul that soared away beyond the bounds of death and despair.

Meantime Hester stood statuelike at the foot of the scaffold before the meeting-house until the eloquent voice which had carried the souls of the listeners aloft as on the waves of a swelling sea came to a pause, and after an interval of silence the crowd surged through the door.

As Dimmesdale made his appearance there was a great shout, a thunder of approbation. But as he passed the weather-darkened scaffold, there at its foot stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand. He tottered as if about to fall, and the crowd looked on with awe and wonder. He was a dying man, and felt himself to be one. He turned toward the scaffold and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither. Come, my little Pearl."

The child darted to him, and Hester followed slowly and steadily as if impelled by Fate. But in that same instant old Roger Chillingworth was by his side, entreating, commanding:

"Cast off that child! Repel that woman! All may yet be well."

"Tempter, thou art too late," replied the clergyman. "Come, Hester, support me to yonder scaffold."

So, amid the tumult of the crowd, Hester, Pearl, and Dimmesdale made their way up to the scaffold, and, standing there, with his dying breath the wretched man confessed his sin, ending with: "The Scarlet Letter that Hester wears is but the shadow of what I bear upon my own breast: and this, even this red stigma, is no more than a type of what has seared my heart. Stand any here who question God's judgment upon a sinner? Behold!"

He tore away the ministerial band from his breast, and there, exposed to the sight of all, was a scarlet A glowing in the flesh above his heart.

He sank upon the platform murmuring: "I fear, I fear! But God is merciful," and so expired.

Old Roger Chillingworth knelt beside the dying man: "Thou hast escaped me!"

The clergyman's head was pillowed upon Hester's lap as he died, and she was asking, "Shall we meet again?"

After the death of Dimmesdale, Hester took up the daily burden of her life. It went on, to all outward appearances, as it had gone before. But a great change came over the appearance of old Roger Chillingworth. All his strength and most of his intellectual force appeared to desert him. The very essence of his life had consisted in the pursuit of a systematic revenge. Unable to follow that any more, he was like a weed uprooted in the sun. Within the year he died, and it was found that in his will, stricken probably by a late remorse, he had made little Pearl heiress to all his wealth.

When little Pearl came into her fortune Hester and she went abroad. Years passed, and then one day a woman was seen to pause at the door of the deserted cottage where once had lived Hester Prynne. The next day they found Hester there clad in her gray robe and with the Scarlet Letter glowing on her bosom. After a while came rumors from abroad that little Pearl was married in some far-off land and was happy and a mother.

Hester spent the end of her life in deeds of charity in the little colony that had witnessed her shame and her punishment. Before she died she directed that the only inscription on her tombstone should be the letter A.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES (1851)

Hawthorne began *The House of the Seven Gables* six months after he had completed *The Scarlet Letter*. He intended his new story to be an improvement on what he had done before, and declared the story "as good as anything I can ever hope to write." The new story was popular in England, which gratified the author. As a boy his ambition had been "to be an author and have my books read in England." For this story Hawthorne drew largely on traditions concerning his own family. His great-grandfather was a magistrate in Salem at the time of the witchcraft craze, and a curse was pronounced on his family by one of the victims that suffered on Witches' Hill.

FOR an ordinary person to open a shop is no great matter. It is merely a business venture, which may or may not succeed. But when a person with a pedigree, a coat-of-arms, and gentle bringing-up opens a shop in the corner of his or her ancestral mansion, it is a revolution, a shattering of traditions, a toppling of prejudices, and a violent assassination of family pride. So when Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon inaugurated her little shop in a corner of the House of the Seven Gables she arrayed herself in her best black silk and stalked behind the counter, fully believing that she realized how the martyrs felt when they trod the path to execution.

Already Miss Hepzibah had suffered the humiliation of letting a room in one of the gables of her great and roomy old house. Old Maid Pyncheon, as the neighbors called her, opened her little shop because she was cruelly poor, and as her brother was coming home from state prison, where he had been for thirty years, she had to have money to buy food for him.

Clifford Pyncheon had been imprisoned for the murder of his uncle Jaffrey. He might have been hanged, but as the evidence was purely circumstantial, he was simply told to immure himself for life in a capacious stone coffin called state prison. And now he had been pardoned and was coming home again to the only creature in the whole world that believed in him.

There was a curse over the Pyncheons and over the House of the Seven Gables especially. Old Colonel Pyncheon, whose grim portrait with a sword in one hand and the Bible in the other hung in the oak parlor, had brought it on the family when he prosecuted Mathew Maule for a wizard and seized his little Naboth's vineyard to build his grand house on. As Maule stood on the scaffold he had pointed his finger at the stern Colonel, sitting there on horseback, and cried out, "God shall give them blood to drink." Ever since, when a Pyncheon was deeply stirred by emotion he had a certain curious gurgle in his throat, and people whispered and said, "He is drinking blood."

Miss Hepzibah had the curious gurgle in her throat now as she sank into the great armchair beneath the Colonel's portrait. In that very chair where the old maid sat Colonel Pyncheon had been found sitting stone dead by the great company that came to the house-warming on the completion of the House of the Seven Gables. In that chair, too, had been found dead the Pyncheon whom his nephew Clifford had been accused of slaying.

The tinkling of the little bell on the shop door told Old Maid Pyncheon that the crisis was upon her, and she stalked frowningly into the "store." But the shop bell only announced the entrance of Miss Hepzibah's lodger, young Holgrave, the daguerreotypist.

"So, my dear Miss Pyncheon," said the young man, "I am glad to see that you have not shrunk from your good purpose. I merely looked in to offer my best wishes and ask if I can assist you in any way."

Holgrave was a slender youth of about two-and-twenty, with rather a grave face and thoughtful expression for his years, but also of a springy alacrity and vigor that showed not only physically but made themselves felt in his character. Hepzibah broke forth into a hysterical giggle and then began to sob.

"Oh, Mr. Holgrave," she cried as soon as she could speak, "I never can go through with it. Never! Never! I wish I were dead and in the old family tomb with all my forefathers. The world is too chill and hard, and I am too old, too feeble, and too hopeless."

"Oh, believe me," replied the young man, "these feelings

will not trouble you after you are once fairly in the midst of your enterprise. No lady of your house has ever done a more heroic thing than you are doing to-day. And if the Pyncheons had all acted as nobly I doubt whether the curse of old Wizard Maule would have had much weight with Providence against them. Let me be your first customer. What do you charge for half a dozen of those biscuits?"

"Let me be a lady a moment longer," said Hepzibah, as she put the biscuit into his hand and refused compensation.

Hepzibah's next customer was a half-clad little urchin with big round eyes, who wanted a "Jim Crow" made of gingerbread, which he had espied in the window. The boy handed her a cent, and the old woman dropped it into the till. It was done! The sordid stain of that copper coin could never be washed away from the palm of her hand. No lady now, but simply Hepzibah Pyncheon, a forlorn old maid and keeper of a "cent shop."

Hepzibah somehow got through the awful day, making mistakes in change, refusing to take money when the customer looked poor, and so managing things that the till was almost as empty at night as it had been in the morning. Toward noon she had seen a portly, elderly gentleman come slowly along the street and pause in the shade of the great tree known as the Pyncheon Elm, to gaze with especial interest at the dilapidated and rusty visaged House of the Seven Gables. It was her cousin, Judge Jaffrey Pyncheon.

When Hepzibah saw the Judge she retreated to the oak parlor and muttered to herself: "Take it as you like, cousin Jaffrey—take it as you like. You have seen my shop. Well, is not Pyncheon House mine as long as I live?"

As she glanced up at the portrait of the old Colonel she said decidedly, as if daring contradiction: "That is the very man. Let Jaffrey Pyncheon smile as he will, there is that look beneath. Put on him a skull-cap and band and a black cloak, a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other—then let Jaffrey smile as he might—nobody would doubt it was the Colonel come again."

When the day was over the forlorn woman sat in the oak parlor looking at a map on the wall and dreamed.

Cannot a forlorn old maid dream dreams as well as any

other person? The map was a chart of "The Pyncheon Possessions," "to the eastward"—which meant in Maine. It was a grant of land as big as an English county or a German principality. The family had spent money and broken their hearts for two centuries trying to establish their claims to it. The curse of old Mathew Maule, the Wizard, had begun its first work on this possession, for when the Colonel came to assert his rights to the territory it was found that one important document was missing. It had remained missing ever since. Yet the Pyncheons dreamed and hoped and went to law about it now and then just the same.

Next morning an omnibus came to a standstill under the ancient elm, and out of it tripped the cheeriest, rosiest, sunniest maiden in the world. She came. all youthful beauty and sunshine, straight up to the door, and the gloom and mustiness and mold of the centuries seemed to take fright and flee before the vision.

"Bless me, it's Phœbe!" exclaimed Miss Hepzibah; "and how like a country cousin to come down upon one without warning. Well, she shall have a night's lodging, of course, and then she must go back home. There is a look of her father about her, too."

This bright vision was indeed a Pyncheon. Her father, a cousin of Hepzibah, after marrying a woman of no family, had died poor and obscure as became him, in a country village sufficiently removed from his aristocratic relatives. His widow had taken another husband, and Phœbe announced to Hepzibah that she had come to make her home at the House of the Seven Gables. The old maid greeted the girl kindly. Her heart warmed to the bright young thing. But the next morning she said:

"Cousin Phœbe, I really can't see my way clear to keeping you here."

"Dear cousin," returned Phœbe, "I cannot tell how it is, but I really believe we may suit each other better than you think."

"You are a nice girl," returned Hepzibah; "I see that plainly, and it is no question of that which makes me hesitate. But this house of mine is but a melancholy place. I myself am

old and dismal. I can not make your life pleasant. It is a wretched thought that you should fling away your life in a place like this. And I can not even give you bread to eat."

"Oh, I intend to earn my living," replied the cheerful Phœbe. "And there is the garden to take care of—that delightful old garden—and then I can help you in many ways. I was not brought up a Pyncheon, you know. I can do lots of things."

"Phœbe, it is not for me to say who shall or who shall not stay in Pyncheon House—its master is coming." It appeared that Phœbe had never heard the sad story of Clifford Pyncheon; it had been kept from her, and Hepzibah had not the heart to tell it. She went away and got the old miniature by Malbone, however, saying: "This is Clifford's picture. And, Cousin Phœbe, since, after all I have said, your courage does not fail you, perhaps we need not part so soon."

"Thank you, cousin," returned Phœbe, simply; "I am shop-keeper to-day." And so she was, and for the succeeding days.

It was a marvel to Hepzibah how the girl managed it; she seemed to have a natural talent for business: she added to the stock in the shop and increased its variety; had the till full of coin at night, and sold more in a day with her bright smile than Old Maid Pyncheon with her frown would have disposed of in a week. Then there was the garden behind the house, such an old, neglected garden—so choked with roses and hollyhocks run riot—and beyond it a little vegetable patch that showed some marks of care. In one corner were a few hens of an ancient breed, as old as the Pyncheons and, like the Pyncheons, pretty well run out. The hens seemed to partake of the general character of the old house and the old family—highly respectable, but cumbering the earth without a sufficient excuse.

Phœbe must needs take the garden under her care at once. As she stood in the freshness of the morning beside the little fountain in the center of the tangled place and looked down into its bubbling waters, for one moment she believed the old legend concerning it. For this was "Maule's Fountain." When the wizard had built his house beside it, it had been a fresh, sweet fountain. But after Maule was executed and Colonel Pyncheon had built his great House of the Seven

Gables on the site of Maule's hut, the water turned brackish; and brackish it is to this day.

Phœbe had asked Hepzibah whether any of the descendants of Wizard Maule were living, and the Old Maid had answered that, as far as she knew, the race was extinct. But as Phœbe stood looking into the pool she began to see strange wavering shapes in it, and at last she caught the shadowy form of a man looking up at her with strange, compelling eyes. But it was only the reflection of a very flesh-and-blood young man, Mr. Holgrave, the taker of daguerreotypes.

"I did not know that my cousin's garden was under another person's care," she said.

"Yes," said Holgrave, "I dig and hoe and weed in this black earth for the sake of refreshing myself with what little nature and simplicity may be left in it after man has so long sown and reaped here. My serious occupation is of a lighter nature. In short, I make pictures out of sunlight—and am your cousin's lodger."

After this breaking of the ice, Phœbe, while driving hard bargains in the little shop, would often wonder whether that most interesting young man were in the garden.

One night Phœbe heard her cousin talking in the dusk of the old oak parlor with a stranger.

"You need not light the lamp, Phœbe," said Hepzibah. "And you have stayed late in the garden and—and go to bed now." Then Phœbe knew that Clifford had arrived.

The next morning at breakfast she saw him—poor, faded, querulous, a hopeless remnant of the Pyncheons! The love for the beautiful was still strong in him. He had arrayed himself in the same old dressing-gown in which he had been painted by Malbone when life and the dressing-gown were bright and new.

After breakfast Clifford would sink into an easy-chair and sleep or drowse until noon. Then he would like to be led by Phœbe to the garden, where in an old summer-house by the pool that Holgrave had repaired he would sit and dream and doze for more hours.

But Clifford's eyes never liked to meet those of Holgrave. There was something peculiar about them when he gazed at one intently. He had the gift of mesmerism—or the curse of it.

Just now he was practising the then new art of "daguerreotypist" for a living, and flirting with Fourierism by way of diversion.

"Shall we never get rid of this past?" said he to Phœbe as they sat by the margin of Maule's well and saw the evening shadows fall over the Seven Gables. "It lies upon the present like a giant's dead body. In fact, it is just as if a young giant were compelled to waste all his strength in carrying about the corpse of a dead giant. Just think a moment and it will startle you to see what slaves we are to bygone times—to Death, to give it the proper word. A dead man sits in our judgment-seats and the living judges do but search out and repeat his decisions. We read in dead men's books. We laugh at dead men's jokes, and cry at dead men's pathos. We are sick of dead men's diseases, physical, mental, and moral. And we live in dead men's houses as, for instance, in this House of the Seven Gables."

"And why not?" asked the simple village maiden.

In the summer-house Clifford sat with half-closed eyes listening to the pleasant voices of the young people and gazing at a great white-rose bush whose snowy blooms climbed up one corner of the ancient house. In the shop Hepzibah was making mistakes in change and prices, which it would take Phœbe all the next day to straighten out again. Yet all four were happy.

"The fact is," said Holgrave, "that each generation should be obliged to build its own house. When a man dies his house should be destroyed. For a man to build a house for his posterity is as absurd as ordering a durable suit of clothes for his posterity." Phœbe, though she did not agree with the youth at all, was impressed with the profundity of the remark. "You speak as if you believed that Wizard Maule's curse was really over this old house," laughed she.

"I do," replied Holgrave. "Look at those gables. Under them have been, for the greater part of two centuries, perpetual remorse, constantly defeated hope, strife among kindred, strange forms of death, dark suspicion, unspeakable disgrace. It all comes from trying to found a family."

"There's the supper bell," cried Phœbe, whose appetite was healthy. "Come, Cousin Clifford."

Out of the gloom of a storm one afternoon came Judge Pyncheon.

"How do you do, Cousin Hepzibah, and how is dear Cousin Clifford? I could not rest without calling to ask whether I can be of any assistance or not. You know, cousin, that all I have is at the disposal of yourself and poor Clifford. Come, now, what can I do?"

"You can do nothing," replied Hepzibah.

Judge Pyncheon was, beyond all question, a man of the most eminent respectability, from his well-blackened shoes to his carefully brushed head. The world said so, and the Judge's conscience bore accordant testimony to the verdict of the world.

"I must see dear Clifford," continued the Judge, smiling his best smile.

"You can not see him," replied Hepzibah. "Have mercy, go away! Oh, do go away! Have you not done enough to make us miserable?"

"Cousin Hepzibah," replied the Judge, looking for a second as if he had just stepped out of the frame in the oak parlor, "have done with this nonsense. I set Clifford free, and have come here now to see whether he shall retain his freedom. I have had strict watch kept over him. I have enough evidence to have him removed to an insane asylum if I wish to. But it shall rest with him. When our Uncle Jaffrey died—was found dead—all his estate went to me except your life interest in this house. But that estate was much smaller than it should have been. He was known to possess great sums of money, invested abroad or in fictitious names to which I have found no clue. Clifford knows. He boasted to me in the old days that he knew of hidden wealth. Now Clifford must give up his secret, or I send him to a lunatic asylum. Stand aside, cousin! Tell Clifford to come to me in the oak parlor."

Trembling, Hepzibah stood aside and then fled with beating heart to Clifford's room. Clifford was not there. She ran to the room of Holgrave. His room also was empty. Fearfully, slowly, timidly, she retraced her steps to the parlor.

As she opened the door she heard Clifford's voice. He was laughing wildly. In the great chair under the portrait of the old Colonel sat Judge Pyncheon—bolt upright, and dead, with a bloody stain over his shirt-front.

"Hepzibah," cried Clifford, "we can dance and sing now. See how quiet he is. The weight is off this dreary old world, and we can be as light-hearted as Phœbe herself."

"My God! What is to become of us?" sobbed the old maid.

"Come. Let us go away," said Clifford. "We will leave this dreary old house. Come! Come!"

Hardly knowing what she did, Hepzibah threw a cloak over her and holding Clifford's hand went out into the gathering gloom. Guided by him, she knew only she was on a train speeding rapidly through the country. At a sudden impulse Clifford led her from the train to a platform. Then the sudden energy that had animated the poor man left him.

"You must take the lead now, Hepzibah," he said.

"Oh, God, our Father," ejaculated Hepzibah. "God, our Father, are we not thy children? Have mercy upon us."

The next afternoon when Phœbe returned from a visit to her former home, she saw a crowd around the ancient portal of the House of the Seven Gables. Judge Pyncheon was missing. The authorities had been sent for. There was something fearful in the old house. Holgrave opened the door to the scared girl.

"What has happened?" she asked. "Where is Cousin Hepzibah?"

"Phœbe," replied Holgrave, "summon your fortitude. Judge Pyncheon is dead in yonder room, sitting under the portrait of the Colonel—and Clifford and Miss Hepzibah have disappeared. Nay, it is not as you suspect; no crime has been committed. The Judge's death was a natural one."

"If no crime has been committed," replied Phœbe, "why not throw open the doors? Call in the people to see. The authorities will be here soon, anyway."

"I hoped, I prayed," said Holgrave, "that the fugitives might return first."

"No, no. Do not wait."

"Phœbe," said the young man, "in all our lives there can never be another moment like this. Are you conscious of no joy that makes this the only point of time worth living for?"

"It seems a sin to talk of joy at such a time," replied Phœbe, trembling.

"But, Phœbe, this moment must not pass without the spoken word. I love you. Do you love me?"

"You look into my heart," said she, letting her eyes fall. "You know I love you."

There were steps in the passage. It was Hepzibah, who had returned, leading the now docile Clifford.

The Judge's large property was divided among his three relatives, Clifford, Hepzibah, and Phœbe, making them all rich. They prepared to leave forever the House of the Seven Gables and to live at the great country place the Judge had built for himself.

"He should have built it of stone," said Holgrave. "It would have lasted longer."

"What?" said Phœbe. "Three weeks ago you wanted people to live in birds' nests."

"Hem—well, I—I have turned conservative."

They stood in the oak parlor for the last time. Holgrave reached up and touched a secret spring in the wall. To the surprise of the others the picture of the Colonel moved, disclosing a secret niche, from which the young man took a parchment yellow with age.

"Here," he said, "is the long-lost deed to the Eastern property. It is too late to do anybody any good now. The knowledge of its hiding-place was all I inherited from my ancestors—for my name is Maule, not Holgrave—Mathew Maule, after my ancestor, the wizard. The document was hidden here by a son of the wizard, who worked as a carpenter in building this house.

"Oh, I remember now!" cried Clifford. "Long ago, when I was young, I found the spring accidentally. But I would not tell Jaffrey—no, no! I had forgotten. I had suffered so much. I boasted to him that I knew of hidden wealth. He thought I had knowledge of uncle's concealed property. That was why he persecuted me. Oh, I have suffered much, Mr. Maule."

"Come," said the young man. "We move from this gloomy house to a brighter world. Mrs. Pyncheon-Maule, allow me." And taking Phœbe by the hand he led the way out of the House of the Seven Gables, whose doors closed on the Pyncheons and Maules forever.

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE (1852)

The Brook Farm community, the organization of which formed a most interesting episode of the "Transcendental" movement in New England, was founded by the Rev. George Ripley, at one time a follower of Fourier. Hawthorne joined the phalanx at its inception, April, 1841, hoping to find, through its mingling of industrial and social life, some incentive to novel literary work. *The Blithedale Romance* was its main result, not only so far as he was concerned, but also in relation to the world at large. Its characters, he declares, are wholly fictitious, yet those most conversant with the men and women of that community have found in the portrayal of Zenobia a likeness to Margaret Fuller, the strong-minded and brilliant converser of her times, and in Miles Coverdale a portrait of Hawthorne himself, as the looker-on at life; while Priscilla is supposed to serve as the symbolic figure of the nervous, mystical attitude of the "Transcendentalists." Taken as a whole, the novel is a vivid presentment of the thought and mode of daily life at Brook Farm.

AS I was returning home after attending an exhibition of the Veiled Lady, a shabby old gentleman accosted me, saying, "Can I speak with you a moment, Mr. Coverdale? for I hear you are going to Blithedale to-morrow."

"Yes, Mr. Moodie," I answered. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"Do you know a lady whom they call Zenobia?"

"Not personally, but I hope to soon, as she already is a resident at Blithedale. You know that is merely her public name." Again I asked what I could do for him; but he begged to be excused for having troubled me, perhaps uselessly, and slipped away while I went to my bachelor apartments and smoked and mused.

The next day I rode through the spring storm and slush to Blithedale, where we found a right good fire and Zenobia, who bade us welcome, saying something appropriate to each of us, speaking to myself about my poems. Her bloom, health, and vigor might well make any man fall in love with her. In her hair she wore a single flower, a rare exotic, indicative of the pride and pomp in her character, as I learned to know. "I am

the first comer," she told us, "so you shall be my guests at supper to-night; after that we will assume our various duties."

Soon appeared Silas Foster, the farmer, who spoke little save to some practical purpose, as to which man among us was the best judge of swine; for half a dozen pigs must be bought at the next Brighton fair. It struck me as odd that one of the first questions in the community, to which we had gone for the sake of separation from the greedy world, should relate to getting the advantage over others in purchasing.

The supper-table, however, was the first practical trial of our theories of equal brotherhood and sisterhood. Perhaps we should not have taken our places so easily except for the cherished consciousness that it was not by necessity, but by choice, that we used earthen cups.

In a short while a knock at the door announced Mr. Hollingsworth, who brought with him a slim and unsubstantial girl. The man himself we expected, but the girl none of us knew. She gazed piteously into Zenobia's face, as if asking that she be sheltered. But Zenobia's haughtiness, for which I never thoroughly forgave her, asserted itself, only to be rebuked by Hollingsworth, whose influence upon her life then began. An old man had brought the girl to his lodgings and begged him to convey her to Blithedale; that was all our companion knew.

"Give the girl a hot cup of tea and a thick slice of this bacon and let her stay with us," exclaimed Foster, and she stayed. After supper we speculated upon the girl's past—Priscilla, she called herself—and also upon a name for our community. Then I went shivering to my fireless chamber, conscious that I had caught a severe cold. How cold an Arcadia this was!

The horn sounded at daybreak, and the brethren, with habiliments all awry, hastened to reform the world. As for me, I lay abed sick until Hollingsworth appeared to care for me. Happy is the man who has such a friend beside him when he comes to die! For many days Zenobia brought me gruel, made by her own hand and not very skilfully. Priscilla also came to my bedside, bringing me a nightcap, and I talked about Fourier to Hollingsworth until a horrible suspicion crept into my heart that his devoted care of me was merely for the ulterior purpose of converting me to his views.

At last I left my room and found Zenobia and Priscilla, who had been a-Maying.

"What do you think of Priscilla now?" asked the older woman. "She thinks it is paradise here. It is ridiculous to see anyone so happy as she now is since her health has improved."

At that moment the girl caught sight of Hollingsworth and ran to meet him, then suddenly stopped as if she heard voices, her animation gone. These sudden transformations always characterized her.

As for myself, I began to fancy that the labors of my brethren had already realized some of Fourier's predictions. We were of all creeds and opinions, and generally tolerant of all. The neighboring farmers indeed related slanderous fables of our inability to yoke oxen and of our awkwardness at milking-time. The truth was that our labor symbolized nothing and left us mentally sluggish at evening. Zenobia saw this, and told me I had begun to speak through my nose and that I had given up making verses.

"I have kept pace with you in the field, whatever may be the case with my brain," I answered.

But soon I saw that Hollingsworth had already made two proselytes—Zenobia and Priscilla—and I spent much time conjecturing what he meant to do with them. I loved him, yet he was not altogether human and had surrendered himself to an overruling purpose. I wished to save Priscilla from personal worship of him as a hero. He smiled upon her more than upon anyone else. Zenobia, I suspected, would have given her eyes for such a look. Everybody loved Priscilla, but Hollingsworth recognized her as his own charge.

"What is the use of your being so gay as you now are?" I asked her, and drew a somber picture of the world.

"I don't believe one word of what you say," and away she ran till Hollingsworth called her and she sat down by him contented. Zenobia saw this action and gave her a little lecture on the proprieties of social life which would come when our pastoral should be played out.

It surprised me that Hollingsworth should be so recklessly tender toward Priscilla; still, I saw no occasion for fear about

Zenobia, though once, just after she had parted with the girl, I caught an expression on her face that would have made the fortune of a tragic actress. The community, however, took her and Hollingsworth for a pair of lovers, for they walked and talked much together.

One morning, when Hollingsworth and I had been hoeing potatoes, a poorly clad old man joined us, who used to sell purses like those I had seen Priscilla making. He had come to see his little girl. Yet when we told him how well and happy she was, he decided it was best to creep back again to town without meeting her.

"But tell me first," he said, "about the beautiful lady, her with the flower in her hair. Is she kind to my Priscilla?"

"Yes, they are always together," replied Hollingsworth.

"Like a gentlewoman and her maid-servant?" suggested the stranger.

"Rather like an elder and younger sister," answered my companion.

"Ah!" returned Moodie, going toward the house, where, unobserved, he saw them happy with each other at the window. Suddenly Zenobia's mood changed to haughtiness, and the old man, shaking his head, withdrew from sight.

Not long after this incident another stranger appeared inquiring after Zenobia and wishing to see her in private. Where could he find her? He also described Hollingsworth, asking if he had obtained any of her money for his purposes. Then he talked about Priscilla, giving me his card as Professor Westervelt. I told him where to find Zenobia, but declined to inform him concerning Priscilla. I left him and went to a leafy hermitage which I sometimes occupied in the branches of a certain tree—my one exclusive possession among the socialists. Beneath its boughs I soon heard Westervelt's disagreeable laugh and caught glimpses of him and Zenobia. Then the idea strangely forced itself upon me that the familiarity between them was the result of what had once been an intimate love, at least on her part, and now was as intimate a hatred for all futurity. "Why not fling the girl off, let her go?" Westervelt was saying.

"She can do me neither good nor harm," replied Zenobia.

He whispered something, at which she exclaimed with horror: "With what kind of a being am I linked? If the Creator would only release me from this miserable bond!—it will strangle me at last!"

Did I understand what they meant? Surely I would tell no mortal what I had heard.

Our Blithedale society, though it toiled for the good of mankind, often illuminated its laborious life with an evening of pastime. Thus it happened one night that Zenobia told us the legend of the Veiled Lady:—how some young gentleman went to see her, questioned her, but hesitated to kiss her as eternal pledge of fealty until he had lifted her veil. He flung it upward, and the apparition vanished. At that very moment, amid a knot of visionary people seeking for the better life, rose a shadowy maiden, who attached herself to a lady among them. But one day a magician met this lady, warning her of peril and offering her a silvery veil as protection. The lady took the veil and returning home cast it over the girl, when the magician appeared and seized her. Zenobia, who while she repeated the legend held a piece of gauze, now flung it over Priscilla, who fainted. The tale was ended.

As Blithedale also enforced rest from our labors on Sunday, Hollingsworth, Zenobia, Priscilla, and I spent its afternoons at a certain rock known as Eliot's pulpit. There Zenobia declaimed against the injustice the world did to women, and challenged me with her scorn, while Hollingsworth declared that woman, whose office was that of sympathizer, would be a monster without man for her acknowledged principal. To my surprise, Zenobia seemed humbled as she and he walked away together. I saw her take his hand in both her own and press it to her bosom. Instantly Priscilla, who could not have seen the action, began to droop. I asked her whether she were ill. "No," she said, "only my heart, which was so happy, is now so heavy."

"Do not you and Zenobia love each other?" I questioned.

"I do love her; if she loves me only half as well I shall be happy," she answered.

"You can not doubt it. See how pleasantly she and he are walking together." I spoke foolishly, and the girl made me a

little gesture of dismissal. What did all this mean! Was Westervelt a goblin!

The summer was passing away and Hollingsworth was ever insisting on his scheme for the reformation of the wicked by moral and industrial methods. He even meant to obtain possession for his building of the very ground on which we had planted our community. I rebelled against his ruining our enterprise, told him he had lost his sense of honor and thrown aside his private conscience for the sake of his public ends. Finally he argued no longer, though entreating me not to forsake him. I asked whether Zenobia was to take part in his enterprise.

"She is," he answered.

"And what is to become of Priscilla?" I queried. He grew angry at the mention of their names, and bade me decide to be with or against him. Would I join him?

"No," I replied. Never can another word cost me as much pain as did that one.

A few days afterward, when I went to dinner in a coat instead of a blouse, it was assumed that I was going to desert my comrades. The truth was that an intolerable discontent had come over me. I was on other terms than before with Priscilla, Zenobia, and Hollingsworth. Yet the brethren took leave of me with cordial kindness, and Priscilla would have given me a purse if I could have waited for her to finish it.

Arriving in town, I soon found lodgings in the back room of a hotel, for I was not ready to plunge into the muddy tide of human activity and pastime. By and by I watched my neighbors and became sensible, without positive surprise, that two persons whom I saw at an opposite window were Zenobia and Priscilla. Then Westervelt appeared. Zenobia soon showed that she recognized me by a gesture of salutation and dismissal, and drew down the curtain.

Why should I not call? I reasoned. I went to her house and was amazed by the brilliance of her room and of her own apparel. A jeweled flower replaced the natural ones I had seen her wear. "Have you given up Blithedale forever?" I asked. She irritated me by her critical, condescending estimate of the community in answer to my question.

I spoke in return rather slightingly of Hollingsworth, in order to try her. My experiment succeeded, and she defended him. I admired her fidelity. Did she love him?

"Have you brought Priscilla with you?" I inquired.

She called her, and the girl came.

"When do you go back to Blithedale?" I asked. "Does Hollingsworth know you are here?"

"He bade me come," she answered.

What a grip this man has laid upon her whole being, I muttered. On his head be the consequences! Westervelt entered, and Zenobia bade me good-by. Again I asked Priscilla if she knew where she was going, but Westervelt intervened, and they all left me.

Determined to know more, I sought Moodie, the old man who came to Blithedale. After lunching with him, through subsequent researches I became acquainted with the main facts I now record.

Five-and-twenty years ago lived a man, Fauntleroy, who quickly spent his wealth, committed a crime, and fled, leaving his wife (who soon died) and a daughter, who was taken care of by his relatives. He married again, and another girl was born unto him. After her mother's death the girl grew up alone with her father like a ghost-child. He told her much of her elder sister and of her wealth. When Zenobia went to Blithedale Priscilla followed her, hoping to be taken to her sister's heart, who did not even know of her existence. Sometime afterward Fauntleroy (his real name was Moodie) sent for Zenobia. Presuming he was poor, she offered him aid, which was rejected. Content with having seen her in her gorgeous attire, he entreated her to be good to his poor Priscilla. That was all I learned.

The summer wore away without further incident in relation to the three community friends who had absorbed my life, until by chance I saw Hollingsworth at an exhibition of the Veiled Lady.

"Where have you left Zenobia?" I demanded.

"When I last saw her she was at Blithedale," he replied.

"Do you know him?" I whispered, as the bearded enchanter who, I felt, was Westervelt, came upon the platform.

"I never saw him before," was the answer.

Then I asked further, "What have you done with Priscilla?"

Hollingsworth started, glared at me, and was silent.

The performance began. The Veiled Lady was said to be in communion with the spiritual world, and earthly sounds were inaudible to her. But soon, to the magician's discomposure, the Veiled Lady rose. Hollingsworth, who had mounted the platform, was gazing at her. "Come," he bade her. She threw off the veil and fled to him with a shriek, as if safe forever.

Two days after this occurrence I returned to Blithedale to find the community bent on a masquerade. I strayed onward till I came upon Zenobia and Priscilla with Hollingsworth. I felt that a crisis had just come and gone; for Zenobia turned to me, saying, "I have been on trial for my life." Seeing Hollingsworth about to depart, she asked, "Do we separate so?"

"Why not?" he answered abruptly.

"Let me ask a few questions first," she returned. "Did you consider me wealthy? Did I impose conditions when willing to help you realize your dream? Do you love Priscilla?"

"A short time since," he answered, "I should have said No. Now I say I do love her."

"Then God be judge between us!" she exclaimed. "I am a woman who with one true heart to encourage me might have become all that a woman should be. But you are a monster; with you it is nothing but self. You aimed to destroy this community, you threw away Coverdale, you were ready to sacrifice this girl, all to attain your own purpose. Farewell!"

"Priscilla, come," spoke Hollingsworth. She was reluctant, pleading that, though Zenobia had not known it till lately, she was her sister and Moodie their father.

"True, we are sisters," remarked Zenobia. "I never wished you harm, but you stood between me and an end I desired. A cheerless lot is before you, yet go and live with him."

Hollingsworth drew Priscilla's arm within his, and they disappeared among the trees. Zenobia sank upon the ground.

In vain I tried to comfort her. She bade me tell Hollingsworth he had murdered her, and give to Priscilla the jeweled flower which she took out of her hair. Then she bade me adieu.

Worn out with emotion, I fell asleep and woke dreaming

of a tragical catastrophe. I hastened to find Hollingsworth, asking if he had seen Zenobia, and showing him a handkerchief with her initials which I had picked up on my way to him, telling him what I feared. The head farmer joined us, and we hastened to the river-bank. There we found a shoe in the mud. We got into a leaky punt and paddled up the stream, searching. Hollingsworth's pole found Zenobia; he had wounded her heart after her death as before it; the horror of the spectacle! We bore her homeward. At her funeral a stranger, known to me alone, threw the first handful of earth into her grave. I spoke to him, and he blamed her for what she had done.

Some years later I sought Hollingsworth and Priscilla. I asked him how many criminals he had reformed.

"Not one; I have been too busy with a single murderer," he answered.

And I remembered Zenobia's parting words to me—"Tell him he has murdered me."

Of myself what shall I say? I left Blithedale forever, and confess that I myself—was in love—with—Priscilla!

THE MARBLE FAUN (1860)

This romance is known in the English edition as *Transformation.* It is the last completed work of the author, and was written after a period of seven years during which he had confined himself to notes and minor sketches. It is the result of his Italian sojourn, and has become almost a guide-book to visitors in Rome and the adjacent country. The author received many letters asking for an explanation of the mystery in Miriam's past and other points that were not made clear enough to please the matter-of-fact. Hawthorne, in alluding to this, says: "I designed the story and the characters to bear a certain relation to human nature and to human life, but still to be so artfully and airily removed from our mundane sphere that some laws and proprieties of their own should be implicitly and insensibly acknowledged."

THREE persons stood in the sculpture-gallery in Rome, gazing intently from the marble faun of Praxiteles to a young man who had come to the gallery with them. They were struck with the remarkable likeness between the ancient marble and their companion. It was as if Donatello, the living, frolicsome Italian, had posed as the model for the Greek sculptor of centuries agone.

One of the party, Kenyon, was a sculptor; of his companions, Hilda, an American like himself, was a painter, and another, Miriam, also a painter, was a mystery so far as her nationality and past were concerned. There were many wild conjectures about her in the artistic colony of Rome, but not even to these, her only intimate friends, had she ever revealed her real station in life or her aims. They accepted her as they found her, because their own rarely sensitive natures perceived hers to be pure and noble, albeit dashed with melancholy that suggested something in her history which she would willingly forget or live down. Elsewhere than in Rome this ambiguity with regard to the young lady would have operated unfavorably. The truth was that nobody knew anything about her, for good or for evil. She had made her appearance without introduction, taken a studio, and shown a very considerable talent as a painter in oils. Miriam had

great apparent frankness in intercourse, but no one, save Kenyon and Hilda, ever became really acquainted with her.

Some measure of exception in this regard must be made at once in favor of Donatello. He was with her more hours of the day than all others put together; and yet nobody understanding the circumstances could have said that he was her close friend. Miriam tolerated him, for he amused her, his light-heartedness serving to relieve her melancholy. Indeed, from her point of view, his light heart was the manifestation of a light if not empty head, and she, as well as Hilda and Kenyon, recognized that Donatello's mind and heart contained nothing of consequence except jollity and love for Miriam. They were mentally so far apart, and he was such a boy, that Miriam seldom felt called upon to take his eager attentions seriously.

"Donatello," said Kenyon, as they stood near the faun of Praxiteles, "pray gratify us all by taking the exact attitude of this statue."

The young man laughed, and threw himself into the position in which the statue had been standing for two or three thousand years. In truth, allowing for the difference of costume, and if a lion's skin could have been substituted for his modern talma, and a rustic pipe for his stick, Donatello might have figured perfectly as the marble faun miraculously softened into flesh and blood.

"Yes, the resemblance is wonderful," said Kenyon, after examining the marble and the man with the accuracy of a sculptor's eye. "There is one point, however, in respect to which Donatello's abundant curls will not permit us to say whether the likeness is carried into minute detail."

And the sculptor directed attention to the ears of the beautiful statue. In accordance with all legendary tradition concerning fauns, Praxiteles had made this marble creature's ears leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some animals.

"Donatello," said Miriam playfully, "do not leave us in this perplexity! Shake aside those brown curls, my friend, and let us see whether this marvelous resemblance extends to the very tips of the ears. If so, we shall like you all the better."

"No, no, dearest Signorina," Donatello answered, laughing, but with a certain earnestness. "I entreat you to take the tips of my ears for granted."

Miriam impulsively sought to lift his curls, an act that was quite as characteristic of some of her moods as was her frequent melancholy; but Donatello, laughing again, danced away from her until he had put the statue of the Dying Gladiator between himself and her. The friends, amused at the frolic, were more than ever struck with his likeness to the statue; for if the marble of Praxiteles had come to life, the faun surely would have skipped over the floor with just such graceful leaps, just such careless abandon in his swinging arms, and would have uttered just such a merry, childlike laugh.

Miriam made no further attempt to lift his curls; but they all continued to tease their living Faun, insisting that he was thousands of years old, asking about his wood companions, and so forth, and they were still gay with the jest when they issued from the building. Then a sudden and unwholesome change came over Miriam. The laugh left her lips, her cheek paled, and she shrank into the somber mood which her friends found it impossible to understand and from which they could not arouse her. Lurking near one of the pillars of the portico was a bushy-bearded, shabbily dressed man who was manifestly waiting for her and who dogged her steps on her homeward way.

This man was known to the artistic colony as Miriam's model. During a trip through the Catacombs with her three friends she had strayed away, and for a few minutes there was anxiety lest they could not find her; but she answered their cries, and when they came up to her she was guiding this man from the darkness of a side passage. She was plainly disturbed at the time, but her friends put that down to her natural fright at the danger of losing herself in those subterranean chambers; and the answers the man gave them led them to infer that he was a harmless lunatic. They conducted him to the outer world, and from that time he had haunted Miriam. His face appeared on many of her canvases, and he himself appeared before her in all sorts of places, always clearly to her discomfiture.

On the day following the visit to the sculpture-gallery, Miriam called at Hilda's studio.

"I have come this morning on a small matter of business," she said, after they had talked of pictures as only sincere artists can. "It is of no difficulty; merely to take charge of this packet, and keep it for me a while."

"But why not keep it yourself?" said Hilda.

"Partly because I am careless in ordinary things, while you have certain good housewifely ways of accuracy and order. The packet is of some slight importance, and yet I may not ask you for it again. In a week or two, you know, I shall leave Rome. You, setting at defiance the malarial fever, will haunt your beloved galleries through the summer. Four months hence, unless you hear from me, I would have you deliver the packet according to its address."

Hilda readily promised to do this, and Miriam then invited her to ramble in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. "You will think it very foolish," she said, "but I always feel safer in your company." Hilda laughed at the idea of posing as a guardian and pleaded a previous engagement; so Miriam set forth alone, joined speedily, however, by Donatello.

The young man was in his liveliest humor. Apparently he was never affected by the conventions and restraints of the city, but when he breathed the fresh air of the country he became fairly intoxicated with it. He danced along the wood path, flinging himself into attitudes of strange, comic grace. Often he ran a little way in advance of his companion, and then stood to watch her as she approached. With every step she took he expressed his joy at her nearer presence by what might be thought an extravagance of gesticulation, but which doubtless was the language of the natural man, though laid aside and forgotten by other men now that words have become feebly substituted in place of signs and symbols. Gradually his mood brightened Miriam's, and she joined with him in a childlike revel. He told her his love with all the simple frankness of a child, and she heard him without disturbance, though without a trace of answering emotion. He loved her because "You are yourself and I am Donatello," he said. "There needs no other reason."

Miriam presently advised him to think of her as a dangerous person. "If you follow my footsteps, they will lead you to no good," said she. "You ought to be afraid of me."

"I would as soon think of fearing the air we breathe," he replied.

So they talked on, she thoughtfully, he as thoughtlessly as might any faun; and presently they joined a group of peasants who were making holiday in the woods, and danced until Miriam paused from sheer physical fatigue. Then, when their gaiety was at its climax, came the model. Miriam paled, as ever when she saw him, and Donatello, observing her distress, was thrown into a passion that distorted his face until the animal nature of the faun was as clearly revealed in that guise as when he was the happy, wild thing that danced over flowers in the sunshine. He would have thrown himself violently then and there against the man that haunted Miriam, if she had not restrained him. She did more: she dismissed him, compelled him to leave her to talk with her tormentor.

"You follow me too closely," she protested.

"You must throw off your present mask and assume another," her evil genius responded. "You must quit Rome. You know the penalty of refusal."

"Not that penalty with which you would terrify me," said Miriam: "but it may be death."

"Miriam, you can not die."

"Might not a dagger find my heart?"

"It might, if you chose a second time to stain your hands with blood."

"A second time! You know that I am innocent of that crime that drove me from home, that drove you, too—"

"I do not know you innocent! On the contrary, I command the proofs that enmesh you."

Thus ran the strange talk, the woman quailing before the man's stubborn affirmations, which she in her heart knew were lies, but which she had not the evidence at command to controvert. And when at last she returned to the city, he, as usual, followed her at a little distance.

Not long thereafter, Kenyon and Hilda, Donatello and Miriam, and some other artists went for a moonlight stroll

through ancient Rome. They had hardly set out when Miriam's model was seen skulking after them. Miriam herself did not see him at first, but when she did her enjoyment of the evening fled. She was driven almost to madness; and Donatello, at last perceiving the cause of the anguish that she vainly tried to conceal, whispered a passionate request for permission to throw the follower into a deep fountain and drown him. This shocked the harried young woman into some semblance of her customary composure, and the ramble continued with most of the party unaware of the tragic shadows round about them.

They came at last to the summit of the Tarpeian Rock, over which the ancient Romans used to throw their criminals. This was the end of the ramble, for it was nearly midnight. When the party strolled homeward Kenyon, anxious for the opportunity to walk with Hilda, did not notice that Miriam was not with them. Presently Hilda missed her and insisted on returning alone to look for her. Hilda had observed her friend's agitation during the evening, and she felt that a woman's presence would be more conducive to Miriam's comfort than a man's. Therefore she forbade Kenyon to accompany her; and as for Donatello, who presumably had not wandered from Miriam's presence, Hilda gave as little consideration to him as did others of his acquaintances. Donatello present was as of little moment as Donatello absent.

So Hilda returned to the Tarpeian Rock, and as she was about to emerge from the passage that opened on the precipice she halted spellbound, a horror-stricken witness of a tragedy. Miriam was kneeling before the strange figure of her haunting model. In a flash, it seemed, it was all over; but in that flash Hilda saw Donatello leap upon the model, lift him in air and hold him for an appreciable instant over the edge of the precipice while he turned his face toward Miriam; she saw a look pass from her eyes to Donatello's—a look that revealed her heart, a look of hatred, triumph, vengeance, joy at some unhoped-for relief; and then she saw Donatello drop his burden, and she heard a long, shuddering shriek as Miriam's persecutor disappeared over the edge. Hilda's throat was choked with the horror of it. She could not cry out, she could not stir, until, after an interval that seemed—so long!—the quivering

shriek died out in silence, and she knew that the model had come to the end of his journey upon the fatal stones below. Then she turned and stumbled homeward, alone.

The quartet of friends had an appointment to visit the Church of the Capuchins on the afternoon following. Hilda did not keep the appointment; but the others were there and they found a mass for the dead in progress. The dead man lay on a bier in the nave, and they recognized his features as those of Miriam's model.

This circumstance shattered the exaltation of spirit in Donatello which had succeeded the frenzy of his deed. He left the church in silent apathy, and looked at Miriam with strangely half-awakened and bewildered eyes. She led him to the gardens of the Villa Medici, hoping that the quiet shade and sunshine of that delightful retreat would a little revive his spirits. To her, their deed, the crime that Donatello wrought and she accepted on the instant, had wreathed itself like a serpent, in inextricable links about both their souls, and drew them into one by its terrible contractile power. It was closer than a marriage-bond. He felt so, too—that is, he said so when she expressed it for him; but after the view of their victim in the church, he was comfortless.

"Nothing will ever comfort me," he said; "I have a great weight on my heart."

"Rest your heart on me, dearest one!" she pleaded. "Let me bear all its weight; I am well able to bear it, for I am a woman, and I love you! Gaze into my eyes! Gaze into my soul! Search as deeply as you may, you can never see half the tenderness and devotion that I henceforth cherish for you. All that I ask is your acceptance of the utter self-sacrifice with which I seek to remedy the evil you have incurred for my sake."

She felt that he shrank from her, and she was herself cast down into unutterable depths of despair. Never could she accomplish the one mission she now had in life, unless he would voluntarily seek her comfort and aid. Donatello went from Rome to his country estate, and there Miriam secretly followed him. Before going, she called on Hilda, only to learn that Hilda had seen the tragedy and that it raised an insuperable barrier between them. Kenyon also left Rome, and he, too,

went, by long previous invitation, to spend the hot season with Donatello. Eventually he discovered Miriam's presence in the castle—it remained unknown to their host—and learned from her, not what it was that troubled her, but that the shadow over her was the same that had transformed Donatello from a happy, careless child to a moody, hopeless creature of despair. He perceived that, for the salvation of both, it was necessary that Donatello should seek Miriam; and he undertook to bring this about. Kenyon also learned while he was at the castle that, according to local tradition, his friend's family had sprung in remote times from a race of fauns; and that, as generations passed, there occasionally appeared a member who inherited not only the mental attributes of his wild progenitors, but their physical peculiarities also, at least so far as the pointed ears were concerned. Whether Donatello had the pointed ears he never discovered, for the young man persisted in keeping them concealed beneath his abundant curls.

Kenyon arranged a journey for himself and his host, with the understanding that they should arrive at the statue of Pope Julius, in the great square of Perugia, at noon of a certain day. On that day Miriam stood by the statue, and Donatello saw her. The beneficent influences of the journey, added to his surprise at meeting Miriam, accomplished what Kenyon had hoped for; and he left them there, hand-in-hand, evidently at one in purpose and spirit.

Meantime Hilda was solitary in Rome. Her intimate friends gone, her heart hungering unavowedly for Kenyon, she came to a grievous mental condition under the ever-present burden of the horrible secret that weighed upon her sensitive soul. A torpor, heretofore unknown to her vivacious though quiet temperament, possessed itself of the poor girl, like a half-dead serpent knotting its cold, inextricable wreaths about her limbs. It was that peculiar despair which only the innocent can experience, although it possesses many of the gloomy characteristics that mark a sense of guilt.

One day she visited St. Peter's, as she often did, and with no other than an artist's purpose of enjoying its majestic beauty. On this day the sight of many at confession awakened an overwhelming eagerness, nay, necessity to tell! and when,

by chance, she saw a confessional marked *Pro Anglica Lingua* she knelt impulsively in the penitent's place and, tremulously, passionately, with sobs, tears, and the turbulent overflow of emotion too long repressed, she poured out the dark story that had infused its poison into her innocent life—the whole, except that no name escaped her lips.

When the hysteric gasp, the strife between words and sobs, had subsided, what a torture had passed away from her soul! The venerable priest could not fail to observe that she was wholly unversed in the customs of the confessional, and, coming forth, he interrogated her and chided her gently for thus taking advantage of the privileges confined exclusively to members of the Church; but no harm came of it to her or to the Church, not even to her guilty friends; for the priest made no inquiry as to their identity, hinting, indeed, that inquiry was unnecessary, because what Hilda had told was already known to the civil authorities.

Kenyon returned to Rome, and Hilda's days passed happily. So, too, did Kenyon's until the day came when he discovered that Hilda had disappeared unaccountably from her studio. He wandered the city over, seeking for her; he made it a matter for police investigation; no trace of the girl could be found. Still he desisted not, for his tortured heart would permit him nothing but search, search, everywhere, over old ground and new; and as he searched he became presently aware that both Miriam and Donatello were flitting mysteriously across the scenes he traversed. Once Miriam spoke to him briefly; once he spoke to a heavily masked peasant who, he was sure, could be none other than Donatello; but from neither of them did he gain any information or hint to satisfy his soul.

At last, when the Carnival was at its height, and Kenyon was miserable in the frolicking crowd, a rosebud struck him on the lips and dropped into his hand. It came from a balcony, and, looking up, he saw Hilda. She had but just then been released from a singular captivity, and a few paces from them, making a commotion that for the moment jarred the carnival spirit, Donatello was under arrest for murder.

Hilda's disappearance was due to her pledge to care for the packet that Miriam had confided to her. On the day appointed,

four months after Miriam's departure, Hilda took it to the address indicated. It was the residence of one high in the councils of state; and when the packet had been examined by him for whom it was intended, the bearer of it was detained as a prisoner in a convent until the authorities could be perfectly assured that she had no guilty connection with the crime at the Tarpeian Rock. For Miriam came of one of the proudest families of Italy, but one that had been rent by a terrible crime. Its circumstances were such that she, though innocent, was fated to be under suspicion and surveillance; and when her tormentor was found dead, and when shortly afterward Miriam disappeared, it was inevitable that the spies of authority should seek her and examine all who might know of her whereabouts. Miriam, remembering the packet, and knowing that Hilda would do her errand and, under the circumstances, suffer for it, returned to Rome to free her friend; and Donatello returned also, because not even the consolation of Miriam's companionship could shake from him the conviction that his one course was to surrender and pay the penalty of his crime.

So the four friends were separated forever, save that Kenyon and Hilda were happily married. Donatello was sent to prison, and Miriam found the punishment for her acceptance of his crime in being compelled to remain free, for she had not committed murder—she had but looked, and, fatal as this look was, her sentence was heavy in that it precluded her from accomplishing her mission of remorse. Donatello had to endure his sentence without the comfort of her presence.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE
(1871)

The central idea of this story had haunted Hawthorne's mind for many years. It appears in *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, in *The Ancestral Footstep*, in *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, and *The Dolliver Romance*. In the *Note Books* it is several times referred to, as where, in his English Journal, the author writes: "God himself can not compensate us for being born for any period short of eternity." In August, 1855, Hawthorne went by invitation to Smithell Hall, Lancashire, England, and there was shown the bloody footstep which figures so prominently in this tale. The lady of the manor requested him to write a ghost-story on the legend, and three years later he wrote *The Ancestral Footstep*, a sketch. The present story he undertook in the last years of his life, but cast it aside unfinished. It was found among his papers after his death, and Mrs. Hawthorne had begun to put the scattered pages together when her own death intervened, and the task was completed by her daughters. The elder, Una, wrote a short preface for the book, in which she thanked the poet, Robert Browning, for his assistance in interpreting the manuscript.

N a certain day in spring three young people met on a sunny hillside. They were all old friends, having grown up together, and living near each other in neighboring houses on the great Lexington road, close to the village of Concord. Rose Garfield, Robert Hagburn, and Septimius Felton were their names. Rose was very pretty, a little freckled and tanned, but with a face that gleamed and glimmered with quick and cheerful expressions. Robert was a ruddy, burly young fellow, six feet tall and famous for deeds of strength. As for Septimius, he showed the strain of Indian blood in his family, as well as that of studious English ancestors. He had received a college education and was intended for the ministry. Dark and slender, with heavy brows, he was forever brooding, brooding, with eyes that had a perplexed and baffled look, as if to his speculations there was no end.

Robert and Rose were talking of the serious trouble impending.

"My grandfather says we shall not be able to stand against old England," said Rose.

"This war will be a good opportunity to test the matter. Don't you think so, Septimius?"

"Think what?" asked Septimius, lifting his head.

"Why, that our countrymen have a right to live," returned Robert, impatiently.

"It is hardly worth considering," said Septimius, looking at him thoughtfully. "We have so short a time that it is little matter whether we live at all."

"Always this same complaint," said Robert. "Septimius, how long do you wish to live?"

"Forever. It is none too long for all I wish to know."

"Forever?" exclaimed Rose, shivering. "Ah, there would come many thoughts, and after a while we should want a little rest."

"Forever?" said Robert. "And what of those that follow us? Live and let live, say I."

Here the young people separated, Septimius to bury himself away from the fresh life without, and seek, in the dusty volumes piled in his chamber, the secret of that everlasting existence he desired for himself.

Our story is an internal one, dealing as little as possible with outward events, and taking hold of these only when it can not be helped, in order by means of them to delineate the history of a mind bewildered in certain errors. But it is necessary that we should advert to the circumstances of the time in which this inward history was passing. We will say, therefore, that that night there was a cry of alarm passing all through the succession of country towns and villages lying around Boston. There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight; and as morning brightened it brought with it storm, a wild excitement, a coming deed. With the dawn a horseman trailed by in a cloud of dust, and as he passed he lifted up his voice and shouted: "Alarum, alarum! The redcoats, the redcoats!" And trailing this cry far-wavering behind him like a pennant, he dashed onward.

Even Septimius could not study on such a morning; so, rousing himself from his dreams of an immortal existence, he

took the road to Rose's cottage. He found her at the gate, flushed with excitement. Robert, Rose said, was already off with his gun on his shoulder. And as the two stood there the redcoats came marching by toward Concord. One young officer, a handsome, petulant boy, asked Rose for a cup of water, and snatched a kiss from her before Septimius could interpose.

Septimius went home for his gun and then climbed the hill behind the house, from whose crest he could see a long way toward the village. At first the road was quite vacant. Then appeared an isolated rider, going headlong, then straggling bands of countrymen, their flintlocks in their hands. Last, the regular array of British soldiers filled the road. Now and then a shot rang out, and Septimius saw one man fall.

As he stood watching he heard the rustle of leaves and the voices of men, and understood that a party, which he had before observed separate itself from the main body, was marching along the hill-crest. He stepped aside into the brush and watched the company draw near. They all passed except one young officer, who may have heard a slight sound made by Septimius, for he stopped, and, leveling a light fusil, said:

"Stand out, or I shoot."

Septimius at once stood forth, and confronted the same young officer who had saluted Rose.

"Ah, it is you," said the officer, smiling haughtily. "Did you mean, then, to shoot at me from behind a hedge? Come, this is better."

Septimius never felt a greater kindness toward mortal man than he felt now for this handsome boy, so gay, so petulant, putting himself thus on an equality with him.

"I have no enmity with you," he said. "Go in peace."

"Nay, we must fight. Stand where you are. Now—ready, aim, fire!"

Both fired at the word. Septimius felt, as it were, the sting of a gadfly across his forehead. But to his surprise and horror the officer staggered, dropped his fusil, and fell against a tree.

"Well, my good friend," he said, that playful, petulant smile flitting over his face again, "it is my last as well as my first fight. Yes, I must die here, instead of living forever, as perhaps I otherwise might."

"Living forever?" repeated Septimius, his attention arrested even at such a moment, by words that rang so strangely on his brooding thought.

"Yes, but I have lost my chance." Then, as Septimius helped him to lie more comfortably: "Thank you. I have a few things to say before I go."

"Oh, believe me, I grieve for you like a brother," cried Septimius.

"I see it, my dear friend," replied the dying boy, "and though my blood is on your hands, I forgive you freely, if there is anything to forgive." He then gave some directions and an address in England where the news of his death, as well as a miniature he wore next his heart, should be sent. The ivory had been shattered by the bullet, however, and the woman's face upon it destroyed. To Septimius he gave his sword, his watch, and a pocketbook in whose folds was an ancient manuscript and a silver key.

"That document contains, it is said, a great secret. Reap its benefit, if you can. Sooth to say, I never read beyond the first few lines."

He begged Septimius to bury him in his soldier's dress, where he lay, and turned his face aside. Then there came a sudden start and struggle; his eyes met those of his slayer with a wild, troubled look, but as the latter caught him in his arms he was dead.

Septimius buried him as he had asked. And thereafter it became his wont, when he was in deep thought, to betake himself to the hillside and there walk up and down near the little hillock that marked the young soldier's grave, until, in the course of months, he had trodden a pathway there.

It was perhaps owing to the morbidness of his disposition that the manuscript bequeathed to him by the young officer exercised a singular fascination over him. He had taken it from a dying man, with whose blood it was stained, and he felt that his fate was in it. He set himself at last to study it with intense emotion. But this proved no easy task; for it was written in an ancient and crabbed hand, and it was many days before Septimius could make out more than an occasional word in old English script, or in Latin, or else a Greek char-

acter. One sentence alone gleamed out: "Set the root in a grave and wait for what shall blossom. It will be very rich and full of juice."

One morning Septimius found a slender, pale girl seated by the soldier's grave, which none save he knew to be a grave. She had a drooping, pallid grace and large, melancholy black eyes. He gazed upon her with astonishment. She seemed to be in search of something and several times plucked a leaf and examined it, only to cast it from her. At last she lifted up her pale face and, fixing her eyes quietly on Septimius, spoke: "It is not here," she said.

"What is it you seek? Flowers? This is no place for them."

"The soil is fit, but the flower has not sprung up," replied the maiden.

"What flower do you speak of?"

"One that is not here. I will look for it again in the spring."

"Do you then dwell hereabout?"

"Surely," she answered, with a look of surprise. "My home is on this hilltop."

Septimius found later that this strange girl, Sybil Dacy, was staying with Robert's mother, Robert having gone to the wars. She was said to be touched in her wits owing to some great sorrow which had befallen her. Rose soon loved her, and the two girls, so unlike, were much together. But often, too, she haunted Septimius's footsteps, walking by his side along the narrow pathway by the grave.

Septimius became more and more involved in the study of the mysterious manuscript. He procured books on cryptic writings and ciphers, for he found part of the paper to be so written. As he pieced together the little he was so far enabled to make out, it seemed to him the document contained certain rules for the conduct of life, with a recipe for a drink that was said to contain marvelous properties. But more he could not discover, and was close to despair.

The winter swept over through whose snows he still continued to tramp back and forth by the grave. Sybil came once, but shivered and withdrew, her eyes fixed on the small hillock. "I will look for it in the spring," she said.

Spring returned, and Septimius was helped in his researches by a queer old man calling himself Dr. Portsoaken and claiming to be an uncle of Sybil Dacy. He was a botanist and a man of wide knowledge. Aunt Keziah, the ancient woman who was Septimius's only relative and who kept house for him, related a singular legend to her nephew about this time, a legend which purported to concern itself with his Indian ancestor, an old sachem who was said to have possessed the knowledge of how to compound a certain drink whose virtue was such that it conferred immortal life upon the drinker. The old sagamore himself, after existing for several generations, had been slain by the tribe, grown unutterably weary of his permanence. The recipe for this drink had been handed down in the tribe, and Aunt Keziah herself had possessed it. But at some period one of the ingredients which went into it had been lost, and with this had also gone the power of giving eternal life. Nevertheless, it was still a potent draught and the old lady always kept a pitcher of it on hand, from which shewas wont to sip frequently. So nauseous was this concoction, however, that no one else was ever found who could manage to swallow it.

Septimius was struck with the similarity between most of the elements in his Aunt Keziah's recipe and those given in the old manuscript.

One day, when Rose, Sybil, and he met at the grave, Sybil discovered a strange plant growing upon it. She related also a legend of an ancient English Hall on whose stone threshold was the imprint of a bloody footstep. The story ran that a certain lord of the manor, centuries ago, had compounded a drink, with the help of deep study and, it was hinted, agents too terrible to be more than whispered of. He was benevolent in his desires, hoping to do mankind an inestimable service. But the terms with which he must comply were dreadful. Every generation he must sacrifice a pure young life to his. After long thought, the lord decided that this sacrifice was demanded for the weal of the race, to which his unending life would be an incalculable good. So he slew the pure and lovely young girl whom he loved and who loved him. From her grave sprang up the plant needed to perfect his drink, a crimson flower, the most gorgeous and beautiful that ever grew. But a singular

misfortune had befallen the wise lord. For henceforth, wherever he went, he left behind him a bloody footstep. This bloody track followed him whether to the hall of feasting or the altar, up and down his lonely chamber or through the crowded streets of a city. The rain washed it from the street, the terrified attendants from the hall, except where he had first set his foot after returning to his home from the murder of the unhappy child. No amount of scrubbing and neither winter storm nor summer torrent sufficed to dim that stain. And there it still is, to this day. After many years the lord vanished, though not by death, leaving the recipe for the drink behind him. It was always in the possession of the eldest son, none of whom had, however, succeeded in compounding it again. For the seeds of the crimson flower must be planted in a fresh and bloody grave. So ended Sybil's legend. And again Septimius was struck by an analogy which it bore to the Indian story told by Keziah; for there, too, one of the herbs must be planted in a new grave. Also, from something Dr. Portsoaken had said concerning the sword Septimius had taken from the young soldier, and which the doctor had recognized as having belonged to Cyril Norton, the young heir of an English manor, Septimius knew that the legend belonged to that family.

One morning, shortly afterward, repairing as usual to his hillside, he was startled to see that the strange plant growing in the soldier's grave had blossomed. It bore a crimson flower with the dew of the morning upon it, of a stately beauty, illuminated with a golden center, in which something was hidden, a mystery. It was like a person, like a life.

Day by day the plant bloomed more profusely, until the little hillock was completely covered with the wonderful flower. Rose and Sybil came to look at it. Rose stood afar off, admiring it with an ill-defined aversion, as if she thought it might be a poison flower. Sybil examined it closely and at length remarked:

"Yes, it grows well in the new soil."

"What is the strange flower?" asked Rose.

"The *Sanguinea Sanguinissima*," said Sybil.

It happened about this time that Aunt Keziah, in spite of the famous drink which she so loved, took to her bed. Sep-

timius did what he could for her, and, going one day to fetch the pitcher that contained the drink, he added to it two or three of the dried blossoms of the Sanguinea, which he had every reason to believe was the one ingredient that had been missing for so many years from the old Indian's draught. But either Aunt Keziah was too far gone to be helped by any drink, however great its powers, or else there was some other fault. At any rate, she died shortly after drinking it, and Septimius was left alone.

Doubtful of himself, and urged by Sybil, who began to take a deep interest in his search, and to seem, somehow, herself involved in it, he went to see Dr. Portsoaken at his house in Boston. During their conversation the doctor inquired closely into Septimius's family history, finally telling him that he doubted not he was the sole survivor of an old English line, of which Cyril Norton, the boy Septimius had killed, had been the heir. Septimius remembered an ancient oak chest jealously guarded by his aunt, and it seemed possible that the necessary papers might be in that. But Septimius cared nothing for all this. What was an English Hall to him who was to inherit the earth?

So he returned to his work. But follow the directions as perfectly as he could, something was wrong. The drink was turgid, evil, unlike the description. Septimius became more and more separated from the world without him and more drawn to the strange girl who alone seemed to understand his dream and to share it. Only in Sybil did he find a soul akin to his own, and he grew to believe that he and she together were destined to be master and mistress of the world: to endure forever and to know all things.

After many failures to concoct the drink, Septimius one day came upon the silver key which the young officer had given him together with the manuscript. Here, perhaps, was the link needed for success; this too must play its part. Finding, after some difficulty, the oak chest, heavily guarded with iron, that Dr. Portsoaken had so earnestly desired him to examine, he tried the lock with the silver key. The lid flew open and revealed within it a heap of papers. Most of them related to a family tree and spoke of a rich inheritance. These he flung aside and at last came upon another paper resembling the

manuscript so long in his possession. He read it eagerly, and as he read everything was made clear. He saw where his mistake had been; and trembling with an excitement almost too great to endure, he applied himself once again to his task. Now everything went well; it seemed almost as if he were being helped by an intelligence finer than his own. When the inestimable liquid was finally compounded he poured it into a crystal vase, to be acted upon quietly for a month of sunshine by the forces of nature. The moon, too, must have her part in its perfecting. But he could wait—had he not all future time before him?

So it went through its final, beautiful stages. Daily it grew brighter, changing in hue from a deep purple to violet and blue and settling at last to a rich crimson, as if it were the essence of the blood of the young man whom he had slain. Then when the moon had shone upon it, it turned at length to a whiteness as pure as her own, and became singularly cold, so that a mist gathered upon the vase as if it held ice.

In the meantime Robert Hagburn had returned from the wars on furlough, and won Rose to be his wife. The day had come for their happy nuptials, and Septimius and Sybil were both bidden to the wedding. But long before the merry party broke up they had slipped away. Septimius withdrew to his study, and presently a low tap announced Sybil, whom he seemed to expect.

"How cold your hand is! " he exclaimed, as he led her in. "Nothing else is so chill unless it be the potent medicine."

The fluid was in a tall crystal vase of Venetian make, an heirloom in the family.

"Is that the drink of immortality?" asked Sybil.

"Yes. Touch it, see how cold it is."

"Why should it be so cold?" she asked, shuddering as her slender fingers touched the glass.

"I know not, unless endless life goes round the circle and meets death and is the same with it. What if that shiver should last thus through eternity?"

"Do you fear? Methinks that I could find courage to drink it alone."

"I do not fear. But unless you drank it with me I could

find it in my heart to break the jeweled goblet untasted and choose the grave as the better part."

"Do you know what you ask?" said Sybil. "Ah, Septimius, you know me not. Do you remember the broken miniature? Do you wish to know whose features were destroyed by your bullet? Then look on me."

"Sybil! Was it you the young soldier—"

"Yes. I loved him, and you killed him."

"Then you hate me," whispered Septimius.

"Hate you? Have I not helped you in your dearest wish? Does it look like hate?"

"No. And yet, since first I knew you, something has whispered me of harm."

"I came here in hatred and dire revenge, meaning to turn your dearest desire against you, and at last, in the hour of your triumph, to make that triumph mine."

"Is this still so, or did your fell purpose change?" asked Septimius, with pale lips.

"Septimius, I am weak. Only a girl! Hush! do not stir; be still."

She lifted the beautiful goblet to her lips and drank a deep draught from it. Then, smiling mockingly, she held it to him.

"See; I have made myself immortal before you. Will you drink?"

He stretched out his hand eagerly, but Sybil, holding the goblet a moment beyond his reach, deliberately let it fall upon the hearth, where it shivered into fragments, and the bright, cold water of immortality was spilled, shedding its strange fragrance through the room.

"Sybil, what have you done?" cried Septimius, in rage and horror.

"Be quiet! See what sort of immortality I have won. Ah, Septimius, you have not learned all the secrets that lay in those old legends. There were two drinks in which the same potent ingredients were used—all but the last. In one, instead of the beautiful flower was mingled the semblance of a flower, but really a baneful growth out of a grave. The seeds of this plant I sowed on the hillock, and it is this drink that you have made. Its gift is death, which is also immortality."

"Good God! Sybil, is this possible?"

"Even so, Septimius. I thought I loved the youth in the grave yonder, but it is you I love—and I am dying."

"Why hast thou spilled the drink? We might have died together."

"No, live! Kiss me, thou poor Septimius, one kiss! But no! a little poison may linger on my lips—there shall be no kiss. Farewell! Dost thou still mean to seek the drink of immortality? Ah! ah! It was a good jest. We will laugh at it when we meet in another world."

And here poor Sybil's laugh grew fainter, and as it died away she seemed to die with it. For there she was, with that mirthful and malign expression upon her face, but motionless; there she lay amid Septimius's broken hopes, which were shattered as was the goblet that had held his draught, and as incapable of being formed again.

The next morning Sybil was found dead on the little hillock. But Septimius was seen no more, and none undertook to say what had become of him. Rumors there are, however, of an American claimant who made out his right to the great estate of Smithell Hall, in England, on whose stone threshold there is said to be the mark of a bloody footstep, and who lived there and raised posterity. And the present lord certainly has an American cast of feature, not to say an Indian glitter to his eye.

JOHN HAY

(United States, 1838–1905)

THE BREADWINNERS (1883)

This story, with its graphic presentation of the conditions of labor, has had an immense vogue. It was first published anonymously in the *Century Magazine*, and the same year was brought out in book form by the Harpers. It was not until after the author's death that his authorship was definitely admitted by the very few who knew, although Hay had long been suspected as the writer, and never had categorically denied the impeachment. Many felt that the contrast made between the classes and the masses was unfair to the latter; and *The Breadwinners* was answered by another anonymous novel which appeared in 1885, called *The Money Makers*, which devoted itself to exposing the follies and vices of the rich. Henry Francis Keenan later acknowledged the authorship of this book. "Buffland" in the story is Cleveland, Ohio.

IT was early spring in the year 187— in Buffland, a thriving city on the shore of Lake Erie. On Algonquin Avenue, the city's pride, in the library of an elegant mansion, sat Mr. Arthur Farnham, owner and sole occupant. He had been an army officer in the Civil War and on the frontier, and on the death of his grandfather had resigned, having inherited the great estate. Athletic of form, fine of fiber, Captain Farnham when a young women was announced.

He saw a slender but vigorous frame, tastefully dressed, a fine head and a handsome fresh-looking face. The young lady introduced herself as Miss Maud Matchin, and made known her wish for employment as an assistant in the Public Library, of which Farnham was a trustee, although she intimated her preference for the position of his private secretary.

"Thank you, I am my own secretary," he replied, "and think the library far better for you. Have some of your friends write a letter or two in your behalf, and I will see what can be done." She departed, irritated at his advising her to drop her useless eye-glasses, and at his quiet superiority.

"That man made me shy for the first time in my life. It's a man's business to be shy before me. Powers alive! What a house for one man, alone! It would suit my complexion well; but I don't believe I'd take it, with *him* thrown in."

This young woman was the daughter of an industrious carpenter, contented with his work and wages. Matilda—called Mattie—self-called Maud—was a flimsily educated high-school graduate, facile in the cheap fiction of aristocracy, and with a saucy self-confidence. Samuel Sleeny, a blond-bearded young carpenter who worked for her father, was dumbly in love with her, but she good-naturedly scorned him. Yet he was her devoted slave and attendant.

That evening Farnham dined informally with his next-door neighbors, the Beldings. Mrs. Belding was the widow of a famous and wealthy bridge-builder. She was now enjoying the companionship of her daughter Alice, just returned from several years' training at a finishing school in New York; and her beauty and distinction of manner much impressed their neighbor.

Shortly after this, at a meeting of the library-board, Farnham presented the name of Miss Matchin for the vacant place. The librarian favored her, but the remaining three members united upon another girl, whose father was a political heeler in the ward, and Farnham saw that he was no match for the "workers" who had matters arranged beforehand for this little piece of "patternage."

As he went home, disgusted, he met at his gate Sam Sleeny with a kit of tools. "From Matchin's," said Sam. "Something about the greenhouse." Farnham referred him to the gardener and went in. Hardly had he reached his library when Maud appeared, looking as fresh as a rose. She was dejected at her failure to secure the situation, but they discussed matters, and as she was going she asked permission to pick a flower in the garden. Taking her to the rose-house, Farnham gave her several splendid blossoms, and also showed her a short cut through the back garden-gate which she might use. She gaily departed, amid clouds of imaginary glory, and told her father all about it.

After supper Sam asked her to walk in Bluff Park; and during their stroll he told her that he had been in the garden

that day, had seen the roses and heard the talk about the back entrance. Maud said he'd better tell her father about it, and Sam attempted to, but found the old man knew it all and was proud of the attention shown his daughter "by one of them high steppers."

Poor Sam was at once relieved and disquieted. On his way down street he felt a hand on his shoulder and recognized an oleaginous face, shaded by long black hair and lighted by sneaking green eyes. The man was sly and furtive, but, cheerily proposing a glass of beer, he wormed out of Sam his distresses. Then he said:

"Some of us laboring men don't mean to spend our lives working for a lot of vampires; we intend to have a fairer share of the proceeds of our toil. We are goin' to scare the blood-suckers into terms—get our rights, peaceably if possible, but get 'em! What are we, anyhow? Slaves! Rooshian scurfs!"

"Pshaw!" said Sam. "Old Matchin and me agrees about time and pay. Ef he's got his heel onto me I don't know it."

"Yes," said Offitt, "Matchin's a laborin' man himself, but look at his daughter! She'd die before she'd marry a workman. Why?" and his green eyes darted fire into Sleeny's troubled ones. "Because she loves money more than manhood. I hate the world when I see such doin's. But what can you do, alone? Nothing. None of us can. And we've organized, and have got a society pledged to the cause of honest labor. We want men of sand and sense, and you've got both. You must join!"

Sam went to Offitt's rooms in a squalid tenement, and met some men, whom he recognized as among the laziest workmen in town, whose wages were habitually docked for drunkenness, tardiness, and botchy work. As the room filled, it looked like a roll-call of shirks. Sam took a lurid oath and became a member of the Brotherhood of Breadwinners. A spiritual medium named Bott was one of the brothers; and delivered a scathing oration on the arrogance of unrighteous wealth. He had joined the club chiefly to practise public speaking, and got a good half-hour out of the brothers, till they coughed him down. Before adjournment Sleeny was asked for his initiation fee of two dollars, and the brethren for their monthly dues.

"What becomes of this money?" Sam asked.

"It goes to pay room-rent and lights," answered Offitt; "the rest goes for propagatin', and ideas, and especially for influencin' the press."

Sleeny was a dull man, but he made up his mind that he knew something of how Offitt made his living, which had puzzled him, as the man never did a stroke of work.

Shortly after this, Sam, who still worked at the Farnham place, was brought into the house to straighten out some warped doors. While he was there Mrs. and Miss Belding called on some business; and Sam delightedly saw Farnham's interest in the young lady, and called himself a fool to think that everybody was after his Maud. At Matchin's he related the day's events. The idea of Farnham's marrying the beautiful girl depressed Maud, who, however, went with Sam to a spiritual séance (or seeunce as they called it) at Bott's rooms.

Like poor Sam, Bott was inflamed by Maud's beauty, and even the slimy Offitt craved her for himself. Impressed by Bott's ghostly performances, Maud—perplexed by her shifting fortunes—while Sam had gone out to smoke, asked the seer, "If a young lady likes a young gentleman, how is she to find out whether he likes her?" Bott, fondly imagining himself the young gentleman, referred it to the "sperruts," who declared that whether it were a brother or a sister who loved, "Love should be *told*—the revelating word must be spoken."

Maud went home in a tumult of soul, wondering if *he* would respond, should she speak the word.

After a week of passionate wavering Maud went to Farnham's, wrought up to desperation. Sam and Farnham were in the garden. After a half-hour they reappeared, and entered the rose-house. In the house Maud had lost courage, and talked only of another chance of a place, since one of the assistants was to leave; but now she grew desperate again. When Farnham asked her which roses she wished, she replied:

"Never mind the roses." He looked at her, surprised. "I love you," she added; and then, as if set free, she went on earnestly, concluding: "I was silly when I wanted to be your secretary. If I am not to be your wife I must never see you again: you know that, don't you?" and she laid her hand on his shoulder.

His frown of amazement and displeasure alarmed her. She turned pale, and swayed as if about to fall. He put his arm about her to hold her up; she laid her head on his shoulder, and like a child, turned her pretty face up to be kissed. He stooped and kissed her.

"You do love me, do you not?" she asked.

"I certainly do not," he answered; and at that moment Mrs. Belding entered, sent in by Sam, of whom she had inquired for Farnham. Maud started, instinctively felt for the propriety of her head-gear, and walked tempestuously out, brushing roughly past Sam, who tried to stop her.

Farnham honestly explained the episode to Mrs. Belding, who dismissed it as a good joke on him, and asked his advice in a matter of investment. That evening he strolled over to the Beldings and made himself agreeable to Alice and her mother in the moonlight. After he had gone, Mrs. Belding—although she had determined to say nothing of the morning's occurrence—exclaimed, "It is too good to keep," and related all to Alice.

"Did you ever hear anything so funny in your life?" she asked.

"I never heard anything so horrid," replied the girl, and she passed to her room outraged, despising the woman, the man, and almost her mother. "She has *spoiled* him!" she said to herself, and went to bed in tears.

Farnham awoke the next day with sweet hopes and fancies regarding Alice. He did not for a moment think Maud in love with him, but regarded her demonstration as due to her breeding, and only a degree worse than other match-making maneuvers that he had experienced in his own world. He met Pennybaker, one of the political trustees, who, being out with his former partners, offered to propose Miss Matchin himself and vote for her, if he might tell her father that it was his doings, as he wanted Matchin's influence in another matter. So it was done; and Farnham felt relieved.

He asked Miss Belding to ride with him; but that young woman politely declined. He could not account for her slight haughtiness, but set himself to thaw it away, which he succeeded in doing, almost against her will. Had he stopped there, it would have been wise; but he was led to make a declara-

tion of his love. Alice was fascinated by him, but disapproved, and she begged him to forget his words, as a repetition of them must end their acquaintance, which both she and her mother would sincerely regret.

Farnham was effectually stopped. He amazedly accepted her command, took her offered hand, and departed.

A few days later, Farnham learned from a Mr. Temple, vice-president of the great rolling-company, of trouble to be expected among the workingmen, a great strike being imminent. Temple's men in the unions had brought reports that a lot of loose fish—not unionists proper—meant to go through some of the principal houses on Algonquin Avenue, Farnham's being especially mentioned. The next morning the strikes began. Finding it impossible to get protection from the chief of police, or from the mayor, who announced his sympathy with the struggle against capital, Farnham collected about twenty war-veterans, armed them with clubs and revolvers, and had them on his place, awaiting possible trouble.

Meantime Bott, the seer, not having had any "revelating word" of love spoken to him by Maud Matchin, confidently sought her. When she fairly understood his interpretation of her question at the séance, she sprang up and dismissed him with scorn, so that Bott departed like a whipped hound.

He had hardly gone when Offitt appeared on a like errand. Maud promised herself to make short work of him, but Offitt was wary, and beguiled her with his adventures in Mexico, his mining properties, and other fairy-tales, until, in spite of herself, she thought that if even half he said was true he must be a remarkable man. In the end he drew from her her spite against Farnham, who had "tried to be too attentive." He promised to thrash Farnham, and to take her all over the world after they were married; and, while she would promise nothing, they parted hopefully.

The strikes extended, but the crowds seemed good-natured, hoping for some arrangement of differences. Temple, however, reported rumor of a rush on Algonquin Avenue that night. About midnight the gang appeared; but they were met so vigorously by Temple, Farnham, and his veterans that they were driven off. Meantime Offitt and others had burst in the

drawing-room window at the Beldings', and Offitt, in the name of "the Revolutionary Committee," demanded an assessment. Alice ran upstairs for money, followed by Bott, whom however, she outstripped, and locking her door behind her, she flew to the window, and sent out the voice of her love and trouble: "Arthur! Help!"

A rush and a scramble below was followed by a knock at her door, and Farnham's voice saying, "Miss Belding?" She opened the door, and shyly froze again. "Good evening, Captain Farnham," was all she could say. Then, desperately, "Mamma will be very—"

"Glad to see me in the drawing-room?" laughed Farnham. "I've no doubt of it. Your visitors have gone. Will you join her?" Farnham and Temple with their men charged once more on the gang in the street, who finally dispersed, but not before Sam Sleeny had had a direct contest with Farnham—hammer against club—been disarmed and arrested. Bott had been thrown out of the upstairs window by Farnham, and another of the intruders had been knocked down and bound. Offitt had slid out in safety. Alice had gone to bed in hysterical laughter and tears at her absurd treatment of Arthur; and Farnham had concluded that it was time for him to go to Europe.

A few days disposed of the trouble. Sleeny and the others were, by Farnham's intervention, sentenced only to slight imprisonment and fines: Bott, convicted of house-breaking, was sent to the penitentiary; the railroad strikers had accepted terms, and the strikers at Riverly were compelled by their wives to go to work. Thus the whole strike collapsed. In a week the affair was almost forgotten. A few poor workmen had lost places. The rich and intelligent kept on making money and abstaining from politics. In that city of two hundred thousand people, two or three dozen politicians continued to govern it, to assess and spend its taxes, to use it as their own property.

When Sam was released Offitt was on hand, sympathizing, and inciting to vengeance on Farnham. Learning that many of Farnham's tenants were allowed by him, to save their time, to bring their rent to his house on the evening of quarter-day, Offitt began planning some way to secure the money. Sam

came to his room one night to talk. He had a new hammer. Offitt, as usual, stirred him to frenzy about Farnham, and offered to go with him that very night (quarter-day) to settle the thing; adding, "I don't doubt but we could pay ourselves well, too—plenty of portables in them houses, eh?"

"I don't want," replied Sam, "to 'sassinate him or rob him. If I could catch him and lick him in a fair fight, I'd do it."

"Well," said Offitt. "You met him once in a fair fight and he licked you. And you and he courted the same girl—and he beat you there. But it's all right. Let's go out and get some beer. I'll finish your hammer and bring it round after supper," for Offitt had kindly been cutting an S on the handle. As they left the beer-garden he said he wanted Sam to come to his room between nine and ten, and to wait for him if he was out.

Offitt went out, the hammer hidden in his clothes; at Matchin's told Maud that his money was coming, and she must be ready to start on their travels at a minute's notice; went to several saloons and a cheap theater, to be seen, soon slinking out, and then stole to Farnham's house. Below the library window he waited till Farnham was alone, putting up the money in packages; then he drew off his shoes, leaped upon the balcony swiftly and silently as a panther, and entered the library.

Alice Belding was seated before her glass, braiding her hair; her mother had come in to chat. While she was busy she heard her mother say, "What a joke!" and saw her looking with an opera-glass into Farnham's library. She begged her mother not to do such a thing, when the elder woman exclaimed in fright, "Look at that!" putting the glass into the girl's hand. Filled with a nameless dread, Alice looked, dropped the glass, and leaning far out of the window, sent forth again that cry of love and alarm—

"Arthur!"

She turned and sped down the stairs and across the lawn like an arrow. Farnham heard the cry and raised his head. Offitt heard it, too, and it disturbed his aim with the hammer, which, however, felled Farnham but did not kill him. The assassin, seeing his victim senseless, dropped his weapon and, seizing the packages of money on the desk, fled.

Mrs. Belding followed Alice, and found her seated on the floor, holding the blood-dabbled head of Farnham, a glass of water, a pitcher, and some towels on the carpet near by. She had bound up his head, and, believing him to be dead, was kissing him and calling upon him. Mrs. Belding rang violently for the servants, kept them out of the room, and sent them for the nearest doctor.

Alice held Farnham to her heart, rocking him to and fro. "Oh, my beloved," she murmured, "if you will live, I will be *so* good to you!" He groaned. She wept tears of joy, and hearing footsteps, sprang up, left her mother in her place, and ran home.

Later Mrs. Belding brought word that the wound, though serious, was not fatal. Alice promised not to go to him again, agreeing that she had been very silly about Arthur before, but must now leave him to get well and, if he wanted her, come to get her.

Meantime Offitt had run to Matchin's, and, finding a ladder, put it up to Maud's window. First he smeared the door-knob and the ladder with blood from his fingers and then washed his hands. Maud awoke, indignant; but he hushed her and, showing his money, begged her to come that instant, they would catch the midnight train, be married at Clairfield, and sail for Paris next day. Maud did not like him, yet she had not demanded romance, and she did want money. She was tempted. But suddenly remembering that her best clothes were in her mother's closet, and that she could not give that reason, she was dignified, said she should be happy to see him to-morrow, and shut the window.

Offitt sulkily descended, placed the ladder under Sam's window, and hurried back to his own room, where he found Sam asleep on his bed, and, making an appointment for next day, sent him home, telling him that he had thrown the hammer through an open window into the shop.

Of course, the hammer, marked S, was found at Farnham's. Offitt tried next morning to scare Sam into escape, but Sam said No: he was all the evening at Offitt's room, and his friend could testify to it.

As soon as Sam had left Offitt hurried to the police-station

and gave information leading to Sam's arrest. He was detained as witness, and, when Sam was brought in, testified to the ownership of the hammer, with the addition that Sam had told him he had bought it to break Arthur Farnham's head. As this developed, Sam slowly saw Offitt's treachery and tried to attack him, but was prevented. Offitt accounted for his own evening, and was released, while Sam was imprisoned, the bloodstains on the Matchin door and the ladder at his own window going to confirm Offitt's testimony.

The Matchin family perforce accepted this evidence; but Maud was chilled at the heart, remembering Offitt's use of the ladder, and wondering where he got his money. In the evening Offitt came, and, the old folks being out, he grasped Maud's hands.

"Now, my beauty, you will be mine! Put on your hat and we will go."

She freed herself, and, temporizing, asked him where he had got the money. He would tell her when they were married.

"Come here," she said, her face pale, but her lips smiling. She put him on his knees, took his hands in hers, and said,

"I'm afraid you are a naughty boy, and that you love me too much. Did you punish my enemy for me?"

"Yes, my beauty, and I am ready to do the same for anybody who gives you a cross look," he said, inebriated with her beauty and her seductive playfulness: "Now come, quickly! Run and get your hat!"

"Wait here," she whispered, "and be very quiet," and thinking to escape him, she opened the door into the next room—where, in the dim light, haggard and wan, stood Sam Sleeny, who had broken a window and escaped from the station-house.

In her terror of Offitt, Maud was not startled. "Oh, Sam, I am so glad! Save me! Don't let him touch me!" She was in his arms, her head on his shoulder.

"All right, Mattie. Who is it? The police?"

"Offitt," she said.

He brushed her aside like a cobweb, sprang into the room, threw Offitt on the floor, and strangled him without a word.

Once more arrested, Sam told the straight story of Offitt's assault on Farnham and attempt to swear it upon him. Maud

corroborated this by telling of Farnham's money in the dead man's pockets. Mrs. Belding, moreover, testified that the assassin, whom she had seen, was not the yellow-bearded Sam, but a tall man with black hair. The trial resulted in Sam's acquittal; and that was followed by his marrying the woman he loved.

Farnham's convalescence was rapid. But several dinners and evenings with the Beldings made his situation intolerable, from the increasing fascination of the girl and from embarrassment. One evening Mrs. Belding got Alice to sing, and among other songs, insisted on,

> "Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
> In the old likeness that I knew,
> I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
> Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Alice objected, but, when once singing, gave it such irresistible expression that Farnham went home painfully perplexed. But he decided that he must go away, and went next morning to announce his intended sailing for Japan. Alice was shocked into asking, "Why?" The answer was so fully and clearly that it was to escape the torture of seeing and loving her, with the knowledge that he could never have her, that she was in a tremor of delight. But she restrained it, saying:

"You told me you had come to say good-by, and to hear the Douglas song once more. Shall I sing it?"

"Yes," he said, "there is something in the way you sing it that recalls an association too faint for me to grasp. I can neither remember nor forget it."

She sang, and when she came to the line,
"I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas," he started and cried:

"Can't you help me to think what that reminds me of?"

Alice rose, flushing sweetly, and held out her hands. He seized them.

"Come," she said, "I know what you are trying to remember." She led him to a sofa, seated him beside her, put her arms about his neck, and said, "My beloved, if you will live, I will be *so* good to you!" She kissed him gently and added:

"Now do you remember?"

MARY CECIL HAY

(England, 1840–1886)

OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY (1874)

This story was, in its time, one of the most popular of all the tales from the prolific pen of its author.

LD Myddleton's murder had remained a mystery for many years. Circumstantial evidence had shown that, after the first dreadful blow had been struck in Myddleton's library, the murderer had fled through a window, and had been followed by the old man, who, overtaking him at a few yards distance from the house, had fought with him and been overcome under the shadow of one of his own grand oak trees.

Suspicion, amounting to certainty in most people's minds, rested on his nephew, Gabriel Myddleton, between whom and his uncle ill feeling had existed. Shortly after the murder the young man had appeared at a miner's hut on the estate with a bag containing bloody cuffs and coat and torn fragments of a will disinheriting him; which circumstance had led to his arrest. He had broken jail after his trial and conviction, and had disappeared completely, all efforts to discover him having been in vain. Popular gossip connected his escape with the miner's daughter, Margaret Territt, who shortly after the event had married the warden of the jail. Nothing could be proved, however; and, shortly afterward the three had moved away and had been lost sight of.

Gabriel Myddleton had been his uncle's heir; and it was a quarrel in regard to his disinheritance that had led to the supposed murder. Old Myddleton had amassed his fortune by

questionable means and had increased it by sordid economies. He had had one brother and one sister, both much younger than himself. The brother had married a Miss Craven, and the sister had married Sir Hervey Lawrence, a man of great wealth. The brother had had one son, the aforesaid Gabriel, and the sister, Lady Lawrence, was childless. There were, accordingly, no direct heirs, excepting Gabriel; and the terms of the will left everything to Lady Lawrence, at her decease to be distributed as she chose among the connections of her brother's wife and her own husband. Although Sir Hervey and Lady Lawrence had lived in India much of their married life, his home had been in the neighborhood and his connections were living there. The heirs were then Captain and Theodora Trent, cousins, and grandchildren of Sir Hervey Lawrence's sister, and Lawrence and Jane Haughton, grandchildren of his brother; on the Craven side were Honor Craven and Phœbe Owen.

Lady Lawrence had been a widow for many years, and her wealth had grown immensely, amounting to over a million pounds, independent of real estate. The time had come when she wished to make her will. The approaching Christmas was named as the time, and the event was awaited with lively interest by the heirs, who had been kept in uncertainty for so many years. She had expressed a wish to have a group photographed on the grounds of Abbotsmoor, the ill-fated Myddleton estate; and it was of this circumstance that a small party were talking, as they gathered around the dining-table at Mrs. Trent's snug little place, Deergrove.

The party consisted of Mrs. Trent and her daughter, fair and handsome women, ambitious, worldly, and indolent; Captain Trent, supposed to be devoted to his cousin Theodora, a supercilious, fashionable exquisite; Honor Craven, invited on sufferance as a poor relation, a brilliant and beautiful girl who looked at life from an unselfish standpoint and who ignored the fact that she was often snubbed and carried herself with an unaffected dignity and amiability; and Royden Keith, a young man who happened to be stopping at the hotel at Kinbury, the neighboring town.

The discussion concerning the photograph led to Theo-

dora's relating to Mr. Keith, who took an interest in the subject, the details of the murder and the suspicion resting on Gabriel Myddleton. All except Honor Craven seemed certain of the young man's guilt. Royden Keith, who observed many things more than the actual words said, noted a generous defense of the absent cousin on her part, and a plea that justice should be done him.

As the party broke up, Captain Trent walked home with Honor, and Royden Keith went to his hotel at Kinbury, where he found a letter awaiting him. On reading it he ordered his horse saddled at once, and, in spite of the lateness of the hour, prepared for a trip in the saddle at dawn.

"He'll be back to-morrow afternoon," said the groom to his valet. "What do you think that means, Mr. Pierce?"

"I know," said Pierce quietly, "he's going home."

"Home," echoed the young man, "I don't know much, but I do know what that means."

Lawrence Haughton was a lawyer, a man of about forty, and the guardian of both Honor and Phœbe, who were orphans. The two girls lived with him and his sister Jane, a stern, ill-tempered woman, older than her brother. Mr. Haughton was in love with Honor and made her life a burden with his attentions. These same attentions would have been most willingly received by Phœbe, a rather silly girl, good-humored and passably pretty, inclined to be indolent and selfish. She made no secret of her devotion to Lawrence and moaned quite frankly his indifference to her. Honor parried Lawrence's love-making, treating it lightly, and brightening the little home by her fun, good humor, and unselfishness. She would gladly have been fond of Lawrence if he had been content to let matters rest on a cousinly basis. The household was hardly a happy one, and it was not made more so by the frequent presence of Lawrence's clerk, a sly, sneaking person, Bickerton Slimp, who always seemed to be watching for something which he was on the verge of finding out.

The dinner-party at Deergrove had not been Royden Keith's first experience at Kinbury. He had walked over the estate at Abbotsmoor on his arrival at Kinbury, a short time previously, a thing often done by visitors, and had there encountered

Bickerton Slimp, who had dogged his footsteps, and whom he had discovered hiding behind some trees. He had not hesitated to administer a castigation to this gentleman with his cane, which had been taken with sulky cowardice.

A little later the same day a luxurious traveling carriage had driven up to the Kinbury Arms, and a lady, closely veiled, had descended and asked for tea in the drawing-room. Mr. Keith, arriving afterward, had, owing to lack of accommodations at the Inn, been allowed as a favor to keep her company at the tea-table. Bickerton Slimp, arriving later still, took occasion to enter the room on some pretext and noticed that the two were standing near each other on the hearth-rug, in the attitude of old acquaintances rather than of strangers. Profusely apologizing for his intrusion, he had waited about until their departure, and had then made a thorough search through the room, being rewarded by discovering in the fireplace some uncharred fragments of a letter, upon which were written two words, which seemed to him of great importance, and which he carefully appropriated. Whether Lawrence Haughton knew all these circumstances or not, he seemed annoyed to find that Honor had met Royden Keith, and spoke scornfully of the latter's standing and character, when after waiting for the young girl he questioned her about the dinner at Deergrove and its guests.

The next morning Honor and Phœbe walked into Kinbury to make some purchases. On the way back they stopped at a small cottage occupied by two widows, gentlewomen of modest means, who had recently moved to the vicinity. Honor was greeted with vivacity by little Mrs. Payte, who was weeding her garden in a plain stuff dress and an uncompromising brown hat. She inquired for the invalid, Mrs. Disbrowe, and soon slipped upstairs to chat with the patient sufferer. Mrs. Payte amused herself with criticizing everybody and everything, and had merely acquiesced in Honor's shy offer to come every day and do what she could to brighten up the sick-room. After cheerily talking for some time with Mrs. Disbrowe, the young girl went to the kitchen, where the owner's daughter, pale French Marie, sat and sewed from morning till night. Here she learned that Mr. Keith had recommended the

girl's father to take the photograph of the group to be sent to Lady Lawrence, and had in other ways assisted the old man.

On returning to the garden Mrs. Payte questioned her closely in regard to the taking of the photograph, which was to be the occasion of a kind of picnic, and announced her intention to be present. Royden Keith appeared as the girls were leaving, and Honor was pleased to find that he, too, was a friend of the two old ladies. He brought his favorite hound, Lachne, with him, and, upon Honor's noticing the dog, confessed his great fondness for him—"A trusty old friend," he said, "whom I have had with me for many years."

"And from whom you would not like to part?"

"No," he replied, "I do not know what would tempt me to part voluntarily with Lachne."

Royden Keith rode slowly away from the cottage. Lost in thought, he permitted his horse to choose his own way, and found himself after a time in a deserted locality near a railroad embankment. A train was approaching, and what was his horror to see a child toddling immediately in front of it; there was no time for him to attempt a rescue, so he whistled to his hound, and the faithful creature leaped up the embankment, frightening the child into jumping off, but rolling under the locomotive himself. The child's mother appeared from a deserted cottage, and Royden assisted her in bringing back the boy to consciousness, and got her help in burying his dead hound, afterward questioning her as to her identity. He had determined to discover the whereabouts of Margaret Territt, and thought he had secured a clew in this remote place. The woman, although softened by the circumstances, utterly refused to reply to his questions, and, indeed, seemed to have been taken with a kind of dumb terror at his asking them. Royden rode away, depressed by the loss of his favorite and his failure to get information that he sought.

The party at Abbotsmoor was a success. The photograph occupied some time, a cold collation followed, and afterward the party were conducted over the house. Mr. Keith asked many questions, and Mrs. Payte made herself prominent and commented freely on everything, in spite of the determined rudenesses suffered at the hands of Mrs. Trent and Theodora.

This party was followed by one at Westleigh Towers, Royden Keith's place, some miles distant down the coast. The friendship between Honor and Royden was progressing constantly, as each felt more certain of the other's loyalty and truth. Theodora noticed with some anxiety that both Captain Trent and Royden lost no opportunity of talking to the charming girl, always so unselfish and so ready to add to the brightness of every occasion. During this visit to Westleigh Towers, Honor lost herself among the corridors and came upon a room where a beautiful young woman stood before the fire. The sight filled the girl with perplexity. Mr. Keith did not pass for a married man, and there had never been talk of his having a sister. She did not speak of this to anyone, but it remained in her mind as a cloud.

Little Mrs. Payte one day went forth to make some visits in the neighborhood. First she went to the Trents, where she was received with such rudeness that even her coolness did not save her from discomfort, and then to The Larches, Lawrence Haughton's place, where Miss Jane as much as sent her about her business. It seemed as if the little old lady's restless familiarity had received a sufficient check. Perhaps she would have taken this more to heart had not the very serious illness of her friend caused her to keep everything else out of her mind.

The time had come for the reading of the will. Lady Lawrence had requested the heirs to assemble at her house in London. Theodora and her mother went first, followed by all the others except Honor, who would not leave the dying Mrs. Disbrowe. The last sad hours were soothed by her attentions, and she and Mrs. Payte became very dear to each other.

The party at London waited day after day for Lady Lawrence's arrival. At last the news came that she would certainly be with them at dinner that night. Honor had come, and all were waiting in the drawing-room of the immense house at Kensington, when Mrs. Payte, shabbier than ever, suddenly entered the drawing-room. The whole party treated her with marked rudeness except Honor, who greeted her warmly as a dear friend. Presently Mrs. Payte left the room.

After a long delay Lady Lawrence was announced. The

entire party was dressed in accordance with her supposed taste. They all stiffened themselves up and assumed manners they supposed suitable. The door opened: a rustling was heard, and the long-expected, the powerful Lady Lawrence entered—Lady Lawrence, who was no other than little Mrs. Payte, whom they had treated so ignominiously but a few moments before, and who had taken the means of living among her prospective heirs, unknown, in order to discover their real characters and decide to whom she should leave her wealth.

The entrance into English society of the Anglo-Indian millionaire and her adopted heiress was one of the events of the season. The splendid mansion was thrown open to the London world, and Honor became the most sought-for match of the year. She remained the same lovely girl as of yore; and her heart was untouched by the numerous applicants, noble and distinguished, for her hand. One was absent from the throng of her admirers. Royden Keith and she had had a misunderstanding, owing to some malicious words of Theodora's, and he had taken her dismissal as final. The two met occasionally in society, but their greetings were merely formal.

Lady Lawrence died after a year or so, and Honor was left as the sole heiress of the famous millions. She invited Phœbe Owen to live with her, and, after a period of mourning, went once more into society. Captain Trent was a constant attendant upon her, and would have married her gladly if she would have listened to him.

Royden Keith had come again, and there seemed to be a chance of a renewed understanding, when suddenly he disappeared, and nothing could be heard from him for several days, when it became known that he had gone unexpectedly away in answer to a message and was, for some unknown reason, lying very ill at his own home, Westleigh Towers.

Royden had been summoned to the death-bed of Margaret Territt, who was prepared to confess the secret of her life. She was the woman whose boy Royden had saved, and she had always cherished a kind feeling toward him. She gave him a paper, written by her father on his death-bed, confessing that he himself had committed the murder and had stolen the will, thinking it to be a paper of value. The old man had

followed him to the lawn, and he had killed him there and fled unobserved to his own cottage. Gabriel Myddleton had come up and, finding his uncle dying, had administered what comfort he could. Suddenly realizing that suspicion would come on him, he had taken refuge in the miner's hut, throwing himself on the mercy of Territt and his daughter. The miner had basely betrayed him, throwing accusation on him, showing the bloody cuffs to the police, and placing the torn fragments of the will in his bag. Here was the end of the miner's confession, but Margaret continued it in feeble whispers, as her end approached. Gabriel had formerly made love to her and had wished to marry her. The old uncle's scorn of this intention had added fuel to her father's hate of him. Margaret, shaken to the depths by her father's crime and treachery, had done what she could for Gabriel, and by means of changing clothes with him and the connivance of her lover, the prison warden, had managed his escape. Her life had been one long penance for this knowledge of the crime, and she had lived in out-of-the-way places and in constant fear from that time.

Royden Keith, who had known the lovely girl that had become Gabriel's wife, had assisted both, and for the last few years had let Alice make her home in Westleigh Towers, with her companion, Miss Hamilton, while Gabriel worked out a new life for himself across the sea. He could not wait to carry the joyful news that Gabriel was cleared to her in the ordinary way. He rode across country and, coming to a beach near the Towers, where a short cut full of danger from the tremendous tides intervened, he threw precaution to the winds and rode across it, only to be caught in the treacherous waves, his horse drowned and himself taken up for dead. A long illness followed this rash action. Gabriel Myddleton's name was cleared; the courts pronounced him an innocent man, and he was free to return to his own country in all honor.

During the years antecedent to this discovery Lawrence Haughton had worked up the theory that Royden Keith was Gabriel Myddleton. He had employed his clerk, Bickerton Slimp, in the most nefarious way to act as spy on Keith's actions. The slip of paper which Slimp had picked from the grate at the Myddleton Arms bore the words "Dear Gabriel"; and upon

this slip the two had woven a perfect tissue of evidence, much strengthened by the fact of Alice's being at Westleigh Towers.

Shortly before Royden's accident he had caught Slimp again at the Towers, following his congenial occupation of spying upon Alice, had administered sound correction and dismissed the servant whom he had corrupted.

After the proof of Gabriel's innocence the scoundrel Slimp showed that he had his employer completely in his power, and that the latter was a ruined man.

In these complications Honor showed herself to be the guardian angel of the family, using her great wealth to help them.

Through Captain Trent's help Honor was enabled to meet her cousin Gabriel as he landed from America. And by the help also of Gabriel and Alice, she nursed Royden through the attack of typhoid fever that followed his long strain and rash exertion, and had the joy of seeing the light of love on his face when he at last awoke after the long sleep in which the crisis was passed. Thenceforth they would never be separated. Wealth would be used as a means of helping others and fulfilling its mission of blessing. Half of the fortune she settled on Gabriel, who, with his lovely wife, made a home of happiness at Abbotsmoor, while the Keiths lived at Westleigh Towers.

The silence of the autumn night had settled down upon the Towers after the simple wedding. Honor lingered at a window, the October moonlight falling on her bridal dress.

"Sweet, do you feel that this is really home?" Royden had come up to her so quietly that his words seemed only a part of one long, happy thought.

She laughed a happy little laugh and clasped her arms softly round his neck. "O Royden, can we not feel that at last a blessing rests upon Old Myddleton's money? Who in all the world has more cause to try to make others happy than I, who am so happy and so blessed!"

LAFCADIO HEARN

(Greece, 1850–1904)

YOUMA (1890)

This was the last of three books written during Mr. Hearn's sojourn in the tropics. He considered it "more mature and exotic by far" than *Chita*, his first tropical novel. In a letter from Japan he wrote: "It gave me no small pleasure to find that you like *Youma*. You will not like it less for knowing that the story is substantially true. You can see the ruins of the old house in the Quartier du Fort if you ever visit Saint-Pierre, and perhaps meet my old friend Arnoux, a survivor of the time. The girl really died under the heroic conditions described—refusing the help of the blacks and the ladder. Of course I may have idealized her, but not her act. The incident of the serpent occurred also; but the heroine was a different person, a plantation girl, celebrated by the historian Ruiz de Lavison. I wrote the story under wretched circumstances in Martinique, near the scenes described, and under the cross with the black Christ."

HE *da*, in colonial days, often held a high place in rich Martinique homes. She was generally a Creole negress of the darker hue and a slave. But the social privileges of certain *das* were greater than any freedwoman might enjoy. She was a foster-mother as well as a nurse. It was she who took all care of the Creole child, told him wonderful folk-stories, held him in her caressing arms, understood his every little whim. Through infancy she was more beloved than the aristocratic white mother. And though later the mother might be more loved, the affection for the bond-mother was held throughout life. Often the *da* was born upon the estate, and cared for several generations. She never was sold; and if she were freed by gratitude her unselfish devotion made her remain with those to whom she had sacrificed all her pleasures. But the *da* is gone. Some may still be seen. Such a one is Da Siyotte, who is treated with the utmost respect and reverence. When she dies, planters will come twenty miles to act as her pall-bearers. The ladies, who rarely walk, will follow her coffin to the *Cime-*

tière du Mouillage, where her remains will be placed in the family vault.

Youma was a pet slave, the property and the godchild of Madame Léonie Peyronnette. Douceline, her mother, had been bought as a *da* for Madame Peyronnette's only child Aimée. When Aimée was nearly five years old Douceline died. The two children were inseparable, and Madame Peyronnette brought up the little *capresse* as a playmate for her daughter. Their dispositions were different: Aimée was demonstrative, Youma almost taciturn. When Aimée grew to be a Mademoiselle, the slave-girl was still her confidante. Youma had become a superb woman, admired by everyone: but there were few whites who would have dared to tell her of their admiration. She had a certain dignity, which gave her protection. Her mistress spared no money to adorn her beauty, and her dresses and ornaments were as handsome as possible. She was only denied liberty, which Madame planned to give her when it would render her happy.

At nineteen Aimée married her cousin, M. Louis Desrivières —a love-match. Youma accompanied her to the new home, and thirteen months later she carried to the baptismal font a baby girl. Then she became the *da* of little Mayotte. A year passed, and Aimée died from pleurisy. Her husband had loved her passionately, and he could not bear to remain where so many memories dwelt. He went to his plantation, at Anse-Marine, where Youma and Mayotte, who was delicate, soon joined him. In the morning Mayotte could bathe in the river, and sometimes in the evening Youma would take her to the beach to see the surf. But during the heat of the day she had to watch the wonder-world of the plantation from the verandas. She longed to join the slave children at play. She was four years old, had a great passion for stories, and this was the only way to keep her quiet. Wonderful tales did Youma weave for her, and every person on the plantation became to Mayotte a figure in the narratives.

"Mayotte!" said Youma, "you know one must not tell stories in the daytime, unless one wishes to see *zombis* at night!"

"Doudoux-da, no!—tell me one."

"You will not wake me up to-night and tell me you see *zombis?*"

"No, da—I promise."

"Well, then, for this once," said Youma, uttering the traditional words that announce that the Creole story-teller is ready, "*Bobonne fois.*"

"*Tou a fois bel conte!*" cried the delighted child.

Then Youma told her a story about a little girl that was lost in the woods, and a witch, and a serpent that was really a man transformed by the witch, and crawfishes and *dormeurs* and other animals that talked. But with Mayotte's joy came a little fear with the memory of Youma's warning. Youma promised that if the *zombis* came she would make them go away.

That night Youma was alone in the house with Mayotte, when a cry from the child aroused her. The light had gone out, and Mayotte was afraid; she knew there was something in the room. Youma caressed her; Mayotte had been dreaming; she would light the lamp. She searched for the matches. Suddenly her foot felt something clammy and cold, and it was alive! She threw all her weight upon that left foot, and the thing writhed with a terrible power. It wound round her ankle, and then encased her flesh to her thigh.

"*Tambou!*" she muttered.

The foot of the half-breed has prehensile power. She told Mayotte softly to be still, for there was a *bête* in the room. She would call Gabriel. Again and again she called, and her strength was beginning to weaken. Were those strange tinglings the entering of venom into her blood? At last the flash of a lantern told that Gabriel was coming. The door was locked! A crash! the room was filled with light, and Youma saw the horrible head straining at her heel. A voice cried to her to keep still, for her life, as Gabriel stood beside her with his cutlass. A gleam of steel, and the severed head leaped from the body, which lashed the planking. The serpent was nearly six feet long. It was an unheard-of feat, and from that night Youma became an object of respect almost superstitious, for the black admires physical courage.

Youma was secretly pleased with the attentions of Gabriel, the *panseur* of the plantation. He found time to show her many courtesies; he planned ways of meeting her. Usually he bought some gift of fruit for Mayotte. One holiday he ob-

tained leave to go to La Trinité. He returned late, but Youma was still on the veranda, and the child was asleep in her arms.

"*Quimbé!*" whispered Gabriel, and he slipped something wrapped in tissue paper into her hand and hastened away. Later Youma found two large circles of barbaric gold earrings. Gabriel had walked thirty kilometers for them. The next morning he saw them gleaming in her ears, and her acceptance of the gift answered a question that the Creole slave could ask without words.

M. Desrivières was surprised that Gabriel wished to marry Youma. Gabriel was a splendid fellow, but he would make a rough mate for her; she had been the companion of Aimée.

"I can not buy her for you, my son," said M. Desrivières, kindly. "Madame Peyronnette will not sell her at any price. I will ask my mother-in-law whether she will let Youma marry you; that is all I can do."

Gabriel, with a sinister look, hoarsely muttered, "*Mèci, maîte.*"

Madame Peyronnette's decision was that Youma must at once return to the city. M. Desrivières decided to go himself, bringing Mayotte and the nurse.

Youma was stupefied by the decision, and she now resented her whole life. She had always battled against her discontent. She was too young to be a *da;* it had sapped her whole youth. And now! For Gabriel had come—Gabriel, who had opened a world of joy and melody—Gabriel, for whom she would sacrifice her very life. And they were about to take him from her. Only three days more. Gabriel whispered that there was one way out for them. He pointed—the silhouette of Dominica towered against the amethystine day, with crown of ghostly violet peaks, and clouds far curled upon them, like luminous wool of gold. In one night they could be on British soil—free.

She did not see him again that day; she struggled with conflicting emotions. Then came the dying words of Aimée, urging her to promise never to leave Mayotte while she was little. And she had promised. She thought of all she owed to those who had reared and protected her; the dark side of her nature was vanquished; she resolved to say no.

At four o'clock the next evening she met Gabriel by appointment on the beach. While her tears flowed he told her of his

love and urged her to fly with him. But to all his entreaties she answered that she could not go. He grew angry and scorned her; she would leave him for a child! Then in her caressing voice she reconciled him because she was doing what she believed was right. Moreover he was not hopeless, he might find another way to make her his. He knew something of which he could not even tell her. A secret message had been whispered over the plantations; hearts were being stirred by the wind of Emancipation. Youma passionately promised to remain his, no matter what might come.

All through that night visions floated before her. Would she ever see Gabriel again? Then she thought she heard Mayotte cry; the child had found a leaf; something trickled from it; it was the blood-liana. Then they both became afraid because the earth shook with a heavy noise like a cannon's echo.

"It is the tree!" gasped Mayotte, "the heart of a tree!"

They could not move. The tree writhed with awful life, and tried to wrap about them. And the end of the roots and the ends of the limbs had eyes; and through the ever-deepening darkness came the voice of Gabriel, crying, "It is a *zombi!* I can not cut it!"

It was the magical springtime of the tropics; but the hearts of the colonists were troubled. The Republic had been proclaimed, and the promise of freedom had aroused extravagant ideas in the minds of the negroes; for the first time in centuries they might refuse to obey, and they did. A sudden uprising was threatened. There were only twelve hundred whites, while there were a hundred and fifty thousand blacks and half-breeds. The planters as a whole adopted a policy of forbearance, while they should speedily conclude as to the best solution of the question. But the rashness of one planter, who whipped his slave for refusing to obey, sending him to prison to await a law perhaps soon to be obsolete, precipitated the storm. The laborers deserted the plantations and surrounded the prison, demanding the prisoner's release. In twenty-four hours the whole slave population was in revolt, and the cry was: "*Mort aux blancs! À bas les békés!*"

Another day brought a worse outlook. A rumor spread that freedom had been voted; that the news was withheld; that

the official announcement could be exacted only by a call to arms. It was now perilous for a white to be on the streets. Many fled to the ships, and those who could not tried to fortify themselves against assault. Slaves betrayed this; and word was passed that the *békés* were secretly planning to attack the mob. It was too late to suppress a riot.

The Desrivières family sought refuge with their relatives, the De Kersaints. The house, large and strongly built, stood at the end of the old quarter of the city. More than thirty persons assembled there for safety. In the forenoon the servants had deserted with threats of to-night. The whites did not know what was going on. The power of the African sorcerer had arisen. By the Place du Fort a *quimboiseur* served out a venom to those who would drink "the Soul of a Man, the Spirit of Combat"; and they swallowed the mixture of crushed wasps and gunpowder and alcohol, and drank themselves into madness.

Within the stronghold of the De Kersaints the fugitives watched in darkness and told stories. M. Desrivières urged Youma to escape; but she would not forsake them. The rushing of the water purifying the streets seemed unusually loud. Youma went to the window and exclaimed, "It is not the water!" The murmur as of booming surf broke into a roar, and hundreds of men with flaming torches passed through the streets. There was a stench of *tafia*. The mob was drunk, doubly dangerous. Unfortunately, the dwelling of the De Kersaints looked imposing, and they surrounded it, crying, "Search there!" They beat upon the massive doors, and M. De Kersaint, an old gentleman, from an upper window asked what they wished. They resented his term "my sons," and answered that now there were only citizens.

"*Citoyens, pouloss*," responded M. De Kersaint. "Why do you wish to break into my house? Have I ever done harm to any of you?"

"You have arms in the house!" answered the same menacing voice.

M. de Kersaint recognized the man as a *commandeur* from one of the plantations. He replied that they had no arms; but they did have women and children, and no one had a right to enter his house. The mob yelled that they would take the

right. The younger De Kersaint then cried out that they did have arms, and the first man that entered would be killed. He relied on their cowardice, but they believed what the old *béké* had said. A stone whizzed past his head and battered the furniture. More stones followed. The blacks made a chain to supply themselves with projectiles. The shower of stones grew terrific. A shout went up. A *pié-bois*, a weighty log carried by twenty men, arrived and was swung against the house. The iron bar that held the door bent like a bow. "*Soh-soh!-yaïe-yah! Rhâlé fô!*" The doors were down. Blackness greeted them. The leader seized a candle and dashed forward. As he crossed the threshold a report rang out and he fell dead. The frightened negroes would have retreated, but the pressure hurled them forward. De Kersaint, with his empty pistol, stood alone at the foot of the stairs, believing he could terrorize them by moral force. They fell on him in the fury of fear, and he sank. Simultaneously a gun was fired from the entrance at those on the staircase, and M. Desrivières fell.

After an instant's panic the passion of the mob became intensified. But the *békés* had gone to the upper rooms, where it might be dangerous to follow. There was no means for the *békés*' escape; they were helpless. But there was no one to lead the assault. Meanwhile the body of the dead leader was paraded through the streets and armed men cried: "*Mi!—yo k'assassiné nou! yo tchoué jouè nou!*" . . . His wife shrieked: "*Métte dijé zautt!—brilé toutt béké!*"

The cry was caught up. But suppose the *békés* should dash down upon the incendiaries? A quick suggestion, and the rioters battered the stairway, smashing it to bits. They heaped it in the hall and fired it with torches. Then all the furniture was wrecked and thrown upon the fire. Shrieks came from upstairs. Faces were seen through the smoke, of women old and young, and their pitiful entreaties were answered by laughter.

The heat became intolerable, and the blacks retreated to the street. The tocsin rang from the Cathedral and the lesser churches, but the black firemen did not respond. The soldiers were ordered to remain at the barracks, though the Governor knew the peril that was raging. His order appeared to justify the white Creole's hatred of republicanism.

In desperation, as the fire increased, men leaped from the windows, deserting the women and children, and fleeing through the high cane. Some, more chivalrous, remained to comfort the helpless. From outside the clamor of a new liberty rang out. Suddenly Youma appeared at the window, and a hush followed her. In her thrilling contralto she denounced the mob for killing the *békés*, to whom they owed everything. She scorned them that they "would see a negress burn, because a negress was your mother!—*Alle!—batai—bake!*"

Her words had struck home; but new oaths drowned her voice. Then someone furiously fought his way to the front, crying aloud to the mob to stand by him, for they did not burn negresses. Youma knew it was Gabriel daring the hell around him for her sake. The mob responded to his cry, a ladder was put up, and Gabriel ascended. Youma lifted Mayotte to the window. Could he save her? Gabriel shook his head. The crowd howled, "*non—janmain yche-béké!*"

"Then you can not save me!" cried Youma, clasping the child to her bosom.

Gabriel implored her, but she was deaf to his entreaties. Then came the cry that she could burn with the child, and Gabriel had just time to escape when the ladder was pulled down. Once more it was raised, but then the ladder itself was ignited, and hope was gone.

Youma, without emotion, stood calmly at the window. She bent and whispered to Mayotte. The little one clasped her hands in prayer, then with a cry she clung to Youma's bosom, for the walls quivered as with a hurricane. Youma wrapped her foulard about the child's head, and with infinite tenderness soothed her. Never to Gabriel had Youma appeared so beautiful. And then—she was gone. The building quaked into darkness.

A hush came. The victims no longer shrieked. The murderers were horrified by their crime. Then the flames wriggled out again, twined into one huge fluid spire of tongues that flapped and shivered high into the night. And even at that hour a ship was bringing the republican gift of liberty and promise of universal suffrage to the slaves of Martinique.

MAURICE HEWLETT

(England, 1861)

THE FOREST LOVERS (1898)

Maurice Hewlett has been a student of that period of England's history when knights fought with spear and shield and heard their fathers talk of the Crusades. His stories, as he notes in the introduction to *The Forest Lovers*, "take you into times and spaces alike uncivil." No more definite period is assigned to *The Forest Lovers* than this, but the action covers a year, and the place, Morgraunt Forest, is a wild tract of vast extent, with few villages and fewer roads, but dotted with abbeys, convents, and castles.

ROSPER LE GAI, younger son of the Baron of Starning and Parrox, found himself an unwelcome companion to his elder brother immediately after their father's death; so he put on his armor, took his sword and his horse, and set forth unattended for the wilds. He rode toward Morgraunt because there perilous adventure was most likely to be met. "It lay between the mountains and the sea, a mystery as inviolate as either. In it outlaws, men desperate and hungry, ran wild. Young men had ridden in, high-hearted, proud of their trappings, horses, and what not; none had ever seen them come out. Morgraunt had swallowed them up; who could guess to what wild uses she turned her thralls?"

On the second day of his journey the young knight came upon a wandering friar, Brother Bonaccord, with whom he traveled till night, when they slept on the sward side by side. The friar was up and off before Prosper awaked, but they met again when the knight was at one of his many serious crises in the heart of the forest. Prosper, therefore, went on alone, soon entered Morgraunt, and almost at once saw a beautiful, richly dressed lady who was dragging with great difficulty the

dead body of a man. She besought Prosper to help her bury him, which he did. It was clear to him that there had been foul play in the man's death, and though the lady gave him a plausible explanation of the circumstances and invited him to her dwelling, he repelled her advances and went his way, resting on the fifth night in the neighborhood of Holy Thorn Abbey.

This was one of two religious foundations set up in Morgraunt Forest by the Countess Isabel, ruler of the entire region. The Countess had been betrothed to the Earl of March, a man twice her age. While the Earl was away fighting her heart was won by Fulk de Bréauté. She lost head as well as heart, married Fulk secretly and bore a child, who was given to the Abbot of Holy Thorn for safe-keeping, whence it promptly vanished. The Earl returned from the wars, murdered Fulk de Bréauté, and married the Countess. Shortly afterward the Earl died, and the Countess found herself a second time a widow, and childless, as she believed.

The Abbot of Holy Thorn was a rare schemer. As confessor to the Countess, he was convinced that she would never marry again. At her death, therefore, Morgraunt would revert to the Crown unless the two religious foundations should contrive to divide it. There was one difficulty, known to him alone—the fact that the Countess Isabel's child still lived. She was called Isoult la Desirous, and was supposed to be daughter of a thief and a witch, a ragged, wild creature, the scorn of all the country thereabout, because she was believed to be herself a witch and grossly immoral. If Isoult were out of the way the Abbot's scheme could progress fairly. He called on his almoner, Dom Galors, to perform this necessary task, and told him the secret of Isoult's birth. The Abbot promised him a great reward, but Galors perceived a greater in playing false to the Abbot, renouncing his vows, and making Isoult his wife. Accordingly Galors sought out Isoult on the heath where she was wont to tend sheep, and made her believe that the Abbot had condemned her to be hanged unless some man should consent to marry her before the next morning. When she was thoroughly frightened he offered to give up his certain advancement in the Church and save her by becoming her husband.

Isoult was not less terrified by the prospect of death than by the monk's rude wooing. She struggled hard when he would overcome her by force; and while they were thus engaged Prosper le Gai came riding across the heath. He rescued the girl, regretting that he could not fight a monk, set her upon his horse before him and rode away with her.

It was evening, and a black storm came on. Horse and knight were blinded, but Isoult slept peacefully. Prosper at length found promise of shelter in a rude hut where, it proved, Isoult lived with her reputed parents. To them she told her story while the knight waited outside. Then he was welcomed within, and food was set before him. Another wayfarer had previously found shelter there—Brother Bonaccord, the companion of his second day's journey. As soon as Prosper had supped Isoult's reputed father put the situation before him.

"You have brought the bride home," said he, in effect. "If you do not marry her, she will be hanged for a witch at morning. A holy man is here at your service."

Prosper was astounded beyond measure.

"Is she your daughter, you dog? and do you speak thus of your daughter?" he cried in a fury.

"She is my daughter, indeed."

"Would you have me marry a witch, old fool?"

"Nay, sir, but it is marriage for choice, seeing the friar is to hand."

Prosper turned to look as Isoult. "God's grace!" he thought, "is she so fair without, and within so rotten?" He observed her thoughtfully for a time, then turned to her father.

"See here, old scamp," said he, "I have sworn an oath to high God to succor the weak, to right wrong, and to serve ladies. But understand me, I do not marry on compulsion or where love is not."

The old rascal repeated his argument with regard to the projected hanging, and Brother Bonaccord advised marriage if for no other reason than to save the girl from Dom Galors, whom the friar knew to be a black-hearted scoundrel.

Prosper questioned Isoult. She could not deny that she was a witch, for men called her so. She believed she did not deserve death, but she desired it.

"Is that why you are called La Desirous?" asked Prosper.

"I desire to be what I am not, my lord, and to have what I never have had," she answered. "I desire to be clean and to have peace."

Deeply moved, Prosper took her without the hut, and in response to his searching questions she said: "I am no witch, and though I have seen evil I am a maiden, my lord, and such as you would have your own sister be before she were wed."

Then she besought him to let her be hanged, and to do her the supreme kindness of standing beside her at the fatal tree till she died.

Prosper was convinced of her purity, and that if he saved her life he would be doing a good deed. It was clear, moreover, that if he did not save her from death Galors would do so, and that manner of salvation was worse to Isoult than death itself. So said Prosper: "You shall not be hanged yet awhile. I will wed you as soon as I may."

But Isoult was troubled afresh. She reminded him that he had no love for her, and she said: "We two will never come together except in love. Shall it be so?"

Prosper bowed, saying, "It shall be so."

Then they reëntered the hut, and Brother Bonaccord made them husband and wife, using a quaint ring that Isoult's reputed father furnished for the ceremony. The old witch put her hand to the girl's bosom and felt there, saying earnestly: "Keep thou what thou hast there till the hour of thy greatest peril. Then it shall not fail thee to whomsoever thou shalt show it."

That night Prosper and Isoult slept side by side, with his drawn sword between them.

Dom Galors knew a woman in Morgraunt whose name was Maulfry, and who was held to be a courtesan. She lived in Tortsentier, a lonely tower, where, it was said, many gentlemen adventurous in the forest had met shameful death at her hands. It was she whom Prosper had found dragging the dead body of a man to burial. In her tower was an extensive collection of armor, the spoils and souvenirs, so to speak, of her nefarious *liaisons*. The discomfited monk, after Prosper had taken Isoult from him, rode straightway to Tortsentier and told Maulfry what

had befallen him, explaining that Isoult was an heiress, but omitting the fact that she was the daughter of the Countess Isabel.

"I shall recover her," said he. "I shall give up the Church and become a knight. You must supply me with armor."

This Maulfry gladly did, for her deathly spite had been stirred by Prosper's rejection of her advances, and she hoped that Galors would revenge her by speedily killing the scornful knight. He chose, at her suggestion, a suit of armor that had been worn by the latest of Maulfry's victims, and next day set forth to find Prosper and Isoult. They were readily found. Prosper, firm in his conviction that married life without love was a sin, decided to put Isoult in charge of the nuns at Gracedieu, the second convent founded by the Countess Isabel. Their route took them near Tortsentier, though they knew it not, and when they were about to climb a hill there a burly man in armor barred their way. It was Galors.

A fierce combat ensued, in which Galors was worsted. Prosper left him severely wounded and went on with his bride. Hue-and-cry was raised, for the wounded Galors was quickly found, and Prosper was pursued by men and bloodhounds; but all perils were escaped by dint of divers venturesome devices and clever forest work, and after some days the knight arrived with Isoult at Gracedieu. He did not say that she was his wife, but, telling the Lady Abbess that Isoult was an unfortunate maiden, pure and obedient, he left her there for sanctuary. Isoult remained without questioning her lord's wisdom, but her heart was sore, for already she loved him dearly and would have preferred with all her soul to be with him wherever he went and serve him as his slave.

Although Isoult performed her duties at the convent to such good purpose that she became a favorite with the Lady Abbess, she never ceased to grieve and long for Prosper's return. One day, months after his departure, she was in the woods near the convent, where she went that she might be alone with her grief, when a handsome lady accosted her, called her by name, and persuaded her that Prosper had sent for her. This was Maulfry. Isoult went with her to Tortsentier. The moment her absence was discovered, the Lady Abbess sent a messenger

to Prosper at High March, the Countess Isabel's castle, but the messenger was slain on the way by a hireling of Galors, who at that time still lay at Tortsentier recovering from his wounds.

Isoult was dressed in fine raiment there, and Maulfry was her constant companion. The bride was in daily expectation of Prosper's arrival to claim her, and Maulfry had every day a fresh excuse for his delay. At length Isoult discovered that Galors was in the tower, and then she knew her peril and realized that she had been deceived. At night she fled, wearing the clothes of Maulfry's page, Vincent, who had fallen in love with her. She hastened to High March, escaping Maulfry's pursuit, only to fall in with Galors, who was now well again. Him also she eluded, and so, spent with fatigue and nigh to starvation, she came to the Countess Isabel's castle, to warn her husband as well as to seek his protection.

Meantime Prosper le Gai had entered the service of the Countess, who esteemed him so highly that, despite their disparity in years and her twice-widowed state, she fell deeply in love with him. This was patent to all save Prosper. He had well-nigh forgotten his wife, but he remembered that he was married, and cherished no dream of union with the powerful lady who was his benefactress and whose cause he espoused. When Isoult came, representing herself as Prosper's servant, he received her as such. Her sex was not suspected, and for days she waited on him at table and slept at his door. When she had told him all that had happened, it dawned upon him quite suddenly that she loved him. As yet, however, he himself felt none other for her than the same pity that had led him to befriend her, and growing admiration for her loyalty. Prosper took things as they came. It was his way, and up to and some time after this episode he was not touched that a mere girl should so toil and suffer for him.

Eventually came Maulfry, intent on slaying Prosper and recapturing Isoult. She was in disguise, but Vincent, her page, slipped away from her and warned Isoult. The terrified bride, instead of taking the news to her husband, sought to prevent Maulfry from entering Prosper's presence. There was a fierce fight in a corridor, in the course of which Maulfry stabbed Vincent to the heart and escaped. Prosper, when he heard of it all,

rebuked Isoult for undertaking his quarrels, and then set forth to find Maulfry.

During his absence Isoult's sex was discovered by a serving-maid who had fallen in love with the "boy." The secret was betrayed to the Countess Isabel, the hapless bride's mother, who, jealous and madly piqued at what appeared to be Prosper's insolent misdemeanor in harboring his low-born mistress in the castle, permitted her retainers to punish Isoult as a wanton. She was tied to a ram's back, and when the beast ran the gantlet she was beaten with cudgels by all who could get within reach. When she was nigh to death one man had sufficient compassion to unloose her from the ram, and she lay down to die, but a charcoal-burner found her, thought the half-dead "boy" might be useful in the forest, and took her away. She lived many weeks far from High March, doing menial service for the rough company of charcoal-burners, by which she profited at least to the extent of recovering her wasted physical strength.

Prosper did not come up with Maulfry. He soon found that much of the Countess Isabel's country had been laid waste and its towns captured by Galors, who had mustered a great company of outlaws. So Prosper wisely returned to High March for the purpose of taking a sufficient force to destroy Galors and his followers. The Countess received him coldly, and when he learned what had befallen his wife, whom he then acknowledged as such, he was more terribly aroused than ever he had been while fighting the Countess Isabel's battles. He slew many of her retainers and cast himself in miserable humiliation on the grass, still bent by Isoult's body where she had lain after being released from the ram. Bareheaded he prayed: "Lord God of heaven and earth, now at last I know what the love of woman is. Let my wife learn of me the love of an honest man. And to that end, Father of heaven, suffer me to be made a man."

It was the turning-point in his career. Thenceforth he sought his wife, and did battle in divers places and endured strenuous adventures, that he might recover her. He roused the people of devastated towns, and formed them into an army by which the country was restored to its rightful possessor, but ever he maneuvered for a meeting with Galors, and long did cruel circumstances withhold him from it. Isoult, meantime, had

again been discovered to be a woman, this time by a youth in the camp of the charcoal-burners, who decided to marry her. He compelled her to go to a town and to his mother's house, leaving her there while he himself made arrangements for their wedding. A neighbor directed him to Brother Bonaccord, who promptly accused Isoult of being already married. Isoult was put in such straits by this (for Galors was master of the town) that she showed to the mother of the enamored charcoal-burner the thing that always had been concealed in her bosom, and that her witch foster-mother had told her would be her salvation.

It proved that the old woman had been in her youth a serving-maid to the Countess Isabel, and she knew by the trinket that Isoult could be none other than the daughter of the Countess. She did not reveal this fact to Isoult, but straightway took her into the forest again to save her from the complication with her son and from peril of Galors.

At last Prosper and Galors met in a ruined castle. Prosper was unaided, and Galors's numerous retainers overwhelmed him. He was supposed to be dead, and they threw him into a lake, where the cold water revived him. Galors, having heard of Isoult's whereabouts, now wrote the Countess Isabel that she was alive, and announced that he would go to High March with her and demand her as his bride. At that time Isoult was at Holy Thorn Abbey. She had been found accidentally by the Abbot, he who first schemed against her. The Abbot had her richly dressed and surrounded with luxuries, but he chained her to a monk, biding the time when he could profit richly by disposing of her for a high dowry. Mass was being celebrated when the recreant monk, Dom Galors, arrived at Holy Thorn. Galors rode his horse straight into the sacred building and ran the Abbot through at the altar. Then he broke the chain, caught up Isoult and rode away with her.

Prosper came upon them at the very spot where he had first fought Galors. Their battle now was of the fiercest. Both were unhorsed and spears were broken. They paused to breathe and in knightly fashion discoursed of their past and present. In the course of his adventures Prosper had learned that the family name of Galors was De Born, and also that De Born was

the name of that dead knight whom Maulfry had dragged to burial. So much he said to Dom Galors who, realizing for the first time that Maulfry had done murder to one of his own kin—to him indeed whose armor Galors had chosen—begged a half-hour's truce to the combat. Prosper granted this, and Galors went to Tortsentier, where he made short work with the wicked Maulfry. Then, faithful to his knightly word, he returned, resumed the combat with Prosper, and was killed. Prosper cut off his head and took it to High March.

His purpose in going there was to confront the Countess Isabel with her infamy in dishonoring his wife, but on their arrival the secret of Isoult's birth was disclosed to each. The letter from Galors had apprised the Countess of her daughter's existence, and preparations had been made to receive her; but until she came and displayed the trinket in her bosom it was not suspected that she was Isoult. The Countess Isabel was deeply shocked when she perceived how she had treated her own daughter; but amends were speedily made, for sorrow could not dwell long in the presence of such great love as now burned equally in Prosper le Gai for his wife and in Isoult for her lord.

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY (1900)

The leading personage of this story is better known to readers of romance as Richard Cœur de Lion. The author's choice of "Yea-and-Nay" for nickname indicates the essential difference between his story and other romances dealing with the same period, for Mr. Hewlett gives comparatively scant attention to Richard's deeds of individual prowess. Stirring incidents, it is true, abound in the pages, but when Richard himself is concerned they serve rather to keep his traditional character in view while the author devotes himself with almost stoical rigidity of purpose to depicting the man who was behind the deeds. It is more a story of the mind than of the body, and gives a convincing if unlovely presentation of the hero and his contemporaries. The events of Richard's life as set forth in the histories of the twelfth century form the pegs on which the author strings his episodes, but the book can hardly be called a historical novel because personages never hinted at in history are introduced, who play not only important but essential parts in shaping the hero's destiny. Through all is maintained that study which results in a view of Richard as a man of shifting purposes, true to nobody, not even to himself, playing yea to-day and to-morrow nay, but made humanly attractive to some degree by his enduring love for a woman who was the creature of the author's invention.

ICHARD, COUNT OF POICTOU, third son of Henry II, King of England, was betrothed in his infancy to Alois, sister of Philip of France; but when he was thirty years old he fell deeply in love with Jehane Saint-Pol, ten years his junior, daughter of a noble whose estate lay between France and Normandy. Her parents were dead, but she had two brothers, the elder of whom encouraged Richard's wooing, for with such a brother-in-law it seemed he might aspire hopefully to the greatest advancement.

For two years the wooing continued. Jehane's heart was given unreservedly to Richard, but her head and her conscience she kept wholly her own. Richard recked little of his allegiance to Alois; he had defied his royal father in other matters, he would do so light-heartedly in this.

"You are all I have in the world," said this heir to a throne. "What! Shall a man not choose his own wife?"

"No," said Jehane, ready for him; "no, Richard, unless the people shall choose their own king."

You see, she had another way of looking at it. There was, first, his pledge to the child of French royalty. That was a matter of honor. True, the pledge had been made for him by others when he should hardly be esteemed cognizant of its meaning; but he had grown up in it, and since he became a man had not, till now, repudiated it. Then there was obedience to his father, more than ever imperative because that father was also his king. If these considerations were not enough, there were his ambitions and selfish interests, in which were bound up inextricably the affairs of nations. Jehane foresaw with unerring clearness of vision that union with her would be worse than a stumbling-block to Richard. On that point she said little, for he could not brook the thought that opposition or obstacle should swerve him from his determined course; but she pressed hard on honor, and at last she won from him a most sorrowful Yea. Richard left her and fared to Louviers, where King Henry was with Prince John, Richard's brother, and Alois; and many dignitaries assembled to complete the arrangements for the international marriage.

The meeting between father and son was most distressing. Henry heaped such insults on Richard as only one of his stern stuff could have endured without retaliating in kind. At length, "Sire," said Richard, "short speeches are best. As son I have knelt to the King, my father; as servant I am ready to obey him. Let that marriage, designed in the cradle by the French King and you, go on. I will do my part if Madame Alois will do hers."

Madame Alois was shortly summoned, and she came, to Richard's surprise, from the King's tent. She was embarrassed to the degree of helplessness, shrinking from Richard, never facing his eyes. The interview was unsatisfactory save in its brevity, and when the King abruptly dismissed her she returned to his tent. Richard was uncomfortable with suspicion. He demanded of his brother, Prince John, that he explain the reason why Alois was in the King's tent, and the answers he received seemed to him evasions. Presently he met Count Saint-Pol, Jehane's brother, sent as a member of the French party

to the assembly at Louviers. Saint-Pol was grievously disappointed that Richard had discarded his sister, and expressed his feeling with little reserve. "In this case," said Richard, "I am acting against my own judgment and will."

As Saint-Pol appeared to doubt this, Richard offered him the privilege of riding against him, but the Count could not accept because his allegiance to the French King required him to support, ostensibly at least, the cause of Alois. But as for Jehane—"I believe that she is yours at this hour," he said.

Richard abruptly turned the conversation to other subjects, and learned that gossip at Paris had had much to do with a recent song of Bertran de Born's, in which scandalous things were hinted concerning the English royal family. Richard affected to be indifferent, and indeed did not at this time inquire particularly into the matter. Another meeting with Alois convinced him that she had lost her wits, and fixed him immovably in determination never to marry her. The thought of it so aroused his disgust that it turned his purposes in another and natural direction. He wrote to Jehane that he would see her in two days "for the last time or forever."

When Jehane received this letter she sent for Gilles de Gurdun, a sturdy Norman knight who had loved her since childhood.

"Gilles," said she, when he came, "do you love me?" And when he essayed stammeringly to speak, she continued: "Listen to me, I do not love you, but I am frightened. Some one is coming; you must help me. I give myself to you, I will be yours; I must—there is no other way."

Richard found them together in the chapel. He moved forward like a wind and caught the girl up in his arms. Gilles touched him on the shoulder, and he turned like lightning, with Jehane held fast.

"What now, dog?" thus the lean Richard.

"Set down the lady, my lord," said doughty Gilles. "She is promised to me."

"Heart of God, what is this? Is it true, girl?"

Jehane looked up from his shoulder, where she had been hiding her face. "I am promised, my lord," said she. "Let me go."

Richard set her down between himself and Gilles and coldly

interrogated both. He learned that this was Jehane's voluntary act; he became convinced of Gilles de Gurdun's honesty. At last he put Jehane's hand into that of Gilles and held the two together. "God serve me as I shall serve you, Gilles, if any harm come of this," he said. Then Richard kissed Jehane on the forehead and went out without a look backward.

Straightway he journeyed southward to visit Bertran de Born, the scandal-mongering troubadour. Richard was himself a famous troubadour, and for days he and Bertran entertained each other with contests after the manner of poet-composers of their time. Richard sang ever of Jehane, of whom he truly said that she never loved him so much as when he gave her to another. Bertran sang, as was his wont, indefinitely, as one might say by innuendo; and at length, stung by the glowing verse of his great rival, his foul nature burst the bonds of discretion and decency, and he gave forth a stanza the purport of which was unmistakable. Presumably this was what Richard had been striving for. It may be he baited the gossip to tell his worst, but at all events what he heard was a plain intimation of improper relations between Alois, his betrothed, and King Henry, his father. It was not that he cared a jot for Alois; on the contrary, he despised her as he despised most persons, male and female, as a fool; but his name had been honorably associated with hers, and the insult to his house was intolerable. At first, in a fury of laughter, he affected to regard the matter as excessively comic, and then in a fury of passion he fell upon Bertran and forced him to name the person from whom he had heard the scandalous tale which he had incorporated in his verse. Bertran named Count Saint-Pol, Jehane's brother.

This episode with the troubadour fixed Richard's purposes in one general direction: war against his father, for in his heart he believed the scandalous story, and he prepared his forces to that end, biding patiently the time when he should meet Saint-Pol. When that time came, which was before war was declared, he gave Saint-Pol the lie direct. They rode outside Tours, Prince John himself officiating as arbiter of the combat. At the third shock Richard drove down horse and man together and broke the Count's back.

After this it was war in earnest, with Philip of France an unwilling ally of Richard's. Jehane's younger brother, now become the Count Saint-Pol, obtained Philip's secret permission for her marriage to Gilles de Gurdun. News of this came to Richard even while he was beset with the problems of moving armies in the field and giving battle to the King of England's forces. Before nightfall he planned a campaign that should require several days, and left its execution to subordinates. Then, with three companions, he set forth for Gisors, a walled city in the enemy's country, where Jehane was to be married. His one thought was to see Jehane for a last time, and he journeyed leisurely, that he might not arrive in advance of the moment when he must lose her.

The wedding-party had gone into the church when four knights, spattered with mud and the sweat and lather of their horses, came posting in at the city gate. Two halted, and sat like statues within the gate, and one went with Richard to the steps of St. Sulpice and stood there holding his master's horse. Richard alone went with long, soft strides into the church. He padded down the nave, kneeling at every altar as he went. Many an eye followed him as he pushed on and past the curtain of the ambulatory. They guessed him for the wedding, and so, God knows, he was! In the shadow of a great pillar he stopped short, for there he could see the business in train.

He saw Jehane at prayer, kneeling at her faldstool like a painted lady on an altar tomb. All the world, with the lords thereof, was at his feet, but this treasure which he had held and put away was denied him. By his own act she was denied. He had said Yea when Nay had been the voice of head and heart, of honor and love and reason at once; and now he knew he was to forbid his own grant. When the priest had the ring on his book, and the two hands trembled to the touch, Richard stole forward again with his long, soft, crouching stride. So softly he trod that the priest saw him first; the others had heard nothing. It was done in a flash. From his crouched attitude he went, as it seemed, at one bound. The shock drove Gilles de Gurdun back among his people, and Jehane found herself caged in a hoop of steel. With one mailed hand he held her fast under the armpit, with the other he held a fidgety sword.

The company panted at the shock. Gilles cried on the name of God, and, with two others, started forward. Richard, with Jehane held close, went backward on the way he had come in. His long arm and long sword kept his distance; he worked them like a scythe. Priests, choristers, peasants, knights, all huddled together, baying like dogs. Richard strode down the steps, set Jehane on his horse, vaulted up behind her, and, as his pursuers came tumbling from the doors, cantered over the flags into the street. His companion followed, the iron pair at the city gate closed in behind, and away they all went, breakneck, before the dumfounded wedding-party could organize effective pursuit.

For six days Richard and his stolen bride had honeymoon in a lonely tower guarded only by the three knights. Then came Gilles de Gurdun, with a party of friends, and King Henry, with certain of his soldiery who were not ashamed to ambush one who might be their future king. There was a stubborn battle, from which audacity armed by strategy brought forth Richard and his comrades unscathed. At the last moment King Henry tried desperately to kill his son, and might have been killed himself had Richard been so minded. He spared his King as a matter of filial honor, and returned to his army, plunging at once into the business of proper warfare. But he fixed a date for his marriage to Jehane, and, when the appointed time drew near, set forth to Poictiers for the ceremony. On the way they encountered a loathsome leper who delivered himself of a prophecy that had great influence in shaping the future of Richard and Jehane.

"Beware," he said to her, "of the Count's bed; for so sure as thou liest in it thou art the wife of a dead man and of his killer." Jehane reverted often to this in arguments at a later time, but for the present Richard overwhelmed her doubts, and the marriage took place with great splendor of accessories and entertainments. There was a triumphal journey to the important cities in Richard's country, and when they returned from it they learned that King Henry was dead. Richard immediately proclaimed himself King of England and ordered a magnificent funeral for his father at Fontrevault. On that occasion befell a miracle. The Abbot preached a sermon ex-

pressly designed to incite the many royal personages in his audience to undertake another attempt to wrest the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the Moslems. At the conclusion of his impassioned address the great painted Christ on the Rood stooped his head forward thrice. All fell on their knees save only Richard, King of England. He, indeed, arose and stood to his full height.

"Lord God," said he, "I perceive that Thou hast singled me out of all these peers for a work of Thine. Enough said. Thou askest not words of me. Now let me go, that the work may be begun."

From that moment the crusade was the leading impulse in Richard. From that moment, too, Jehane took firmly her attitude that Richard must put her aside. Their marriage had not been strictly canonical; therefore she was no wife to him. The leper's prophecy assured her that if she became indubitably his wife his holy venture would be ruined. Although in this, great with her theme, he saw her inspired, standing with her torch of flame to point his road, the natural man in him rebelled, and strenuously he combated her arguments. He went to Rouen to be crowned, and then to England to be crowned at Westminster. There at length Jehane overcame him. She would not part from him, she would be his slave, but not his wife. Visibly she stood symbol of belief, sacramental, the fire on the altar, the fine shy spirit of love lurking at the Cross's foot. And so this fire with which she led him lifted her, and she became indeed what she signified. Thenceforth Jehane was never to him what a sister might not have been.

In those days, as now, it cost money to wage war. When it came to moving an army to the far Holy Land, Richard's resources were overtaxed, even though he slaughtered and despoiled all the Jews in London, sacrificed jewels and pledged lands. The King of Navarre, for reasons of state doubtless, offered him his daughter, Berengère, in marriage. Jehane herself urged Richard to accept, for the dowry would solve the difficult financial problem. The idea was most repugnant to him, but again Jehane had her way. It was arranged that Berengère should go to Sicily. There King Richard would meet and marry her. But he took advantage of events in Sicily to postpone the mar-

riage, and was forced to it (again by Jehane) only after the expedition had arrived in Cyprus. By then he knew that Jehane was to bear him a child, knowledge that gave him the utmost exaltation of spirit while it also caused the bitterest regrets. Nothing, however, could be permitted to stand in the way of his holy enterprise; everything that might foster it must be done; and so the marriage with Berengère came on in grand state, as befitted the royal principals. A great feast was held, at which Queen Berengère sat by the King in a gold chair, and was served on knees by the chief officers of the household, the kingdom, and the duchy. Also, after dinner, full and free homage was done her, a desperately long ceremony, and none was prepared for what was to follow it. At the close of the homage-giving Richard arose, threw back his purple robe, and showed to all beholders the wrinkled mail beneath it. He was, in fact, in chain armor from shoulders to feet. He drew his sword with a great gesture, and held it on high.

"Peers and noble vassals," he called out in measured tones, "the work calls us; Acre is in peril. Kings, who are servants of the King of kings, put by their private concerns; queens, who bow to one throne only, to that bow with haste. I am for the Cross! Lord Jesus, behold thy knight! You of the Cross, follow me to win the Cross! To the ships, to the ships!"

His sword flickered in the air; and following it, leaping after the beam, a great swish of steel, soon a forest of swords. The knights followed their leader headlong to the ships. On his knees, facing the shrouded East, King Richard spent his wedding-night, with his bare sword for his partner. Neither events nor arguments ever persuaded him to be a husband to his queen.

There was terrible fighting at Acre and elsewhere in the Holy Land. In the midst of it Jehane's son was born. The mother was placed in a good house, strongly guarded, where she had all attention that faithful servants could give. Unknown to them —for she overheard their talk while she seemed to sleep—she learned from them of a plot that threatened Richard's death. For his worst enemies were not the Moslems. The counsels of the crusaders were divided ever by jealousies, and there were always near Richard men whom he had offended in one way or another and who sought to kill him. There were, for example,

Saint-Pol and Gilles de Gurdun, both of whom cherished a blood feud; there were dukes, and men of lesser consequence but of equal bitterness, who had grievances that could be cured only by the King of England's death; and among them all was none so bitter, so treacherous, or so dangerous as the Marquis of Montferrat. It was his one ambition to be King of Jerusalem, and from the beginning Richard had contemptuously thrust his claims aside.

Montferrat came to know of the Old Man of Musse, head of a terrible Order of Assassins. Their stronghold was high among the hills of Lebanon. These men were fanatics as well as hemp-eaters. They did the Old Man's bidding with unerring skill, and met the painful death that often followed their killings with certain confidence of immediate entrance into the Moslem heaven. He who aspired to the throne of Jerusalem inquired the way to Musse for the purpose of engaging the Old Man to contrive Richard's death. One of Jehane's servants was sweetheart to the man from whom Montferrat gained his information. It was her gossiping that Jehane overheard. She took with her her baby, Fulke, and went to Lebanon, arriving ahead of Montferrat. There she had audience with the Old Man and interceded for the life of Richard. The terms were her own abasement and captivity.

In due course came Montferrat also, and he too had audience. He made known his business quite plainly, as if it were a matter of ordinary traffic between rulers. The Old Man heard him through, sent him with an escort back to the coast, and gave the escort command to slay the Marquis when they had come near Sidon. This was done, and Montferrat's dead hand was brought as a token back to Musse, where Jehane became the Old Man's chief wife and mother to three children.

So was Richard's life saved by a woman's sacrifice, but nothing human could save his enterprise. Dissension ruled and ruined the crusaders' camps; and at length the King of England must return to his own countries, where there was much need of him, and things to do that were well within his power. He learned of Jehane's captivity but not of her sacrifice, and had no forces with which to attempt her rescue. Misfortune followed him at sea, and he landed on Austrian soil, shipwrecked,

almost unaccompanied, and under necessity of posing as a merchant, that he so might pass safely through hostile territory. His giant stature and his regal manner were his undoing. He was captured in a lonely inn, carried to Gratz, and chained in a tower.

Years passed, while all Europe haggled about his ransom. At length the Old Man of Musse permitted Jehane to go to his aid. She came disguised to the base of his tower, and there met Gilles, just come from an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Richard in his chamber. These two, Gilles and Jehane, conversed, and Richard, exercising at that moment at the top of the tower, overheard them; and so he came to know how Jehane had sacrificed herself for him. She went on after that, traversing much of southern Europe, and persuaded Berengère, the neglected Queen, to become active in raising the ransom. And when this was at last accomplished, she returned faithfully to Musse.

Richard returned to his countries and to power; but his friends hardly knew him. The domineering spirit was the same, the relentless energy directed to a purpose; but it was long before they realized what this purpose was. He would rescue Jehane! When he had raised his army, and made all ready for a campaign, he wrote her briefly of this purpose, and his letter was read by the Old Man of Musse, who immediately despatched three Assassins to search western Europe and do their work when they found it to hand. They came upon Richard at Chalus and shot him with an arrow that caused a mortal but not immediately fatal wound. This was as the Old Man had directed.

In the wan hours left to Richard came three women, one after another, and spoke the truth so far as they knew it, each. The first was Alois, in the garb of a nun, who said: "Thy father was not guilty of my despair. It was thy brother, Prince John. A villain is he."

A moaning sigh escaped the King, long-drawn, shuddering, very piteous. "Ah, Alois! Alois! Which of us was not a villain?"

Next came Queen Berengère, about the time of sunset. She was terribly moved to see his ravaged face. No doubt she

loved him, but she had nothing to say. The King read her soul.

"Madame," he said, "I have done you great wrong, yet greater elsewhere. I can not die in comfort without your pardon; but I can not ask it of you, for if I still had years to live I should do as I have done."

The Queen shivered, turned to her Christ, and so spent the night.

The last to come was Jehane, and she came with the dawn. She knelt, put her arms over Richard and kissed his cheek. Berengère did not question her right to do this. The King awoke without start or quiver, saw Jehane bending over him, and smiled. He summoned Saint-Pol, who had been his deadly enemy to the last and was now a prisoner. In his old, abrupt way he freed Saint-Pol and bade him be reconciled to his sister; and he was manifestly deeply content to see them clasp hands. They talked calmly of Jehane's life at Musse, and less calmly of Fulke, Richard's son. Queen Berengère frantically besought the privilege of caring for him under the knightly guardianship of Saint-Pol, and this was granted in charity to one who had no other way to be of service to her King. Then came Richard's last gasp, as his body struggled vainly to retain his soul. Jehane put her lips on his, and so stayed, and felt him grow cold beneath her warmth. The fire was out.

Richard was buried at Fontrevault, but not all of him. Jehane had his heart in a casket and laid it among the dead dukes of Normandy. This done, and Fulke disposed of according to the arrangements made at the death-bed, she returned again and for the last time to her other children, and to such duties as her station at Musse required of her.

PAUL HEYSE

(Germany, 1830)

IN PARADISE (1875)

This, the author's second long story, was published two years after *The Children of the World*, his first and most famous novel. Like that, this work, a tale of artist life in Munich, attempts to show that the present life is all-sufficient and that hope or fear of a future existence is futile.

IT was a Sunday in the midsummer of 1869. The bells of the Frauenkirche were already ringing for high mass. But in the artists' quarter of a suburb of Munich their appeal passed quite unheeded: artists are not wont to be supporters of a regular celebration of the Sabbath. On the ground floor of one of the houses a sculptor was busy finishing a statue of a dancing Bacchante from a living model—a wild-eyed young girl with reddish golden hair that fell to her feet. She was nicknamed Red Zenz because of these auburn tresses. Though her features were irregular, they were beautiful in a sort of half animal fashion. She had a perfect figure, a brilliant complexion, and an innocent, childlike smile enlivened her full lips. In a corner of the studio lay a big Newfoundland dog of almost human intelligence, named Homo. While model and sculptor were resting awhile from their labors, the janitor slipped a card through a hole made for the purpose and said that a strange gentleman wished to speak with Herr Hans Jansen.

"Felix, Freiherr von Weiblingen," exclaimed Jansen, joyfully. He rushed into the yard. "Felix!" he cried, "is it you or your ghost?"

"I am inclined to think it is both," was the answer, "with a heart in addition."

The sculptor pressed him so closely to his breast that Felix could hardly breathe. They had a strong affection for each other, though one was a plebeian and the other a patrician, bound together by many sympathies, and especially by their worship of art. Unfortunately, the young nobleman's undoubted talents for sculpture were somewhat marred by dilettanteism, while Jansen's whole soul had always been in his work.

"Come," said the sculptor, "sit down in this arbor and unpack your budget. Such a circumnavigator as you must have wonders to report to stay-at-homes like myself."

Thereupon Felix entered into the details of his four years' student life at Heidelberg and Leipsic, after his university days in Kiel. Then, wounded in a duel with a Russian, he went to Heligoland for his health. "And, by the way," said he, "I heard there that you had married an actress." At this point the sculptor's face darkened. Felix continued. The death of his father had compelled him to return to the absurd little despotic state in which he was born; he lost his heart to a beautiful little orphan girl of seventeen under the guardianship of a jovial and rather profligate uncle, who refused to allow her to marry before twenty. Furthermore, he exacted a pledge from the young man that he should not see her in the interval. During his three years' banishment, spent chiefly in different American countries, he and his *fiancée* corresponded regularly. Unfortunately for himself, he reported his adventures with absolute candor. Although there was nothing very grave about them, the poor child, living in an absurd, starched society, was alarmed by the tone of some of his sketches. Moreover, she could not help learning a little of the habits of some young men from her uncle's mode of life, his private orgies and *petits soupers*. Then when he returned, the strangest thing happened. Two lovers who had been counting the hours, while separated by thousands of miles, till they should fall on each other's necks, could not meet a single day without a quarrel, and this because the moral law seemed to the man a wretched slavery, while the young woman thought even a moderate degree of freedom immoral. Although Felix believed that there was no *absolute* moral code, that conscience was simply a product of culture, and the cate-

gorical imperative a pure fiction, a certain base deed of his, before his engagement, had left such remorse behind it that, in a moment of weakness, he confessed the story to Irene's uncle, under a pledge of secrecy. The uncle was more amused than shocked by the incident. He threw out some hints that reached his niece's ears. "She insisted on knowing the whole from myself. I could not lie to her. On the next morning I received her parting letter. That was a week ago. I do not despair. Meanwhile I wish to devote myself to the fine arts, if you will take me in training. If you do, it will not be long before I shall lift myself above this wretched world of Philistinism and its foolish love-affairs."

Jansen did not base very exalted hopes on an art apprentice who was adopting his career, as it were, out of spite. But he was glad to have his old friend with him at any cost. "Here is my hand," he said. "You can begin kneading and chipping to-morrow—and let your baronial ancestors turn in their graves at it, if they like."

Jansen then conducted Felix into a second studio, adjoining that in which he had been working. The Baron was amazed. Upon slender pedestals stood a multitude of figures, most of them of half life-size, such as are used for the decoration of Catholic churches and cemeteries. Was his friend going to take the cowl and declare poor naked beauty to be an invention of the devil? The sculptor looked a little ashamed; but he had his explanation. The world of to-day will have nothing to do with true art. He had found it the same in Hamburg as in Kiel; and Munich, the "Athens on the Iser," was as Philistine as either. He could not earn enough by pure art to keep life in his body. When the idea of getting a living in this fashion first struck him, it shamed and humiliated him. Then the humor of it also struck him. He, an unmitigated pagan, to establish a manufactory of saints! He set to work, was now employing twelve assistants and rapidly becoming rich. "But take courage, beloved son," said the sculptor. "Thy old friend is not so utterly bad as these trade-wares show him. You will give me back your self-esteem when I now lead you out of my tailor's shop into my paradise!"

As soon as they entered Zenz blushed crimson, ran to the

chair where she had laid her waist and hat, shot like an arrow into the second studio and bolted the door behind her, crying: "You have broken your word that no one should see me. It's shameful!"

Felix was rather surprised that a model should be a stickler for propriety; but he was told that this little orphan, who worked in a flower-factory, was rigidly conventional, and had only consented to come to Jansen's studio on his promise, unluckily forgotten, that no one should see her except himself.

The young man was admiring the Bacchante, when Jansen said: "I will show you something that mortal eyes have not yet seen." And he unwrapped the damp cloths covering a great veiled group. The figure of a youth, of more than mortal stature, lay stretched upon the ground in an attitude of perfect grace and beauty. Bending over him, in a posture of innocent wonder, was a youthful female figure. Unlike that of the man, the woman's figure was unfinished. It was the First Man face to face with the First Woman. The work was so magnificent that Felix could not take his eyes off it for a quarter of an hour. "But," he exclaimed at last, "why have you not made more progress with your Eve, Hans?"

"Because I have never yet found a model. And now you shall go with me to our high mass—one we never miss on Sunday. We shall go to the Pinakothek."

While they were examining some of the old masters in one of the halls of this art-temple, Jansen noticed, a few alcoves away from them, a lady whose figure was of such exquisite grace, majesty, and antique, ideal beauty that he lost all consciousness of his surroundings. He strolled along with Felix for a while, silent and abstracted. Then he said, suddenly: "Let us go. Such a perfect piece of living nature puts to shame all illusions of color, so that even the great masters seem like bunglers beside it." But he had found a model for the head of his Eve.

On their way back to the studio Jansen stopped at the residence of a man who would have been a great artist if he had not been a sybarite, with wealth enormous enough to gratify the most extravagant desires. Edward Rossel, known in the artist world as "Fat" Rossel, looked like a high-bred Oriental, and

though plump and portly, was by no means fat or clumsy. He received Hans and Felix with great cordiality. During the conversation which ensued, of course entirely on art, Rossel said: "By the way, Hans, isn't next Saturday 'Paradise'?"

"Certainly, the last before autumn."

"What is this about 'Paradise'?" asked Felix when they were in the street.

"You shall soon see for yourself. We come together once a month and try to delude ourselves into the idea that it is possible to throw off the hypocrisy of society and return to a state of innocence. We have been fairly successful. We form a little group of good fellows, all equally impressed with the worthlessness of our social state. Everyone is bound to show himself unrestrainedly, just as he is, without being disagreeable. On the other hand, no one has a right to pounce maliciously on the weak points his neighbor may possibly expose."

The stately, aristocratic mansion, now a pleasure resort, was certainly never intended by its builders to receive the score of revelers that entered its long hall, made to look as like the Garden of Paradise as possible, after eleven o'clock at night. Felix was intensely interested. The conversations on painting were delightful, especially when some artist placed in position a large sketch in colors to be criticized afterward. A scene from Goethe's *Bride of Corinth*, pictured by a young Greek, breathed such a stifling spirit of sultry passion that even the not very prudish members of the Paradise Club were a little taken aback. Then there were little dramas and comedies, written for the occasion and played by puppets which astonished Felix by the dexterity with which they moved along the stage. After the wine had loosened even the heaviest tongues, the festive feeling burst forth in all its glory. Then, as Jansen had indicated, everyone sought out the neighbor he liked best, and everyone showed himself in his genuine character, as Jansen had foretold. At four o'clock a member announced that the cask had run dry. With funereal mien and pathetic earnestness, he summoned them to pay the last honors to the deceased. A solemn procession was formed. With a blazing torch in every hand, the revelers, standing in a semicircle around the cask, sang a requiem,

at the close of which all the lights were suddenly extinguished. Then, arm in arm, the friends sauntered forth in the gray morning air, humming snatches of song and fragments of the fandango.

The beautiful unknown of the Pinakothek who had fascinated Jansen he discovered, shortly after he had met her, was a frequent visitor to the studio of a woman, an artist friend of his on the upper story, who was painting her portrait; but all she chose to tell Hans was that her sitter was a Fräulein Julie S——, a native of Saxony and alone in the world. The sculptor managed to get frequent glimpses of her as she passed through the hall and upstairs, and, as the event proved, he made good use of his eyes. One day, when Jansen was known to be absent, Minna prevailed, though with much difficulty, on the Fräulein to visit his studio. She wished to show her the group of Adam and Eve, which was beautiful enough, she said, to make respectable people shriek, although the head of Eve was not yet finished.

"But, for Heaven's sake!" she cried, noticing Julie's sudden pallor when the group was uncovered, "what is the matter? Gracious Heaven!—that! Such treachery! I never could have believed it! Now I know why he would not let anyone see it for the last fortnight!" The beautiful girl, sinking down into a chair in unutterable shame and anger, looked up at her own image. She lowered her veil, as if, after this experience, she no longer dared to look anyone in the face, and hastened to her home. Yet, when she was alone, she could not feel as angry at this secret insult as propriety demanded. Indeed, she was asking herself if she did not love this sculptor. Was she really as beautiful as that? Ten years ago she might have been—but now?—A knock at the door. Her old servant entered and said a Herr Jansen wished to present his compliments. "To apologize," she thought.

But he did not look like a penitent. "Gracious Fräulein," he said, "if you visit my studio again, instead of your own features you will see a shapeless mass. I have done at once what I should have done later in any case. I can only plead for my insane thought in giving your features to Eve that since I first saw you I have been insane. No other face has floated before my vision but yours; and I could think of no better way of deal-

ing with my hopeless passion than by striving to reproduce that face, which none but myself should ever see."

It was enough. They fell into each other's arms. Then, as if suddenly startled out of a dream, he tore himself away. "O God! what have I done!" he cried hoarsely; and pressing her hand passionately to his lips, he rushed from the room.

Julie did not understand. But soon afterward an anonymous letter alarmed, if it did not enlighten her. It said that Jansen was already married and had a child six years old. She enclosed the anonymous note in a letter to him. "Come to-morrow," she wrote, "and give me back my faith in mankind and in my own heart." But it was only too true. In his Prince Hal days he had met an actress who had bewitched him with her innocent, dovelike eyes, her childlike face and indolent grace, as indeed she bewitched the men in every audience she played to. They were married. After the birth of their daughter he was fated to discover that she was a heartless mother as well as a corrupt woman. She went to Heligoland when her baby was sick and refused to return when it was supposed to be dying. Then he learned facts that made it impossible for him to live with her again. He offered to provide for her on condition that she took her maiden name and made no claim to the child. She wrote him a friendly, cold letter, accepting his terms and declaring her intention of returning to the stage. All his requests for a legal separation were rejected by her, except on condition that he should give the child into her hands, the child she had deserted. Julie listened to him with the tenderest compassion and sympathy, but his efforts to persuade her to live with him in some corner of Germany or in some part of America were vain. She had confidence in the future and believed that something would occur to enable them to be legally united.

As for Felix, his efforts to win consolation from art for his disappointment in love proved a failure. His yearning for his *fiancée* grew so uncontrollable that at length he followed her from place to place, merely for the sake of getting a glimpse of her beautiful features. But as soon as she learned of his presence in one city she at once retreated to another, dragging with her her unfortunate uncle, who was paying for his former mis-

deeds by his abject subserviency now to his austere niece. As he could not approach her by day, the young Baron was content to watch after nightfall under the balcony of her room in some hotel where she happened to be staying, or creep to the garden fence of some private house she was visiting. At length he lost track of her entirely and had almost despaired of ever meeting her again, when a letter from Irene's uncle, who had become wildly anxious to get rid of his niece and recover his lost liberty, informed him that they were staying at a villa on the beautiful lake of Starnberg, about a mile or so from a plain but luxurious country-seat of Fat Rossel, who was then entertaining a company of his artist friends.

Obedient to a hint that if he became the guest of his sybaritic acquaintance something pleasant might follow, Felix at once started for Starnberg. A pleasure party on the lake the next day was interrupted by a terrific storm. Next to the boat in which Felix was rowing was one containing Irene. They recognized each other, and perhaps his *fiancée* was nearer relenting at that moment than at any time since their separation. But it seemed as if fate would always bear hard on the luckless Felix. At the inn on the shore in which the stranded pleasure-seekers took refuge a rustic marriage was being celebrated with dancing and the usual rural merriment. To his surprise, he discovered that Red Zenz was one of the servants of the hostelry. As he had often met her at Munich, he took a kindly interest in the rather wild but virtuous little girl; and when she asked him to dance with her he could not refuse, although in no mood for dancing. Just as they were whirling around in the mazes of a waltz, Irene descended from her chamber, imagining that the sight of a peasants' wedding would distract her thoughts. She saw him, and turned back in disgust. And he had seen her. The discovery was crushing. He went out into the open air in a truly pitiable condition of mind. But he found himself misunderstood in another direction also. A truculent boatman, crazed by Zenz's rejection of his suit for her hand, had been watching them through the window. He threw himself on the Baron, who could have easily repelled the assault; but the peasant had a knife.

Half an hour later Felix was discovered lying in a pool of

blood. He was rowed over to Fat Rossel's villa, where he remained for months, hovering between life and death, nursed by Red Zenz, whose innocence, beauty, and devotion made a very deep impression on the heart of his host. Irene decided to remain in the neighborhood until he was out of danger. At first, when she heard that Zenz was nursing him, her jealousy was aroused; after a time she was forced to appreciate the girl's frank and unselfish nature, and she consented to intrust her with a message of good-will for the sufferer, which contributed not a little to his convalescence. At length he was sufficiently restored to render the attendance of Zenz unnecessary. After her departure Rossel sank into the deepest dejection, and had to content himself with immortalizing her little nose and golden mane, as he called it, in a picture.

A visit from Irene's uncle at first elated, then depressed Felix. He invited the young Baron to come over and stay with himself and his niece; for after all, said he, they had the best right to nurse him, as they were his cousins. The joyful amazement of Felix vanished when he found out that the jovial old scapegrace had not the slightest authority from his niece for such a proposal. A few weeks later he wrote to Jansen that he had decided to cross the ocean again and settle permanently in America. When Jansen received this letter he was at work in his studio, making a bust of his child. Julie sat at his side. She had noticed that he had been very gloomy of late and she suspected the cause. After reading the letter, he again insisted that they should seek liberty on the other side of the ocean. But Julie was firm. The more earnestly she longed for their happiness, the more determined she was to attain it in a perfectly prosaic and sober way. Another effort must be made to persuade his wife to consent to a divorce. But she promised that if their attempts to free themselves grew hopeless she would be his—his, if not in the eyes of men, certainly in the sight of God. She was old enough to know what an honorable woman ought to do and to answer for.

When Irene's uncle learned that Felix intended to sail for America in the early spring, he was thrown into the liveliest state of alarm. Was he to have his niece on his hands forever? Some of his acquaintances who were intimate with both Felix

and Irene took compassion on him and promised to use their best diplomatic talents in bringing about a reconciliation. But for a considerable time they had but little success.

On Christmas Eve Jansen and Felix met again at the Paradise Club. They freely opened their hearts to each other, as usual; yet they avoided touching upon the details of their past. That Jansen was struggling impatiently to free himself from his bonds, and that Felix had given up all hope of finding his old happiness again, was all they confessed.

At length one of the diplomatists engaged by Irene's uncle, named Schnetz, laid his plans for bringing Irene and Felix together so skilfully that they met with deserved success. There was to be a masked ball at the Paradise Club, to which Felix looked forward not only without impatience, but with secret aversion.

He was in no mood for masquerading. But he had promised to go, and he went. His costume was that of a Mexican *majo*, which he had brought with him from America. "*Buenas tardes*, Señor Don Felix," said a voice he knew to be that of Schnetz after his entrance. "Let me introduce you to a countrywoman of yours, a genuine Gitana. Señorita—"

Felix no longer heard what he said. Before him stood Irene. He recovered himself by a violent effort. "Shall we dance?" he stammered. She nodded assent. The glow on her face burned hotter, but she did not even raise her eyes. The reconciliation was complete.

While Jansen was at the ball of the Paradise Club, his discarded wife, aided by a mother even wickeder than herself, managed to kidnap their little daughter. As soon as he heard of his misfortune he set out in pursuit, followed by Felix. When he at last discovered his wife there was so horrible a scene between them that Felix, who was outside the room, fearing his friend might commit an act of violence, burst open the door. Hardly, however, had the woman cast a look upon him than, with a shrill scream, she fainted. As for the young Baron, every drop of blood seemed to have left his veins.

"Felix! for God's sake, what ails you?" exclaimed Jansen.

"So that—is—your—wife," he answered, in broken tones. Then he shook himself, and with a gesture of horror rushed

out of the room. As we know already, Felix had once spent some weeks in Heligoland. His visit to the little island was not unconnected with the penitent confession that had amused Irene's uncle, but had separated him from Irene. Jansen not long afterward obtained his divorce, and was married to Julie. Fat Rossel also was made as happy as his indolent good-nature deserved, by being permitted to lead Red Zenz to the altar.

ROBERT SMYTHE HICHENS

(England, 1864)

THE GREEN CARNATION (1894)

This book, appearing a short time before the downfall of Oscar Wilde, when that apostle of estheticism was at the height of his fame, is more than a burlesque of Wilde's personality and principles; it is a keen analysis into its elements of a general type of mind of which he was the most eminent representative, and an artistic synthesis of these into two new characters, closely related, and yet distinct as sound and echo or as appearance and image.

"LORD REGINALD HASTINGS," said Mrs. Windsor's impressive butler, and a young man entered the big drawing-room of Belgrave Square with the delicate walk that had led certain Philistines to christen him Agag. His age was twenty-five or twenty-six; he had pale gilded hair, worn rather long and smoothed, almost plastered down, about the sides of his head; his cheeks were soft and delicately colored as a girl's; his eyes were of a dreamy blue; and his mouth had the slight, unchanging smile of a statue of Grecian youth. He wore conventional evening dress, to which a note of discord was lent by a strange flower in the buttonhole, a carnation of vivid green.

"Lord Reggie," as he was known to fame as well as to acquaintances, was early at the reception. There were present, besides his hostess, who was a pretty woman of the preserved type with young cheeks and a middle-aged mouth, a lady about thirty years of age dressed in black, and a rather large and stout man with a big, smooth face, whose heavy features had an expression of languid power which indicated that he could achieve success in whatever field he chose to exert his evident talent. His hair was brown, and, like Reggie's, worn long,

but in waves that appeared to be the result of crimping rather than of natural inclination. He, too, sported a green carnation, which, from the intimate nod of recognition that passed between the two men, was probably the symbol of a society or cult of which they were members.

"So good of you to come," said Mrs. Windsor, "but I knew Mr. Amarinth would prove a magnet. Let me introduce you to my cousin, Lady Locke, Lord Reginald Hastings."

Reggie bowed to the lady in black and shook hands with the man, whom he addressed as Esmé. In five minutes dinner was announced, and they sat down at a small oval table strewn with pale pink roses.

"I heard a *bon mot* of yours last night, Lord Reggie," said Mrs. Windsor.

"Indeed; what was it?"

"Er—really I—oh! it was something about life—awfully cynical and funny, don't you know? I laughed till I almost cried."

"The highest humor often moves me to tears," said Mr. Amarinth, musingly. "There is nothing so absolutely pathetic as a really fine paradox, just as there is nothing so irresistibly comic as a platitude. Everything that is true is inappropriate and therefore broadly comic."

Lady Locke listened to Mr. Amarinth with close attention. She had married an army officer when a very young girl, and had spent the ten years of her married life and the year or so of her widowhood at his post in the Straits Settlements. So she was greatly interested in metropolitan life and thought. That it sometimes struck her as maniacal did not detract from its interest. The mad often fascinate the sane.

Reggie had probably escaped from the same asylum. He chimed in with Amarinth's theory of the pathos of the paradox: "I know. That is why I laughed at my brother's funeral. I forced my grief beyond tears, and then my relations said I was heartless."

After dessert the ladies retired, leaving the men with their cigarettes to create whatever brilliant epigrams they might. "We'll hear them all, sooner or later," said Mrs. Windsor.

Mr. Amarinth, however, did not continue his pose in the

presence of his *confrère*. In a very practical fashion he asked Lord Reginald:

"Do you know why Mrs. Windsor specially wanted you to-night?"

"To polish your wit with mine," said the younger man, with his pretty Greek-statue smile.

"No, Reggie. Mrs. Windsor is trying to do you a good turn, and to help her cousin, too, by throwing you together. Lady Locke has twenty thousand a year, and you will some day be a marquess, unless the envious gods shall cut you off in your splendid sins, as they did your brother, leaving the next in succession to 'force his grief beyond tears'—A perfect phrase that, Reggie. Make it the *motif* of a threnody."

"H'm!" said Reggie, thoughtfully, at one or both of the suggestions.

Meanwhile Lady Locke was pursuing her investigations of the strange cult she seemed to have chanced upon.

"Is the green carnation its badge?" she asked Mrs. Windsor. "After the opera last night I saw about a dozen men wearing it. They all had the same walk, or, rather, waggle, the same coyly conscious expression, the same wavy motion of the head. They called each other by their Christian names. Mr. Amarinth seemed to be their high priest."

"The green carnation is not a badge exactly. It just happens to be the means they take at present to draw attention to themselves. It is so artistically unnatural and symbolic. Mr. Amarinth calls it 'the arsenic flower of an exquisite life.' Admiration of the color green is, you know, the supreme evidence of the esthetic temperament. Absinthe, cats' eyes, and jade are special subjects of these esthetes' adoration, especially the first. 'Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder,' Mr. Amarinth is so fond of saying."

"But all this seems so womanish."

"Really, Emily, you are colonial. It's quite the thing now for men to do things that naturally pertain to women. But in them it is not what you might call womanish; it is poetic, imaginative, beautiful."

"And Lord Reggie—is he beautiful in this way?"

"The most splendid of the circle. He dares do anything.

He is not afraid of Society, or of what the clergy and such unfashionable people say. If he wished to commit what copy-books call a sin he would commit it, even if Society stood aghast. Oh, yes; he has real moral courage!" said Mrs. Windsor.

"Quite a new point of view to me," said Lady Locke dryly.

"And such a true one," continued Mrs. Windsor with enthusiasm. "Mr. Amarinth declares that goodness is such a mistake. He says that we all have a certain disease of tendencies that inclines us to certain things labeled sins. If we check our tendencies we drive the disease inward; but if we sin we throw it off. Suppressed measles, you know, are far more dangerous than measles that come out."

"I see; we are to induce a violent rash that all the world may stare at."

Mrs. Windsor glanced at her cousin with uneasy inquiry, and changed the subject from esthetic moral philosophy to less abstruse affairs concerning its chief exponents.

"Mr. Amarinth and Lord Reggie are coming down to stay with me in Surrey next week, and I want you to come too. This year Mr. Amarinth and Reggie will have a school treat, which, Mr. Amarinth says, will take the form of an Apotheosis of Youth. Last year they got up a mothers' meeting, at which Mr. Amarinth read an essay on 'The Wickedness of Virtue.' The mothers enjoyed it so much! One said to me, 'I never knew what religion really was before, ma'am.' "

"And do green carnations bloom on the cottage walls?"

"My dear Emily," said Mrs. Windsor, taking the question in earnest, "green carnations never bloom anywhere. They are dyed. That's why they are original. Mr. Amarinth says Nature will soon begin to imitate them, as she always imitates Art, being naturally uninventive. But will you come?"

"If I may bring Tommy. I am an old-fashioned mother, and quite fond of my boy."

"But that's not old-fashioned. It's our girls we dislike."

During the few days that elapsed before the Surrey visit, Lady Locke saw a good deal of Lord Reggie, and became somewhat troubled in her mind about him. He was monstrously different from other men. Sometimes she tried to think that

he was masquerading, and that a travesty of evil really concealed sound principles, possibly even evangelical tendencies. But she was quickly undeceived. All the world agreed in saying that he was the wildest young man in London, and that he was ruining his career with both hands. Lady Locke hardly knew why she should mind, and yet she did mind. She found herself thinking often of him, and in a queer sort of motherly way that the slight difference in their ages did not certainly justify.

Down at the cottage in Surrey Lord Reggie and little Tommy Locke formed at once a great friendship, which further enhanced Lady Locke's interest in the young man. Indeed, Reggie exerted a remarkable fascination over all the lads of the neighborhood, whose acquaintance he immediately began cultivating. He sought out the choir-boys in particular, for he had composed an anthem which he was desirous of having sung in the church upon the ensuing Sunday. He took for the words the text from the Song of Solomon: "Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely; thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks."

"They sound exactly like something of Esmé's. I had no idea that the Bible was so intensely artistic. There are a number of passages in it that I should not be ashamed to have written."

The local curate was to call in the evening. Lord Reggie prepared to be very sweet to him in order to obtain his permission to produce the anthem in church with himself presiding at the organ in place of the regular organist. He warned Mr. Amarinth not to shock the good man.

The Reverend Mr. Smith was a tall, thin, ascetic-looking man, with a shaved, dark face, and an incipient tonsure. When he came to dinner the hostess confidentially informed him that the party was down for a quiet, serious week—"a sort of a retreat, you know. Mr. Amarinth is holding it."

Accordingly the curate addressed himself to Mr. Amarinth in a professionally religious manner. On the city visitor's conventional remark that the village was a sweet little place, he replied: "Very sweet indeed, outwardly. But not altogether so inwardly; there is much sweeping and scouring of minds to be done before the savor of the place will be quite ac-

ceptable on high. But I have accomplished something. I have broken up the idle corners permanently, and checked the Sunday-evening rowdyism upon the common."

"The idle corners," exclaimed Mr. Amarinth. "What a delicious name! It suggests a picture by Morland; I love his canvases, rustics carousing—"

Here Reggie caught his eye and formed silently with his lips the words: "Remember my anthem."

"Morland idealizes so much," Amarinth went on easily. "Of course a real carouse is horribly inartistic. Excess always is, although Oscar Wilde has said nothing succeeds like it."

"Excess is always evil," said Mr. Smith, rigidly. "Excess in everything seems to be characteristic of our age. I could wish that many would return to the ascetic life—no wine, thank you."

"What a lovely ideal!" exclaimed Mrs. Windsor. "There is something so beautiful in not eating and drinking, and—er, not marrying, and all that. But at least we must acknowledge that celibacy is quite coming into fashion. Our young men altogether refuse to marry nowadays. Let us hope that this is a step in the right direction."

"The High-Church party is showing us the right way to the return," said Mr. Amarinth, with a side anthem-glance at Lord Reggie. "They understand the value of estheticism in religion. They recognize the fact that nothing uplifts the soul like a beautiful vestment, and that a brown Gregorian chant is the most devotional music in the world."

"A what?" inquired the delighted but somewhat confused curate.

"A brown Gregorian," repeated Mr. Amarinth. "All combinations of sounds convey a sense of color to the mind. Gregorians are obviously of a rich and somber brown, just as a Salvation-Army hymn is a violent magenta."

"I think the Bishops are beginning to understand Gregorian music a little better," said Mr. Smith, who was totally tone-deaf, but assumed a complete musical authority based on the fact that he intoned in church.

"My dear sir, you deceive yourself," said Amarinth. "The Bishops will never understand anything. They conceal their

intelligence, if they have any, up their lawn sleeves. If they would only pull it out, as a conjurer does rabbits and bowls of goldfish, their congregations would be more edified."

"They say," chimed in Mrs. Windsor, "that Bishop H—— is going to have an Indian Yogi—which is some sort of a conjurer, I believe—take his pulpit next Sunday. I think this is rather hard upon the music-halls. There is really so much competition nowadays!"

Lord Reggie here seized the opportunity to get in a word for his anthem. "Yes, music is everything now in the best London churches. The most popular clergyman in the city has an anthem that lasts half an hour, and he preaches for five minutes by a stop-watch."

"I scarcely think that music should entirely oust doctrine," remarked Mr. Smith dubiously; "especially in London, where I hear so many young men are drifting away from the moorings of sound religious principles."

"Again, my dear Mr. Smith, you are deceived," said Mr. Amarinth. "The young men in London whose names are bywords are, to my personal knowledge, intensely and hopelessly virtuous. They know it, and that is why they look so pale. The consciousness of virtue is a terrible thing, is it not, Mr. Smith?"

The curate was now completely obfuscated, and became very apologetic. "This is astonishing; I am most delighted to hear it. Of course I could not be blamed for having a wrong impression of the morals of the young men of London, when the erroneous view is so prevalent. You see, I have never been in the city except for the day which I usually spend at the dentist's."

"You spoke of music ousting doctrine," continued Mr. Amarinth, graciously accepting the curate's explanation; "do you not think that the truest, most poignant doctrine utters itself through the arts? I believe it. Why, Lord Reginald here has written an exquisite purple anthem that, if produced in your church, would convert hearers who have been obdurate even to your eloquent sermons, Mr. Smith."

And so Mr. Amarinth secured the permission that his friend was scheming for.

After dinner Lord Reggie and Lady Locke strolled together in the garden. Dusk fell, and the air was heavy with the perfume of roses. The mysteriously attractive youth had little to say, for he was meditating on his anthem, yet the simple brushing of his hand against hers communicated to the widow a sensation that startled her with its strangeness and sweetness. Her motherly feeling toward the vicious young lord had had its day, and was now replaced by a stronger, more full-blooded emotion.

That night as she lay in her bed, she fought out the battle between her reason and her emotional inclination. She was very angry with herself over this unexpected revelation of her girlishness. Had life done nothing more for her than this? She saw Lord Reggie for what he was, given unreservedly to vice, to the tasting of emotions utterly subversive of society as well as of individual character. Yet she was absurdly drawn to him. And her little boy was already extravagantly fond of him. Was there not something true and noble hidden deep in his nature? How else could a pure woman and an innocent child be attracted by him?

Lord Reggie had quite made up his mind to ask Lady Locke to marry him. He was not in love with her. To him marriage simply meant that a good-natured woman, who liked to kiss him, would open an account for him at her banker's. The kissing would be inconvenient, but undoubtedly she would in time discontinue the practice.

He asked Amarinth how to propose. "What did you do?"

"I did nothing. My wife proposed to me, and I refused her. Then she went and put up some things called banns, I believe. Afterward she sent me a white waistcoat in a brown paper parcel, and told me to meet her at a certain church at a certain hour. I declined. She came in a carriage to fetch me, and I went along to avoid a scene, and I understand we were married. But the color of the window behind the altar was so atrocious, and the design—Herodias with the head of John the Baptist on a dish—so inartistically true to life, that I could not attend to the service. I advise you to go to Lady Locke and tell her you do not love her and will marry her. That is what a true woman loves to hear."

In the morning Lord Reggie waited in the garden for Lady Locke to appear. Tommy came first out of the house and ran to meet him. His mother, whose window opened on the garden, heard their conversation.

"How does it get like that? Does it grow?" the child was asking.

"No, Tommy, nothing grows like that. It is too strange and beautiful to have grown. Do you love this carnation as I love it? Do you worship its beautiful green? It is like some exquisite painted creature with dyed hair and brilliant eyes. It has the supreme merit of being perfectly unnatural. To-morrow I will give you a carnation, Tommy, and you shall wear it to church when you go to hear my beautiful anthem."

Tommy gave vent to ecstatic cries of joy.

Lady Locke's face reddened, and fire flashed from her eyes. Her new feeling for Lord Reggie vanished in an instant, and her mother-love returned, not that for the young nobleman, but for her own child. Leaning from the window she called Tommy in from the garden. She gave no opportunity for Reggie to see her alone that day, but at table asked him not to give Tommy any flowers, as she had overheard him promise the boy; she disapproved of such effeminacy at his age.

Lord Reggie expostulated: "He will be so disappointed!"

"I can not help that. And he will have forgotten it in five minutes. Children are as changeable as—as—"

"Lovers," completed Mrs. Windsor, who saw the downfall of her match-making.

Music certainly did oust doctrine from the church service on the morrow. The new anthem went off very well, and Lord Reggie, elated by its success, insisted on retaining the organist's seat, and introduced so many voluntaries into the service that little more than the five minutes he had said was an ideal length for a sermon was permitted the preacher. When it came time for the benediction, Reggie burst into a loud fugue by Bach, to which the amazed congregation passed out of church.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Windsor to Reggie, who was really abashed by the slip, "Mr. Smith can even matters when he next reads the Commination Service, by leaving out a curse or two."

On Monday Mr. Amarinth made his address to the school-children, who assembled on Mrs. Windsor's lawn with their parents and teachers. It is still considered the most remarkable event that ever occurred in the village.

"Folly," he said, "has been practised to some extent in all ages and among all peoples. Always there have been in the world earnest men and women striving to compass the art of being consciously foolish beautifully. But the pursuit of ignorance has never been carried on with such fidelity and lovely unreason as is the case to-day. We are now beginning dimly to understand some of the canons of the beautiful art, which are, of course, opposed to all previously accepted principles.

"For centuries those dense and deluded leaders of thought called philosophers have taught us that children should obey their parents and teachers, the old should direct the young, that Nature is the mother of beauty. But at last a star with a crimson mouth has arisen in the East to guide wise men and women out of the strait and narrow way down which they have so long been stumbling. I believe that a bright era of undisciplined folly is about to dawn over the world, and therefore I ask you, my beautiful pink children, to recognize your youth, and your exquisite potentiality for foolishness. For in youth, only in delicate, delicious youth, can we acquire the rudiments of the beautiful art of folly. When we are old we are so crusted with the hideous lichen of wisdom and experience that we can only teach. We have lost the power to learn, as all teachers infallibly do."

Here the national schoolmaster, much to Amarinth's delight, glanced furtively around, stared defiantly at the children, and shifted from one foot to another like a boy who is being lectured. Amarinth continued:

"People teach in order to conceal their ignorance, as they sin to hide their virtues. There is little hope of reforming our elderly teachers, for the older we grow the deafer we become to the divine call to disobedience. So, my dear children, I would tell you to learn early to disobey. To know this is to know how to live. Learn to disobey the cold dictates of reason. Avoid sedulously all that is normal. That is what the modern pupil will in future teach his old-fashioned masters. These are the

principles you must impress upon your parents, your pastor and your master, who, as the art of folly becomes more and more generally accepted, will look to you for guidance."

As Amarinth ended his address the relief of the schoolmaster and of his assistants was tumultuously obvious. They busied themselves marshaling the children, and hurried them away as quickly as possible to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Amarinth, inspired by the sight of the happy departing children, continued to Mrs. Windsor:

"My dear friend, there is nothing in the world worth having except youth, youth with its perfect sins—sins with the dew upon them like red roses—youth with its purple passions and its wild and wonderful tears. Ah, sweet friend, let us sin while we may, for the time will come when we shall be able to sin no more. Why, why do the young neglect their passionate, pulsating opportunities?"

Lady Locke hastened to talk with Tommy as soon as the speech was over. "It was only a nonsense lecture, like Alice-in-Wonderland—everything turned topsy-turvy. So what we have to do is just the opposite of everything Mr. Amarinth advised."

"I see," said Tommy, "but, mumsy, I forget what he said."

She looked pleased, kissed him and packed him off, just as Lord Reggie came up.

"I hope the school-children will do the same," she said to the young man. "Youth has a short memory."

"Didn't you like the lecture, then?" he asked. "I thought it was in Esmé's happiest vein, the most finished product of his art."

"Art! art! You could make me hate that word! Tell me, Lord Reggie, are you not consciously absurd?"

"Yes, and I will prove it. Esmé said to me to-day that marriage was brilliantly absurd, and I am conscious that I want to marry you. Will you consummate the absurdity?"

"No, I will not marry you. I am not brilliant, and so I have no wish to be absurd. Then I do not love that which appears to be you, and which you desire to represent you."

"Expression is my life," said Lord Reggie. A red spot

appeared in each cheek. He began to realize that he was not admired. It was incredible!

"Then the expression I see is you?" she asked.

"I suppose so," he said with boyish sulkiness.

"Then get rid of it before you ask another woman to marry you. Take that hideous green carnation out of your coat, and all that it represents out of your life. A woman wants a natural flower to wear in her heart."

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1905)

This story of the desert of Sahara met with great success immediately on its publication. It is interesting to receive the information from the author that Beni-Mora is an actual place and may be found on the map under its real name, Biskra. It is told further that the story itself is a true narrative of persons still living, though the actual outcome of the romance differs from that in the novel, since the real Boris escaped a second time from the Trappist monastery and fled to London, where he lives to-day with his wife and child.

OMINI ENFILDEN was on her way to Beni-Mora, having left Marseilles the evening before. She lay, unable to sleep, in the Hôtel de la Mer at Robertsville, thinking over the incidents of the voyage and of the life that lay behind her. She was thirty-two, unmarried, and singularly independent. Her father, Lord Rens, had recently died, leaving Domini, his only child, a large fortune. Lady Rens, a beauty of the gipsy type, the daughter of a Hungarian mother and Sir Henry Alworth, had converted her husband, who adored her, to the Catholic faith. But when Domini was nineteen her mother had run away with a Hungarian violinist. Her father, stricken to the soul, had abjured the religion of the woman who betrayed him, and tried to drag Domini with him in his apostasy. But she had remained a Catholic, though, influenced by her mother's act and her father's bitterness, she was no longer a devout one. She had grown reserved, distrustful of human relationships. She felt ignorant of the real meaning of life, more like a piece of complicated machinery than a woman. A bitter perplexity descended upon her, and she began to wonder what she was capable of. She knew nothing of herself, for to know what you have done is not always to know what you are. And it is what you are that matters.

In this perplexity she went to Africa, which she never had seen. She chose Beni-Mora because she liked the name.

Here in a new land she might come to understand herself, to discover the realities of life.

The next morning, before dawn and in a rain, she and Suzanne took the train for Beni-Mora. The journey was long and fatiguing, and Domini was exhausted by the voyage of the previous days. But a certain exaltation possessed her, and as she approached the desert it seemed to her that it was a personality, a soul, the soul that flames in the center of all things, and that this soul had something vital to say to her.

At El-Akbara the train halted, and Domini got out to stretch herself. Here she saw the mixed and curious population of Africa idling about the station. An Arab approached her, tall, languid, superb. His name was Batouche, and he forthwith became Domini's guide. When Domini returned to her carriage she saw that she was no longer to be alone. A tall man was at the door and was about to get in. He drew back as if to allow Domini to precede him, and then suddenly sprang awkwardly in and settled himself in the far corner.

"What a boor!" thought Domini, as she followed. She glanced at him, but he sat with his face turned away, and hunched into his corner as if wanting only to efface himself.

Domini looked out at the flying landscape. The train was rushing toward a great mountain-wall of rock that marked the limit of the desert, and they plunged suddenly into this rocky barrier. The rocks closed in as if to crush the train, and Domini shut her eyes like one expectant of a blow. She opened them to a flood of gold, out of which looked the face of a man, and it flashed upon her with the desert, with the first wonder of Sahara. The face was pale, narrow, rather long, with prominent features and a powerful chin, hazel eyes and thick, dark eyelashes. Despite the glory of the sunshine, a shadow seemed to fall across the face.

The spell broke, and Domini realized that she was looking into the face of the stranger who had behaved so clumsily at El-Akbara. She saw, too, that he was unpleasantly conscious of her observation, and she turned to the window, ceasing to look at or think of him. She was in a new land—a land of light, of warm, soft wind. The folds of the earth glistened, the palms swayed languidly.

At Beni-Mora Batouche met her, and she walked with him through the glowing evening to her hotel. Presently she saw the stranger ahead of them. He walked heavily, with his head bent down, apparently shrinking from the varied crowd that filled the road.

"There comes Father Roubier, the Catholic priest, Madame," remarked Batouche, who had been pointing out to Domini the various individuals of interest they had passed in their short walk. "See, that is the chapel, close to the hotel."

Domini looked, and at the same moment she noticed that the stranger apparently had also become aware of the priest's presence, for he stopped, appeared to hesitate a second, and then turned at right angles and plunged into a narrow path.

Domini had heard from Batouche that there was a beautiful garden, owned by an Italian Count Anteoni, open to visitors, at the extremity of the town, facing the desert. Batouche said it was the most wonderful garden in the world, and Domini asked him to guide her there the morning after her arrival. She found it to be indeed an exquisite place, a green and golden haven where the sun came down to sleep among the trees, where the breeze was rich with perfume, and within whose white walls flourished every sort of flower and countless varieties of trees. Here, in the *fumoir*, or smoking-pavilion, she came upon the Count, a charming and genial man. He invited her to come often to the garden, which he himself never left except to disappear for months at a time on mysterious journeys of which no one knew the end or the aim. Domini accepted the invitation in the same frank way in which it was given, and the two became friends.

On the evening of that same day Domini had met the stranger on the top of a tower to which she had gone, by the Count's advice, to see the sunset. Impelled by pity for his apparent loneliness, Domini had spoken to him very simply of the view and of the impression the desert made upon her.

"One ought to find happiness here," she said.

"Why?" he said, turning round to her with a sort of anger. "Why should you suppose so?"

"Because it is so beautiful and so calm."

"Calm! Here!" There was in his voice a tone of passion-

ate surprise. He seemed to Domini to speak with a strange reluctance, a hesitation, as if speech were difficult to him. He appeared like a man who was suffering, who was almost desperate, and somehow she wished that she might help him to find peace. But suddenly he turned, saying that he must leave the tower. Domini said that she too must leave. He made no response, and, hurrying in front, disappeared down the steps.

That night Domini, with her maid and Batouche, went to see the Moorish dancing-girls in one of the cafés. A fight occurred, which threw the place into an uproar, and Domini was nearly trampled upon by the excited Arabs, when suddenly two hands seized hers and she was lifted up and dragged to safety. It was the stranger who had rescued her. They walked back to the hotel, and on the way he asked her to pardon his rudeness in so suddenly leaving her on the tower. Domini had been very angry at this insult, as she could not help regarding it, and she had not wished him to accompany her now; but she saw that he was trembling with agitation, and she felt sorry for him and no longer angry.

"You were rude to me," she said, "but I forgive you from this hour," and she held out her hand to him. He grasped it, and she felt as if a fiery furnace were pouring its heat upon her.

Before they parted she told him her name, and in return he said that he was Boris Androvsky, and that his father had been a Russian and his mother English.

The next morning, and many times thereafter, Domini and Androvsky went riding together. He continued to puzzle her and he interested her deeply. He seemed like a child to whom the world is utterly unknown, and yet he was a man of about thirty-five, strong and passionate. Domini knew that a man of his temperament could not be without experience. She could not make him out, nor could she imagine him at home in any environment known to her. She saw that he entertained what looked like horror of priests, and the sight of a man praying, even an Arab, was apparently unendurable to him.

"A man who has a horror of prayer," said Count Anteoni to Domini one morning, as they sat together in the arches of the garden-wall overlooking the desert, "ought not to set foot beyond the palms."

"Why not?"

"The Arabs call the desert the Garden of Allah," replied the Count. "It is no place for unbelievers."

They were watching a caravan setting out across the desert on the route to Timbuctu. Ever since coming to Beni-Mora Domini had it in her heart to follow this route some day, and she only awaited a definite call from the desert, a call that she felt would come.

Several times as she went through the town she had been accosted by a strange desert man, a sand-diviner, who had cried to her to let him tell her fortune in the sand, but she had refused. He spoke an odd mixture of French and English: "*La vie de Madame, la vie de Madame in the desert, je la vois.*" At last he came to the garden, and Domini told him to tell her what he saw in the sand. So, spreading the sand, which he carried in a bag, in strange patterns on the floor at her feet, he began to speak in Arabic. Count Anteoni translated for Domini.

"I see a great sand-storm, it is dark and terrible. Before a little church a caravan waits—Madame is within. Now it is darker, I see nothing. Now the camels are moving, Madame sits in the palanquin, and someone is with her. The camels are going to the south, on the route to Timbuctu. Now the real life of Madame has begun. She is sitting in the door of a tent—there are sand-dunes, and near by the fires of a city, and there is the sound of tom-toms and flutes. There is great joy in the soul of Madame. The flowers are blooming, and the birds sing, there is the sound of running water and the oasis is green—"

"He says great joy?" said Domini. "Then why does he look so tortured?"

"Yes," answered the Count, slowly. "But there is more. Someone comes toward you, walking heavily. The dates shrivel on the palms, the flowers die, the fires fade out, all is dark and silent. And then he sees—"

"Wait," said Domini, and she refused to hear more. It seemed to her that she might be infringing on some other person's secret, and that she had no right to do this.

The Count was to leave at dawn next day, and Domini

promised to come and wish him godspeed. They took a serious and affectionate farewell of each other, and he told her that she was to regard the garden as hers during his absence in the desert—it might even be possible that he never would return.

"Good-by, Miss Enfilden. May Allah have you in his keeping! And when your summons to the desert comes, obey it—alone."

To Domini it sounded like a warning.

That night, too restless to keep still, Domini ordered Batouche to bring the horses and ride with her into the desert. They halted near an oasis to see the moon rise, and were overtaken by Androvsky. Domini felt oppressed and ill at ease, but she sent Batouche home, for it seemed to her that she must be alone with Androvsky. He also was consumed with restlessness, shaken with a sort of fierce grief. In silence they watched the moon, large and red, rising over the edge of the desert. Then he told her suddenly that to-morrow he would leave Beni-Mora.

"To-morrow!" she said.

At the sound of his words it seemed to her as if all the outside things had foundered, like a ship whose bottom is ripped up by a razor-edged rock.

"Yes, to-morrow I shall go away." His face was turned from her, his voice sounded as if it came from far away.

"To-morrow," she repeated.

They rode home slowly, without looking at each other or exchanging a word. She felt dry and weary, like an old woman who had passed through a long life of suffering.

In the morning, after a night during which she had lain like one dead, she rose early and went slowly to the garden, where she found her usual seat in the *fumoir* and sat down.

She loved Androvsky. Everything in her loved him; all that she had been, all that she was, all she would ever be, loved him; that which was physical in her, and that which was spiritual—all that made her the wonder that is woman loved him. A little time would pass and she would still be sitting here, and Androvsky would be far away, gone out of her life, doubtless forever. She was stunned by the thought.

Presently there was a step on the gravel. A man walking

with a passionate reluctance, as if held back by something immensely strong, and driven forward by something even stronger. It was Androvsky. He looked old and cowed and guilty, and his eyes were fixed in an expression of ferocious grief.

He came at last to the *fumoir* where Domini was sitting. He saw her, stopped, and looked at her for a long time. Suddenly he became younger in appearance. He straightened himself, and in his eyes woke a look of manly resolution. He approached the doorway. Domini saw him and came quietly forward.

"I came here to say good-by," he said. "Did you know I should come?"

"No."

"Then—you did not wish—you did not mean to see me again before I went?"

"It was not that—I had to be alone."

"You wish to be alone—" his voice trembled. "You will be happy—alone in the desert?"

When he said that, she felt suddenly the agony of the waterless spaces; her whole spirit shrank and quivered.

"You will not be happy alone." His voice no longer trembled. He caught her left hand awkwardly, nervously, but held it strongly against his side. "Yet you are going to stay alone?"

"What else can I do?"

"And that journey into the desert—you will take it alone?"

"What else can I do?" she repeated.

"You will not go?"

"Yes, I shall go."

"I—I will never know the desert." His voice ceased. He let her hand go, and she heard a strangled sob. He turned and took a few steps. Domini looked at his bent figure, crying out to herself passionately, "Remember it, remember it forever." Androvsky suddenly stopped, then came back quickly. He put his hands on Domini's shoulders. Then he sank down on the sand, letting his hands slip down over her whole body till they clasped themselves round her knees.

"I love you," he said. "I love you—I can't, I can't go till I have said it. I love you—I love you."

Domini put her hands against his temples.

"Say it," she said.

He rose, put his hands against her shoulders, and set his lips to hers.

"Hear it," he muttered against her lips. "Hear it. I love you."

During the night before they were married in the little Catholic chapel a storm blew in from the desert, and on the morning itself the wind was desperate, the air dark with flying fog and sand. A caravan waited outside, for Batouche had arranged everything. After the ceremony Domini and Androvsky got into the palanquin and moved away into the desert. In the soft darkness, with the storm raging outside, they sat with clasped hands, and Domini's soul was stilled by an immense joy. She met Androvsky's eyes, and there was awe in them. She saw her own thoughts reflected, yet changed, transmuted by sex. It was as if she looked on Eden, not only with Eve's eyes but with Adam's. The sand-diviner had told the truth. Her real life was begun.

The spring passed, and their joy in the free and mysterious life of the desert became more intense. It seemed to Domini that she could never leave it, and when she said so to Androvsky he showed what was almost terror at the thought of doing so, and proposed that they should buy an oasis when they were tired of wandering, and build a house in it.

"It would be an ideal life," said Domini.

There was only one thing that troubled Domini in this desert dream of theirs; even to her Androvsky never spoke frankly on religious topics. She knew that he had been baptized a Catholic and that he no longer practised his religion; that he dreaded any intimacy with priests. And she saw that something weighed on his spirit. But she hoped that in the Garden of Allah he would discover the truth he was surely seeking, and she was able to hope this in silence, as women do for the men they love.

One evening at a place called Mogar, where they were to stop for the night, Domini met a French officer and a few men who had been lost in the desert and had nearly died. Androvsky was hunting gazelle, and in his absence Domini asked the

worn-out men to dine with her. Batouche and the Arabs would look after the soldiers, and the officer should dine with them.

Androvsky appeared to be strangely agitated on hearing of the unexpected guest, whose name was De Trevinac, and during the first part of the dinner he hardly spoke or lifted his head. Domini was much distressed. But gradually Androvsky recovered his spirits, and when the coffee was about to be served he had grown almost cordial. Thinking that if she left the two men alone a little they would understand each other better, Domini walked out into the soft night. When she returned Androvsky was alone, the officer's coffee was untouched, and a flask that had held a liqueur which Batouche had brought out for the occasion, calling it the "monk's" liqueur, lay shattered on the floor of the tent. To her questions Androvsky replied that the officer had felt very tired, had left his good-bys for her, and had gone. He put his arm round her with a grip like iron, and led her to the sleeping-tent.

"Could you—could you hate me for anything, Domini?" he said.

"No, I never could hate you now."

"Till I met you I had no conception of the happiness there can be in the world for a man and a woman who love each other."

"I—I am not quite sure that you are happy with me," she said, and there was a note of agony in her voice. "I think there is something in your heart that makes you sad even when you are with me—Boris, you are close to me, but do you sometimes feel far from God?"

He did not answer.

The next morning Domini rose early and chanced to meet the officer setting out with his men. She would not have known him for the same man who had so gaily accepted her invitation to dinner. He had a look of exhaustion, but also, she thought, a look of horror, as if his soul recoiled from hers. He glanced at the tent, and surely his look of horror deepened.

"Good-by," he said coldly. Then suddenly he made the sign of the cross over her and rode on without another word.

Toward the middle of summer Domini and her husband

reached the desert city of Amara. They camped outside the walls, but rode in to see the town. Domini noticed that the same curious uneasiness that possessed Androvsky whenever he was thrown in contact with other people came upon him here. But she thought it was wiser to try to win him from this than to notice it.

That evening, while Androvsky was riding with Batouche, the French priest came to see them, and Domini offered him coffee and some of the same "monk's" liqueur. He refused this, explaining that it had been made by a Trappist monk of El-Lagarni, who, after twenty years of life there, had suddenly disappeared from the monastery.

"Do you mean he left it?" she asked. "After taking the final vows—a Trappist? How horrible!—how horrible!"

Later she told Androvsky what the priest had said. "Poor man," she added. "What agony of mind he must be suffering. Boris, you do not feel as I do in these matters?"

"Agony of heart?" said Androvsky. He took her in his arms with passion, and laid his lips on hers with passion and a certain hard tenderness that was hard because it was intense.

"God will bless you," he said. "Whatever life brings you in the end—He will, He must bless you."

"He has blessed me," she whispered, tears rushing to her eyes. "He has given me you—your love, your truth."

Androvsky released her abruptly and went out into the desert, nor did he return until the dawn.

The next day in the city Domini met Count Anteoni in the dress of an Arab. He had become a Mohammedan, and he told her that he had found peace. She sighed, thinking of the man she loved. She determined to attack this sorrow of her husband's, to help him too to attain peace.

That evening Domini waited for Androvsky in the door of the tent. A great joy filled her soul, for she felt that the time had come when she was fully to understand him; here in the heart of the desert he would open his heart to her, and she had, too, a wonderful secret to tell him. Suddenly she seemed to hear the sand-diviner speaking. The white sand-dunes, the distant fires of the city, the sound of the tom-toms—it was all as he had said. She saw Androvsky coming toward her very

slowly. The moon, she thought, made his face look like a dying man's. He came quite up to her.

"Domini," he said, "I tried to confess to the priest. I could not. Only to you, Domini—only to you."

"What is it, Boris?" she whispered.

"Domini, you wish to know what it is that makes me desperately unhappy, even in our love. It is this. Once, when I was young, I gave myself to God—I have—I have—I gave myself to God as a monk."

She remained silent.

"Domini, do you hear me?" She felt his hands at her wrists.

"You are the Trappist of El-Lagarni," she said quietly.

"Yes, I am he."

"What made you tell me?" there was agony now in her voice.

"Last night you said you had my love and my truth. You have had my love. Now take my truth."

And there in the moonlight Androvsky told Domini how he had become a monk at seventeen. His life for twenty years had been one of content, of peace, of work and prayer. He thought of nothing, wanted nothing, but that life. Then he had been put in charge of the *hôtellerie* and had been thrown into the companionship of a man from the outside world, who had told him many things. At last a madness seized him, and he fled from the monastery. Then he told her how the world had terrified him. Then he had met and loved her. He had fought against that love; but in the garden, when he saw that she loved him, it had been too strong for him and he had fallen.

"Now you can pray," Domini said, when he had finished, and then she went alone into the tent. There on her knees all night she fought the great battle. And at last it seemed to her that God spoke. She knew what she must do, what they must both do.

A great wooden cross stands on a pedestal of stone at the edge of a grove of olive-trees. It marks the beginning of the domain of El-Lagarni. A carriage approached this cross in a cloud of dust. It turned to the right, went a little farther, and stopped.

Domini lifted her face from her hands and sat quite still. Androvsky rose from his seat and stepped heavily out. He leaned toward Domini and looked at her with tearless eyes.

"Domini," at last he whispered, "Domini."

She bent to him, put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his face for a long time, as if she were trying to remember it now for all the years that were perhaps to come. At last she leaned down and kissed him on the forehead.

Androvsky turned and moved slowly in through the door of the monastery.

In the garden of Count Anteoni a little boy may often be seen playing. The garden now belongs to his mother and, when the twilight is falling over Sahara, she calls to him, seated by the wall that looks over the desert.

"Listen, Boris," she whispers.

He climbs into her lap and obeys. An Arab passing below is singing: "Only God and I know what is in my heart."

She murmurs the words to herself, thinking of her free days in the desert, of the passion that came to her soul like fire.

But always, too, she sees the form of a man that once fled from prayer, who can now pray. And she does not rebel.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

(United States, 1806–1884)

GREYSLAER (1840)

In the preface to an edition published in 1848, the author of *Greyslaer* says his object was to blend the historical novel with the domestic love-tale and give it the unity of a continuous moral purpose—fusing in one the classic spirit in literature, as shown in the mysterious power of destiny, with the romantic in picturesque sentiment and incident. The elements of the love-tale were suggested, he tells us, by the tragic case of J. O. Beauchamp and Anne Cook, which came before the courts at the time of the murder of Colonel Sharpe of Kentucky. Joseph Brant was a picturesque figure in early American history, being a full-blooded Mohawk Indian who was well educated at the school which later became Dartmouth College. He was in Pontiac's war in 1763, and was a colonel in the British Army during the Revolution. After the Revolution he brought about a treaty of peace between the Miami Indians and the new government. He was a professing Christian, and translated the *Gospel of St. Mark* and the *Book of Common Prayer* into the Mohawk tongue. A splendid monument to his memory stands in Brantford, Canada.

N all the vast theater of the American Revolution, perhaps no detached scene depicted so well the nature and intensity of the conflict as did the Valley of the Mohawk.

The frequent Indian wars incident to the pursuit of the fur trade had given a military cast to the naturally adventurous character of the inhabitants of this region, and on the advent of the spirit of independence at Lexington they fell into organization for the colonies or for the crown, evincing little disposition to be neutral. But the presence on their frontier of the most civilized and warlike Indian nations, welded into a powerful confederacy, prevented immediate hostilities, while each of the equally balanced factions was soliciting them as allies.

Such was the situation of affairs when Max Greyslaer, a young lawyer well known in the valley, was arrested and im-

prisoned for inciting to seditious assemblages by Sir John Johnson, the leading magistrate of Tryon County. The occasion of this arrest had been a meeting of the Whigs, called to erect a liberty pole, and the only violence that attended it was a brief and bloodless encounter between Greyslaer and Walter Bradshawe, a Tory politician.

However, the night following this incident a party of Whigs gathered in the woods, and, after effecting the release of Greyslaer by battering their way into the jail, attacked the house of the sheriff, desiring to seize him as a hostage. The sheriff was absent, but his house was in charge of Wolfert Valtmeyer, a creature of Bradshawe's, who promptly fired on the attacking party, the first shot of the Revolution heard west of the Hudson.

As the shot aroused the garrison of Sir John's mansion near by, the Whigs dispersed, after deciding to meet again at Hawksnest, where old Mr. de Roos, the guardian of Greyslaer, lived with his family.

Several days after these events, when the daring acts of the Whigs had provoked from Sir John Johnson a declaration that the county was in a state of revolution, Thayendanagea, chief of the Mohawks, advanced with a party of chosen warriors to the support of the government officials. This aspiring and sagacious chieftain, known as Joseph Brant among the colonists, had been educated in a leading Whig family, and took up arms against his former friends only when convinced that the rise of a great republic would have a blighting influence on his people.

As one object of the present incursion was to recapture Greyslaer, Brant led his party toward Hawksnest, conversing by the way with Major MacDonald of the English army, who had brought him the order to advance.

"Old De Roos has two daughters," the chief was replying to an anxious question from his friend; "Tyntie, a fair and gentle girl, and Alida, that queenly, stag-eyed creature for whom my son has conceived so strange a hatred."

"Of which of his sons speaks the noble Thayendanagea?"

"Of Au-neh-yesh, or Isaac as you know him; that dark and dangerous boy, who was encouraged to evil by Walter Bradshawe, and who compromised my honor by consorting with the ruffian Valtmeyer."

"Surely," exclaimed MacDonald, "this is not the lady whom Valtmeyer wronged so deeply at the time Bradshawe saved his neck from the gallows?"

"The same," answered Brant, "but years have passed since then, and her proud spirit will not believe that aught of reproach attaches to her name."

"Was there no brother or kinsman to look after this horrible business?"

"No one save the old father, who lives on Greyslaer's estate, so retired that the story never reached his ears; for Alida was on a visit to friends in a distant settlement when the abduction took place. Her brother, young Derrick, then but a child, was with Greyslaer at school, and he has turned out so fiery a fellow that no one would now dare hint the matter to him. The family had two friends," continued Brant with some emotion; "Bradshawe, who was said to be wooing Alida at the time, but who moved secretly to effect Valtmeyer's discharge from arrest. As for the other friend, were not the honor of his blood involved, no paternal tenderness would prevent him from cutting off Au-neh-yesh with his own hand." The chief fixed his eagle glance full upon the eye of MacDonald, and concluded sternly: "Enough. My friend will bury this subject forever in his bosom."

As they had now raised the vicinity of Hawksnest, Brant stationed his band at the edge of the forest, and, accompanied by MacDonald, glided through the dusk toward the mansion. For a moment they gazed into the lighted room, where the old man sat with his two daughters, and MacDonald felt little relish for the business in hand as he listened to the words of his companion.

"Greyslaer is not there," whispered Brant with a hiss like a serpent; "but that tall girl, Alida, with her dark-eyed, luxuriant beauty, could wield the souls of a hundred rebels. We will take her as a hostage. Nay, be silent; not a hair of her head shall be injured."

Isaac, the son of Brant, here glided up through the dark, with the information that a party of colonists was approaching. At the same moment a rifle-shot rang out, followed by the wild whoop of Indian warfare.

The party of colonists advancing to the rendezvous at Hawksnest, was led by Greyslaer, who, hearing the outcry that rose suddenly from the inmates of the dwelling, urged his men forward to their assistance. The savages, bursting from cover, reached the door at the same instant, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued, during which Greyslaer pushed on into the room occupied by the family a few moments before.

The master of the house lay stunned upon the floor. Alida had disappeared, but her fair-haired sister lay weltering in blood, a gash across her forehead and the imprint of bloody fingers on her hair calling Greyslaer's attention to a savage, who shook his scalping-knife with a hideous grin of disappointed malice as he sprang through the open window. But there was no time for grief, and Greyslaer returned to the conflict, which cost the lives of several of his yeomen before the Indians were finally beaten off.

Young Derrick de Roos arrived the following morning, when the burial of his father and sister closed this tragedy of blood; the colonials, now fairly launched into the current of war, and abandoning every duty but revenge and the rescue of Alida, took up the trail of the Mohawks into the wilderness.

The mercurial mind of Derrick de Roos, who took command of the party, divested itself gradually of the heavy meditations of grief, as the young man became absorbed in directing the dangerous march. But the more thoughtful Greyslaer speculated sorrowfully on the progress of a struggle so furiously begun; and as his heart beat rapidly at the memory of Alida, he gave himself up to more anxious and tender musings.

This state of mind nearly proved his undoing; for the scouts reported an Indian camp in sight at dusk and Greyslaer was stationed with several men to protect the flank, while De Roos led the main body to capture a canoe-party of Indians who were drifting down the river in their front. Greyslaer, scarcely aroused from his abstraction, mounted an eminence to observe his surroundings, and as the rising moon brought his body out of shadow, a single shot from the river laid him apparently dead at the feet of his men. A storm of bullets and arrows from the dusky covert drove the latter back on the party of De Roos, who, finding himself outmaneuvered and out-

numbered, retreated to the settlements with the gloomy tidings of the young patriot's death.

When Greyslaer recovered consciousness he found himself stretched on a pile of skins in an Indian wigwam and attended by a medicine man, who, after dressing the wound in his head, left him to the surveillance of an ancient squaw.

As the wound healed and strength returned during the next few days, Greyslaer learned that he was in the squaw-camp of Thayendanagea, a lonely spot where in time of war the women and children were sequestered. One day from his pallet of skins in front of the tent he saw Alida; but to his grief and vexation she did not heed his gesture of recognition, and walked away with her companion, an Indian maiden. The next day he sought her throughout the camp, but Alida again avoided him, and it became difficult for him to dismiss the suspicion that the coldness with which she had always regarded Greyslaer's boyish suit actuated her ungrateful conduct.

In fact, Alida, while admiring Greyslaer's talents and accomplishments, did not love him. She believed him a visionary, whose misapplied energies doomed him to mediocrity in life, without dreaming that the wild devotion the young man bore herself alone absorbed the strength and ambition of his soul.

After several days, when Greyslaer, embittered and humiliated, had relinquished his unavailing pursuit, he received a message through the hands of the Indian maiden that took him at dead of night to a lonely spot on the outskirts of the camp. There they met, and Greyslaer, moved perhaps by their romantic situation and surroundings, gave bold expression to his passion; and Alida, astonished and deeply affected as she realized for the first time that all the energies of his mind were stayed on the decision of this vital issue, answered him with the secret of her life.

"I dreamed not that your regard was of so deep a nature," she said. "You add to my sorrows by urging this unhappy passion, but interest in your welfare impels me to leave no step untaken to root it out." In a firm but inexpressibly mournful voice she continued: "There is but one man living, one man as vile and ruthless as you are generous and noble, who shares the secret you have now wrung from me—my husband."

Though Greyslaer seemed for a moment stunned by these words, all consideration for himself was merged in concern for his unhappy mistress. As Alida stood, faint and half supported by the Indian girl, Wolfert Valtmeyer suddenly appeared beside her. Weak from his wound and weaponless, Greyslaer could make but a feeble defense, as the ruffian seized Alida in his arms, while the girl herself protested against his interference.

"Speak but one word; is this your husband?" cried the young man, springing forward; but Valtmeyer answered for her with a blow that brought Greyslaer to the ground. When he recovered, the Indian girl was his only companion.

The calamity which had overtaken the family of the Hawksnest, the mysterious disappearance of Miss De Roos, and the presumed death of Greyslaer, excited the deepest sensation throughout the valley, and the civil authority, enforced by the militia, found these outrages a sufficient excuse for disarming the Tories. Sir John Johnson gave his parole not to take up arms against America, to the indignation of Brant, who was thus left to bear the brunt of war alone.

Several months after these events Brant held a quarrelsome interview with Sir John, and when departing from the mansion met Walter Bradshawe, whom he at once accused of sending Valtmeyer to steal Miss De Roos from his camp. Bradshawe was a bold man, but Brant, dangerous in the rage of his recent interview, overawed him, and extorted the information that Alida had been concealed in a cave called Waneonda. Bradshawe avowed, however, that he had been south on business for the Tories, and had not yet visited his captive. At this juncture a body of Schuyler's troops appeared, and the two Royalists were obliged to seek safety in flight.

During the months since Alida's abduction, Derrick de Roos and Balt, a hunter who was an old retainer of Greyslaer's family, had led several parties against the Mohawks, hoping to effect her rescue. Their efforts had proven futile, and Derrick had now given up the search as hopeless and joined the patriot army.

After leaving Brant Bradshawe made all haste to the cavern of Waneonda, where a number of Tory refugees had

gathered, and, unknown to all but Valtmeyer, Alida was imprisoned in a remote and secret chamber. After a surly greeting to the refugees, Bradshawe threaded the passages leading to the interior of the mountain, and appeared before Alida, whose only companions had been two Indian women.

In response to her disdainful welcome, Bradshawe urged the disinterestedness of his action in thus secluding her from the dangers of war.

"You never had reason," he continued, "to believe that I was privy to that deed of violence that has set your heart against me. What were the circumstances? I had stopped at the lodge of an Indian missionary to feed my horse, and found the timid man in the utmost anxiety about a female prisoner, who had been brought there by a ferocious savage. The latter's followers had called him away for a time, and left a white desperado, Valtmeyer, to stand guard over the captive, yourself. I threatened and attempted to bribe him in vain; there was no way of rescuing you from the ruthless hands of Joseph Brant but by convincing him you were already my wife. At the dreadful sound of his approaching voice you consented; the service was hurried through, and the half savage was cheated of his claim. Then you were returned to your home, and I have kept secret the bond of our union, hoping that time might soften the bitterness of your aversion. Had you but accepted my honorable proposals when first I pressed my suit, we might have been spared so much unhappiness."

Alida was too well convinced of Bradshawe's collusion in this infamous abduction that had embittered her life to hear him with patience, and from persuasion he resorted to threats, striving to obtain her public acceptance of him as her husband. A sheathed poniard, unnoticed by the outlaw, had fallen from his belt, and Alida, springing forward, plucked the weapon from the ground and turned it against herself. Knowing her determined character Bradshawe feared she would stab herself if he attempted to seize her, and so was obliged to retire discomfited.

That night Brant obtained entrance to the cavern, and as a party of refugees emerged from its guarded mouth, Alida and the Mohawk, cloaked and muffled, mingled with them and

escaped undetected. This party was attacked and dispersed the following day by a party of colonial militia, led by Balt the hunter; and Alida was once more restored to her friends at Hawksnest.

Greyslaer's captivity continued till no one doubted his death, and on the estate now regarded as her own Alida mourned the young man, who in life could not be nearer than a friend, with an intensity that only truest love could feel. The declaration of Greyslaer's love had at last wakened an echo in her heart.

A year passed, and the war had rolled off to distant borders before Greyslaer, who had been taken to a strong camp in the Catskills, contrived his escape, aided by the Indian girl who had been Alida's companion. She had an Oneida lover, whom they met in the wilderness and accompanied to the camp of a scouting party of Continental troops.

Derrick de Roos was in command of this party, and the solicitude with which he inquired for a half-breed Indian boy, who had been taken from his mother's forest cabin on the march and later recaptured by the Mohawks, aroused Greyslaer's interest. He remembered the early dissipations of his friend, and particularly a scandal that had once associated him with a beautiful Indian squaw. These facts linked together had the bearing of strong circumstantial evidence in explaining Derrick's concern for the boy.

Another matter attracted his casual attention. Balt was describing the rescue of Alida, and spoke feelingly of the death of one of the Tory party she accompanied, a Mr. Fenton, who had been a magistrate of the county and whose papers and valuables had been taken from the body and given to Alida. The latter had conveyed them to Hawksnest to keep safely until she could communicate with Mr. Fenton's family, then traveling abroad.

The meeting of Alida and Greyslaer was cordial rather than affectionate, for circumstances laid a restraint on their intercourse. The latter was much dejected at their unhappy relation, which seemed impossible of remedy until the fortunate capture of a Tory messenger, Wolfert Valtmeyer, gave the affair a more hopeful aspect.

Among the papers found on Valtmeyer, who escaped shortly after his capture, was a letter from Joe Bettys, a notorious border character, to Walter Bradshawe. The writer, after referring to a Tory conspiracy that was going forward, twitted Bradshawe on the recent escape of Alida, and concluded: "By the way, did the girl ever suspect that I played the parson's part in the beginning of that wild business?"

The significance of this inquiry wrought Greyslaer to an exalted state of mind, and Alida was no less happy, though she insisted that they bide the time when further evidence should come into their hands.

"Some of the country people know my secret," she said, "and I would not have one of them cherish a memory that can do irreverence to the wife of Greyslaer."

The young man was compelled to be content with the acknowledgment of Alida's love, and shortly after this event was ordered to the south, where he greatly distinguished himself during the Carolina campaigns. His regiment was recalled a year later, on the advance of Burgoyne into his native State, where Bradshawe was secretly organizing the Tories to welcome the invaders.

On revisiting Hawksnest Greyslaer was surprised and strangely perturbed to find the Indian boy, Guise, whom Derrick had recaptured from the Mohawks, a member of the household. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Derrick, and indeed to Alida herself, that could not pass unobserved. Alida took an affectionate interest in her little *protégé*, having accepted without question her brother's story that he had discovered Guise forlorn and abandoned after a foray on an Indian village.

"He is said to be the son of Isaac Brant," Alida concluded her account, "and Derrick in his kindness of heart brought the friendless little fellow home for comfort and safe-keeping."

Greyslaer did not think it wise to voice his suspicions, and the exciting events of the next few days swept the subject temporarily from his mind.

Bradshawe was captured at a night meeting of Tories, and, being a King's officer in disguise within the enemy's lines, was immediately sentenced to death as a spy by a military court. Before the hour set for his execution arrived, however, the

Continental troops received orders to march at once to the relief of Fort Stanwix; and Bradshawe was sent to Albany, where a reprieve was ultimately obtained for him through the intercession of friends with Lafayette.

Then followed the fatal field of Oriskany, where Brant's Mohawks received a blow from which they never recovered. Here also fell Derrick de Roos, and with him perished the secret of Guise's parentage, which Greyslaer desired so much to know.

Military duties kept the latter in the field for months after the battle, and though he heard frequently from Alida, her letters filled him with anxiety. For they gradually took on a tone of profound despair, unnatural to her healthy mind, even while mourning deeply for her brother.

Then came a day when the honorable God-fearing soldier experienced a dreadful revulsion of character, and surrendered his mind to the most dreadful of primitive passions, vengeance.

After the reprieve of Bradshawe through the influence of men who were Tories at heart, the personal enemies of that sinister man brought out the whole story of the abduction of Miss De Roos, with the outrage painted in every color that could inspire horror against him. In answer to this, and to gratify his hatred against the young woman and Greyslaer, Bradshawe boldly proclaimed that, so far from instigating the abduction, he had only out of respect for her connections aided in withdrawing Alida from the protection of Joseph Brant, to whom she had fled from her father's home. And confirmatory of this statement, he mentioned the resemblance between Alida and the half-blood Indian boy, who had long been an intimate of the family at Hawksnest.

On hearing these damning rumors Greyslaer hastened to Hawksnest, only to learn that Alida had gone to Albany, leaving a pathetic note for her lover, in which she declared her woman's name was blasted, and that they could never meet again.

Greyslaer was now beyond emotion or remorse; his thought was fixed on death. He rode to Albany, arriving there at night; entered the dwelling-house where Bradshawe was kept

in a kind of honorary durance, and brushing aside the drunken sentry, appeared suddenly before his enemy. He would have murdered Bradshawe on the spot, for he had the fury of a maniac and the outlaw's strength seemed to wither beneath the touch of the icy fingers on his throat. But no one can calculate as closely as chance. Bradshawe's escape had been planned for that night, and his friends arrived in time to wrench Greyslaer from his struggling prey, and lay him half stunned upon the floor. In a moment, however, he had recovered the sword stricken from his hand and followed the fugitives through an open window into the garden.

The garden bordered on the river, where Valtmeyer, who was to assist in the escape, lay waiting in a canoe. But Bradshawe, closely pressed by Greyslaer and confused by the darkness, came to the river-bank below the canoe, and a moment later was cut off from return by the chance approach of the patrol.

It was Greyslaer who came into contact with Valtmeyer, and was hailed by the latter as Bradshawe. A desperate encounter ensued, hand-to-hand in the dark, in which Greyslaer was the victor; but as he tore himself from the death grapple of his foe and the corpse of the latter splashed into the stream, he was seized by the patrol.

Max Greyslaer, accused of the murder of Bradshawe, was placed on trial for his life. A member of the Tory family, to conceal their connivance in Bradshawe's escape by drugging the sentry, swore to having seen Greyslaer make his way into the prisoner's room; then followed the struggle and the pursuit. The patrol had captured him, flushed and bloody from his crime, as he hurled his victim's body into the river. The chain of evidence was complete.

But a heaven-sent compensation visited Greyslaer in that bitter hour of trial; Alida returned to him even in his dungeon, and her gentle, unrestrained devotion recalled his spirit from its defiant, godless mood of vengeance.

Now the patriot, distinguished, even among reckless men, for his bravery on many a stricken battle-field, was placed on trial. His exploits could not stand in extenuation against public opinion, that clamored for the penalty to be visited upon

him. He had committed murder for love of a woman whose name had been blasted by its association with that of an Indian paramour.

The prosecution was in the hands of an attorney of great ability. Greyslaer, who conducted his own defense, permitted all the testimony to pass unchallenged, though wincing at the statement that he was the victim of "an artful and abandoned woman."

Greyslaer demanded a suspension of the trial to obtain additional evidence; this was denied him. "Then," he cried in a ringing voice, and starting from his apparent indifference, "I assert that Bradshawe's friends have only withdrawn him to effect my ruin; I charge the officers of this court with abetting a conspiracy to take away my life. Swear the counsel for the prosecution; I demand his evidence that Walter Bradshawe is not still living."

The court and counsel, alarmed by the indignant charge and the unexpected point in Greyslaer's defense, held a hasty consultation, which was strangely interrupted. Balt the hunter was elbowing his way through the crowded room, amid great disorder. Then amid intense silence he took the stand.

He had met Bradshawe and Bettys (who was supposed to have aided in the escape), near Schenectady. In the fight that followed, Bradshawe fled, leaving his companion mortally wounded. Bettys's dying words suggested to Balt the importance of the papers that the hunter himself had taken from Squire Fenton, killed at the time of Alida's rescue. Then learning the circumstances of Greyslaer's arrest, he hastened to Hawksnest and procured the papers. While there the witness and his friends were attacked by a band of raiders led by Bradshawe, the latter being killed by the witness himself, and the raiders repulsed. Balt testified to this with great satisfaction.

At the conclusion of this testimony the court gave an order for the instant release of Greyslaer, of which the latter took little notice in his eager examination of the papers secured by Balt. The next moment he read aloud a deposition witnessed by Magistrate Fenton in which Derrick de Roos acknowledged the boy Guise as his own son. In case of Derrick's death this

fact was to have been revealed to Max Greyslaer, that the child might have the latter's care and protection.

This unquestionable testimony, presented in open court, wiped every blot from the name of Alida, and a few months later she became the wife of the young patriot.

The public, as if desirous to atone for their unjust suspicions, restored Greyslaer their favor and afterward were ever on the watch for opportunity to acclaim his services and make him one of the most distinguished sons of his native state.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

(United States, 1819–1881)

SEVENOAKS (1875)

The scene of the novel is probably Maine, although the author tells us *Sevenoaks* may have been in New Hampshire or Vermont or New York as well as in that State; and the time of the narrative is about 1862–6. *The Story of Sevenoaks* was first published as a serial in *Scribner's Monthly*, of which Dr. Holland was the editor, early in 1875, appearing later in book form under its present title.

THE "great man" of the village of Sevenoaks was Robert Belcher, a coarse, brutal, scheming, outwardly respectable "pillar" of the five churches in the town, each of which he patronized in turn and all of which he controlled. He owned the large mill and many of the dwellings, and was practically master of the entire village. He had acquired his wealth principally by means of valuable inventions which he had virtually stolen from the inventor, Paul Benedict. Some of these inventions went into Mr. Belcher's mill and insured him a steadily increasing fortune, while a gun, known as "The Belcher Rifle," was manufactured in another town. The poor inventor, despairing of ever receiving a just compensation for these products of his genius, gave way to despair, and, after the death of his wife, became crazy and was sent to the State Insane Asylum by Mr. Belcher and others. Soon after his admission Belcher tried to have Mr. Benedict sign a paper conveying all his rights in his patents to the mill-owner; but the superintendent of the asylum would not permit this, saying that his patient was of unsound mind and therefore not legally responsible. Sometime later Paul Benedict was returned to Sevenoaks as an incurable case, and was then placed in the insane ward of the county poorhouse, his little boy, Harry, also becoming an

inmate of the poorhouse, whose keeper was a tool of Mr. Belcher's.

One day Harry Benedict met James Fenton, a woodsman and an old friend of his father, and from the boy Jim learned for the first time that Mr. Benedict was in the Sevenoaks poorhouse. With many tears Harry told of the awful surroundings in which his father was kept; he was thrust into a foul-smelling cell, half-starved, half-clothed, and had nothing but straw for a bed. Jim Fenton, an uncouth, uneducated man, but endowed with a noble, generous nature and a heart as tender as a woman's, clasped the wretched child in his arms and promised to rescue father and son from the poorhouse.

Jim succeeded in his efforts, and conveyed the poor lunatic and his boy to his camp in the woods many miles from the village, where, safe from recapture by the men Mr. Belcher sent out to find him, Paul Benedict was slowly nursed back to health by the faithful Jim, and finally regained his mental faculties. He was happy in the peaceful life he led with Harry and Jim in their woodland retreat, and, being of a rather weak nature, he dreaded entering into a contest with the scoundrel who had robbed him of his rights and of whom he could not think without a shudder.

Several months after the restoration of Mr. Benedict's mind, a New York lawyer, Mr. James Balfour, came with his young son to "Number Nine" (as Jim Fenton called his camp) for their annual vacation of fishing and shooting. Paul Benedict greatly interested Mr. Balfour; and before he left the camp he had heard from the inventor the story of his life; and when the lawyer learned how and by whom Mr. Benedict had been defrauded, he was eager to assist the wronged man to recover his rights. But the latter still lacked the strength for such a conflict; and it was finally arranged that Mr. Balfour should take Harry back with him to the city and treat him as his own son; and later a suit might be instituted against Robert Belcher.

Meantime Mr. Belcher had concluded that Paul Benedict was dead; and impelled by his vanity and love of power to make a greater display of his wealth than the narrow confines of village life afforded, he removed with his family to New York, where he purchased a large and gaudy mansion on Fifth

Avenue opposite the home of Mr. Balfour. One morning Mr. Belcher saw Harry Benedict leaving his new home on his way to school, and hurrying to the street he urged the frightened lad to accompany him into the house, where he tried by threats and flattering words to induce the boy to tell him who helped his father to escape from the poorhouse, and whether he was still alive. But Harry replied that he would not tell, even if Mr. Belcher killed him, and, watching his chance, rushed from the house and to his home across the street before his tormentor could stop him. That evening Mr. Belcher received a note from James Balfour warning him to let Harry alone in the future.

One of Robert Belcher's new acquaintances was Mrs. Dillingham, a handsome and wealthy widow, who was invited everywhere and yet was considered somewhat "fast." Mr. Belcher was her most devoted admirer, and with him her slightest wish was law; the widow seemed proud of her power over the coarse man, while at the same time she held him at a distance.

After his failure to obtain any information from Harry with regard to his father, Mr. Belcher, having seen the ease with which Mrs. Dillingham had won the love of his own little boys, pointed out Harry to her on the street, and calling him a "Sevenoaks pauper," without, however, mentioning his name, requested her to entice him into her house, and after gaining his confidence, to ascertain all she could about the lad's father. Mrs. Dillingham finally succeeded in getting Harry to call upon her, not with the intention of betraying anything he might say, but because she was lonely and unhappy and the boy by his beauty and grace greatly attracted her; while she easily won his affection by her loving, sympathetic manner. Urged to tell about himself, Harry, having made Mrs. Dillingham promise not to tell what he revealed, described in simple yet pathetic language his father's and his own life up to that time. When he had finished, Mrs. Dillingham was weeping as she held the boy clasped to her breast, and, kissing him again and again, she exclaimed:

"My poor, dear boy! My dear, dear child! And Mr. Belcher could have helped it all! Curse him!"

Harry sprang from her arms as if she had struck him, and gazed wonderingly at her; while Mrs. Dillingham, recognizing her mistake, knelt beside him and begged him to forgive her, telling him that no one loved her and that if he left her and did not forgive her she would wish she were dead.

"I didn't know that ladies ever said such words," said Harry.

"Ladies who have little boys to love them never do," replied Mrs. Dillingham.

"If I love you, shall you ever speak so again?" inquired Harry.

"Never, with you and God to help me," she responded.

When, at her request, Harry gave his whole name as "Harry Benedict," the arm that held the child trembled, her heart throbbed convulsively, and her face became ghastly. She calmed the lad's anxiety by telling him that she had had a bad turn, and after a long silence told him to go to her table and write his father's name and then to kiss her and go home. This the boy did, and when, a few minutes later, Mr. Belcher called, she refused to see him on the plea of illness. For an hour she sat with the paper on which Harry had written his father's name in her hands, knowing without looking what name was there; and reviewing in her mind her past life, which had held much that was gay and fascinating, though always shallow and sometimes dangerous, with no true happiness in its glittering unrest. But at last the peace and love for which her weary heart was starving seemed beckoning to her from the hands of this little boy, and she resolved to grasp the treasure thus offered. Then she read the name Harry had written, kissed it, and placed the paper in her bosom.

That night she had a long conference with Mr. Balfour, with the result that Harry Benedict spent much of his time with Mrs. Dillingham, to the great annoyance of Mr. Belcher, who failed to learn from her anything about the boy's father, although she appeared to be as friendly as ever toward the "General," as Mr. Belcher was known in Wall Street. Rich as he was, he still wanted more gold, more notoriety, more power, to satisfy his vanity; therefore he bought a railroad, dealt in oil, and in various other crooked ways contrived to ruin others

and increase his own fortune. But as he did not own a single one of the patents by which he had for years been profiting, he resolved that something must be done to prevent the only sure foundation of his wealth being taken from him. It would be necessary for him to show a document that would serve, whether Paul Benedict were alive or dead. Therefore he took from its hiding-place the unexecuted assignment he had drawn up years before, when he had vainly tried to obtain the insane inventor's signature, and determined upon a bold step. From autograph letters in his possession Mr. Belcher had been for some time practising imitation of the signatures of two deceased citizens of Sevenoaks, as well as of that of Paul Benedict; and having again vainly tried to learn through Mrs. Dillingham whether Harry's father still lived, the General resolved to execute the document himself. He wrote the name of Paul Benedict and those of the two dead men as witnesses, then rang for his man, Phipps, and by question and insinuations so made him understand what his master wished him to do, that the willing tool wrote his own name on the forged assignment as a third witness, and gave Mr. Belcher to understand that he (Phipps) would swear to the genuineness of the document.

Not long after this occurrence Mr. Belcher, fearing that James Balfour intended entering a claim for Paul Benedict's rights, consulted a lawyer, who told him that he must have the contract recorded in Washington, otherwise it was valueless; and expressed his surprise that Mr. Belcher should have held it for six years without having done this. Mr. Belcher promptly attended to the matter and then returned to his speculations in Wall Street, where he began to lose heavily.

With all his interest in money-getting he still found time to call frequently upon Mrs. Dillingham, whose reception of his clumsy flatteries and coarse attempts at love-making led the conceited and infatuated man to believe that she responded to his base passion. When, on one of his morning calls, soon after his return from Washington, Mrs. Dillingham told him that she had just learned from Harry that his father was living and well, Mr. Belcher believed that she was loyal to him, and that the constraint which he had at times noticed in her manner was only due to her efforts to conceal her love for him. In

order to convince her of his shrewdness and power to retain his wealth, he showed her a book containing the accounts of his profits from Paul Benedict's inventions and how and where they had been invested. Mrs. Dillingham asked many questions in a seemingly innocent way about the records of the book, and so flattered him by her interest that, at her request, he left the book with her for the rest of the day, on her assurance that it would amuse her. Mrs. Dillingham knew the book contained figures that showed the extent to which Paul Benedict had been wronged; and interested as she was in both him and his son, she argued that to copy these records of fraud against them would be more an act of justice than of treachery toward Mr. Belcher. Accordingly she carefully copied and verified every word of the book, and later in the evening gave the original to Phipps, who had been sent for it by Mr. Belcher. In a few days the General called again upon Mrs. Dillingham, and, determined to be no longer restrained by her apparent coldness, told her of his love for her and asked hers in return. The angry woman realized that by her own conduct she had invited the insult, and, humiliated by this just punishment, her one thought was to get him out of the house. So, with diplomatic words she persuaded him to leave her for the present. As soon as he had left she burst into bitter weeping, almost cursing herself in self-condemnation, while hating him all the more for his vileness. She felt that she could not remain where Mr. Belcher could see her again, and on the advice of Mr. Balfour decided to spend the summer at Number Nine, where Jim Fenton had built a hotel and already had as guests Mrs. Balfour and the two boys. Before leaving the city she placed in Mr. Balfour's hands the copy of Robert Belcher's account-book and his note asking for its return.

Shortly after this Mr. Balfour, as Paul Benedict's attorney, having failed in an effort to induce the General to make an equitable settlement of the inventor's claims out of court, formally entered suit against him; but before it came to trial Mr. Benedict and Jim Fenton accompanied Mrs. Dillingham to the city as her guests, Harry still remaining with the Balfours.

When the case of "Benedict *vs.* Belcher" was called in court, Mr. Benedict told the story of his life in Sevenoaks and

testified to the unjust and cruel treatment he had received from Mr. Belcher, declaring that he had never assigned his rights in any of his patented inventions, and that the defendant had profited by them for years.

The inventor's identity having been questioned by Mr. Cavendish (Mr. Belcher's counsel), Mr. Balfour called Jim Fenton to identify the plaintiff.

"Hold up your right hand," said the clerk.

"Sartin," said Jim. "Both on 'em if ye say so."

"You solemnly swear m-m-m-m-m-m-m, so help you God!"

"I raally wish, if ye ain't too tired, that ye'd say that over agin," said Jim. "If I'm goin' to make a Happy David [affidavit] I want to know what it is."

The clerk hesitated, and then repeated the form of the oath distinctly.

After some preliminary questions, Mr. Balfour said:

"Jim, tell us who you are."

"I'm Jim Fenton, as keeps a hotel at Number Nine. My father was an Englishman, my mother was a Scotchman, I was born in Ireland, an' raised in Canady; an' I've lived in Number Nine for more nor twelve year, huntin', trappin' an' keepin' a hotel. I hain't never ben eddicated, but I can tell the truth when it's necessary, an' I love my friends an' hate my enemies."

Mr. Cavendish then sneeringly suggested that the witness should be required to give his religious views.

"Well," said Jim, "I hain't got many, but I sh'd be s'prised if there wasn't a brimstone mine on t'other side, with a couple o' picks in it for old Belcher an' the man as helps 'im."

This quieted Mr. Cavendish, and then Jim, in his quaint, simple way, told of his friendship with Paul Benedict years before; of the rescue of the inventor and his son from the poor-house; how Mr. Benedict had gradually regained his health in the quiet life in the woods; and that he was the man who invented "Belcher's machines."

Mr. Balfour called "Helen Dillingham" as the next witness, which caused Mr. Belcher to gasp and turn pale with surprise. After some other questions Mr. Balfour asked how long she had known Paul Benedict, and the witness replied:

"From the time I was born until he left New York, after his marriage."

"What is his relation to you?"

"He is my brother, sir."

At this statement Mr. Belcher grew deathly white, and losing all self-control brought his clenched fist down upon the table, exclaiming, "My God!"

Mrs. Dillingham then testified to her brother's identity, and told of their estrangement for years on account of his marriage, and of their recent reconciliation through her love for his boy.

Mr. Cavendish called Mr. Benedict for cross-examination, and, showing him the assignment Mr. Belcher had forged, asked him if that was his signature on the document dated May 4, 1860. After a careful examination Mr. Benedict replied that it was not, and he considered two others of the signatures forgeries. In order to prove the validity of the contract Mr. Cavendish then called for Cornelius Phipps, the only living witness of the assignment. But the General's tool, whose guilty soul was filled with terror, had disappeared; and, as he could not be found, Mr. Belcher was obliged to take the stand and swear to the signatures. In the course of cross-examination he said that he had sent to an agent of his for the autograph letters of Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey (the dead witnesses) in anticipation of this suit, and to aid in establishing their signatures.

Mr. Balfour then called the superintendent of the insane asylum in which Paul Benedict had been confined, and proved by his testimony that Mr. Belcher had called with the document then in question and vainly tried to get the doctor's permission to procure Mr. Benedict's signature. The witness knew it was the same paper, as he had read it carefully at that time, and the date of Mr. Belcher's visit was some time after the 12th of May, 1860—the date of Mr. Benedict's admission to the asylum.

Other testimony presented by the plaintiff's counsel still further invalidated Mr. Belcher's statements; and finally Mr. Balfour called a professor of chemistry and microscopy, an expert in the detection of forgery, who said that in his opinion the signatures of Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey were

forgeries, as the imitations were too nearly like the originals; and that no man ever wrote his signature twice alike. He further said that in order to have the imitation so perfectly resemble the genuine ones, each letter must have been traced directly over the signatures of the autograph letters, and that he thought he could prove this by an experiment. By means of a solar microscope the professor then projected upon the wall of the darkened court-room (through a small opening in one of the window-shutters), a photograph he had made on glass of the genuine signature of Nicholas Johnson, which, greatly enlarged, stood out in cleanly-cut letters with smooth joinings. This was withdrawn, and in its place the forged signature appeared; and a burst of admiration came from the spectators as the edges of the letters showed ragged in their joining, and also accompanying each letter was the supplementary line made by Mr. Belcher's pencil when he first traced directly over the original signature before writing it in ink.

In the awful silence and darkness of the room a voice was heard saying: "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!*"

The defendant's counsel made one more effort to save his client by denying the profits from the use of Mr. Benedict's inventions, but this point was settled by the production of the copy which Mrs. Dillingham had made of the account-book, and her testimony regarding it.

Without leaving their seats the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, and Robert Belcher crept out of the court-room a ruined man. It was learned later that he had escaped into Canada, where, in company with Phipps, he had become bartender on a Saint Lawrence steamboat.

Mrs. Belcher and her children were cared for by Paul Benedict, who, as their unknown benefactor, sent them money regularly.

The inventor with his sister and Harry returned to Sevenoaks, where, in the large house once owned by Mr. Belcher, they led a happy life, active in help and sympathy for all those who labored for them, in the mill and elsewhere, until all realized that not a master, but a brother, was the ruling spirit of the village.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(United States, 1809–1894)

ELSIE VENNER (1861)

There are matters lying in the borderland between medical science and a dim, weird realm with which physicians of repute are chary of dealing scientifically. In one of these subjects—that of prenatal influences—Oliver Wendell Holmes became greatly interested, and he chose fiction as the only proper method for treating it. The result was *Elsie Venner*.

ROCKLAND would have had nothing to distinguish it from other fine, conservative old New England towns of its kind had it not been for "The Mountain." This eminence, which towered above it and which never was referred to by any other name, cast a sinister reputation far and wide, in which the town shared to a degree. Its forest solitudes were shunned as places accursed; for they were tenanted by those frightful reptiles that distil a fiercer venom under our northern skies than the cobra in the land of tropic poisons. So numerous were they on "The Mountain" that the heart of the forbidden place was known everywhere as Rattlesnake Ledge, and the constant threat of the serpents cast a strange, subdued fear over the town.

The people of neighboring villages had a saying that one could not rattle a dry bean-pod in Rockland without making all within hearing start and turn pale with sudden terror—especially since one fearful day, years ago, when a rattlesnake had played a part in a happening that made a story whose horror time could not lessen.

Into this town came Bernard C. Langdon, a young medical student, when financial stress forced him to interrupt his professional studies by a season of school-teaching at the Rockland Female Institute. He belonged to the Brahmin caste of New

England—that harmless, untitled aristocracy which an observant man settled in that section soon learns to recognize at a glance by its physical and mental characteristics. In the New England Brahmin caste a scholar is, in a large proportion of cases, the son of a scholar or of scholarly persons. Generations of this make the New England Brahmin. The millionocracy is merely a perpetual fact of money with a variable human element which the philosopher might leave out of consideration without falling into serious error. But the Brahmin caste is a matter of families and persons.

The Brahmin caste often becomes blended with families of political or commercial distinction; and it is a charming thing for the Brahmin when his fortune carries him this way. The grandfather of Bernard had married a Wentworth; but two generations of many children each, and the consequent division and subdivision of property had resolved the grandson back into unalloyed Brahminism.

Immediately on his entrance into the academy Bernard met and was drawn to a fellow Brahmin—pale, blue-eyed, overworn—Helen Darley, a poor dependent in the hard grasp of the principal of the school, Silas Peckham, who confined his scholarly labors to the commissary department and conducted the "institute" for what there was in it.

He was drawn, in quite another way, by another woman at the same time. It was on the first day, when he and Helen Darley were in the classroom together waiting for the pupils to assemble. The room had become well filled when there was a slight pause and a light step was heard in the passage. A girl of about seventeen entered. She was tall and slender, but her figure was perfectly rounded and she walked and moved with a strange undulatory motion.

She was a splendid, scowling beauty, black-browed, with a flash of white teeth when her lips parted. She went to her seat, which she had moved a short distance apart from the others, and began playing with a gold chain. One wished to look at her face for its beauty; having looked, one wished instinctively to look away, but could not, for the rather small black eyes had a compelling glitter in them, inhumanly like the gleam of a diamond.

The eyes were fixed on Helen now. She turned hers away and let them wander over the other pupils, but despite herself she gave another glance at the wild beauty. The eyes were still upon her, and she left her place and went to the girl's desk.

"What do you want of me, Elsie Venner?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied the girl in a low voice. "I thought I could make you come."

She did not lisp, yet her enunciation of one or two consonants was curiously imperfect. She offered the teacher a rare hill-flower that grew in only one spot—Rattlesnake Ledge, on "The Mountain." As she took it Helen felt the girl's fingers touch hers. They were cold—a shocking, chilling cold, doubly strange in a girl of such an organization.

Helen had to obey an unreasoning instinct to escape from the schoolroom.

Bernard, left alone, felt the same strange influence. There was something about Elsie which both attracted and repelled him. He could tell without looking when those diamond-like eyes were fixed upon him. The girl, for her part, was evidently strongly attracted to the new master, and she exerted herself to make him come to her or look toward her.

When they were alone together later Helen said: "Tell me—I am weak and nervous, I know—but are there not some natures born so out of parallel with the lines of nature's laws that nothing short of a miracle can bring them right?"

"Each of us is only the sum of a long double column of figures going back to the first parents," replied Bernard, "and if the columns don't add up right it is commonly because we can't make out the figures. We are mainly nothing but the answer to a long sum in addition and subtraction. No doubt there are people born with every impulse at an angle to the parallels of nature, as you call them. Slight obliquities are what we have most to do with in education. Penitentiaries and insane asylums take care of most of the truly right-angled cases."

There were only two classes in Rockland who were worth reckoning socially: the "mansion-house people" and the "two-story people."

Among the mansion-houses in Rockland stood one that was too new, too swaggering, too brightly painted to be of them.

It belonged to Colonel Sprowle (militia rank). Colonel and Mrs. Sprowle gave a party to introduce their daughter Matilda, to which everybody was invited and everybody went.

Among them was Dudley Venner, with his wild beauty of a daughter on his arm. Her heavy black hair lay in a long, braided coil with a golden pin shot through it like a javelin. Around her neck was a golden torque, a round cordlike chain such as the Gauls used to wear: the Dying Gladiator has it. On her wrists she wore bracelets—one was a circle of enameled scales and the other might have been Cleopatra's asp with its body turned to gold and its eyes to emeralds.

Dudley Venner looked every inch what he was—a man of culture and breeding; but he was gloomy and wore a distracted air, as one whose life had met a fatal thing. He saluted hardly anyone excepting his entertainers and old Dr. Kittredge, the local practitioner, who watched Elsie furtively but keenly.

Elsie made a circle of isolation around herself. Drawing her arm from her father's, she leaned against the wall and looked with a queer, cold glitter in her eyes at the crowd that moved and babbled around her. The old doctor went up to her.

"Well, Elsie," he said, "do tell me how you happened to do such a good-natured thing as to let us see you at such a great party?"

"It's been dull in the mansion-house," she replied, "and I wanted to get out of it. There's nobody to hate since Dick's gone. There's nobody there but Dudley and me and the people, and I'm tired of it. What kills anybody quickest, doctor?" Then, in a whisper: "I ran away again the other day, you know."

"Where did you go?"

"Oh, to the old place. I was gone only one night. Here, I brought this for you." And she handed him a flower. He started as he took it, for he knew it grew only in one place on "The Mountain," and that one where no foot should venture.

"Have a good dance to-night, Elsie," said the doctor.

Bernard Langdon had arrived late, and was dancing with his pupil, pretty Rose Milburn. Presently he felt his eyes drawn to a figure that he had not distinctly recognized. He saw Elsie Venner looking at him as if she saw no one else. He was about

to go and speak to her, but when he could get away to do so she was gone.

The great house that Mr. Venner had inherited from his Dudley ancestors stood at the very foot of "The Mountain," where it rose steepest with baldest cliffs and overhanging woods. In plain view from the library windows was a small plat of green, in the midst of which was a single grave marked by a small, plain, white slab of marble.

Elsie's father—whom she always called Dudley—could influence but not govern her. Old Sophy, born in the house, of a slave mother, could do more with her than anyone else. Elsie would even let old Sophy, when she acted as her tire-woman at night, remove that band of gold which she always wore in some form around her neck, and which, people said, concealed a strange birthmark, the result of a prenatal accident of which folk talked in whispers.

Dick Venner, the cousin of whom Elsie had said, "There is no one at the mansion-house to hate, now Dick is gone," returned the next day. The inhabitants of Rockland had known him as a bright, curly-haired boy eight or ten years before, the son of Dudley Venner's brother and a Spanish lady of Buenos Ayres. The two motherless children played and fought together like two young leopards, beautiful but dangerous. One day Elsie sprang at him in a paroxysm of rage and fastened her sharp white teeth in his arm. Then Dick was sent away to his mother's relatives in South America.

After a wild life Dick appeared in Rockland again.

Elsie professed to be pleased at having Dick home again; and Dudley Venner welcomed any change in the current of his daughter's life that might save her from the frightening, wild paroxysms of dangerous mental exultation or the sullen perversions of disposition from which some fearful calamity might come to herself or others.

The boy had grown into a handsome, dashing young man of the Spanish type, and to work off his superfluous animal spirits he look mad rides about the country on his half-tamed steed of the wind-blown plains. Elsie fascinated him in a manner—not wholly agreeable—and puzzled him. But with an eye to her fortune, he said to himself, "I'll tame her after

we are married," and tried making downright love to her, with but indifferent success. Suspecting that she was in love with the schoolmaster, he began at once to consider the removal of this stumbling-block in the road of his ambition. The Spanish half of him plotted craftily and soon murderously; but his New England half added a caution and a calm consideration of results, which the Latin alone would have scorned to consider.

At the very moment that one deadly enemy of Bernard was thus plotting against him, the school-teacher was staring spell-bound into the diamond eyes of another enemy—enemy not only of him, but of everything that breathed the breath of life—a great rattlesnake coiled to strike. He had wandered up "The Mountain" and had reached the ledge of evil name. There he found the mouth of a small cave and looked in. His look was returned by the glitter of two diamond eyes, small, sharp, cold. He stood fixed, struck into stillness, staring back with dilating pupils and a sudden numbness of fear that can not move, as in the terror of dreams. Through his ears rang the long, loud, stinging whir as the reptile shook his many-jointed rattles and gathered his heavy loops for the fatal stroke. Nature was before man with his artificial anesthetics; the crotalus paralyzes before it strikes.

He waited in a trance, helpless, as if he had been inhaling chloroform. Then it seemed to him as if the deadly eyes were losing their flame and fascination and were growing dull and tame. He heard a slight breathing in his ear, and, recovering his powers suddenly, he half turned, to see Elsie Venner beside him staring motionless into the reptile's eyes, which had shrunk and faded before the stronger enchantment of her own.

Elsie drew him away, and he sat down for a moment, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead. Then he followed her down the mountain, half in a dream.

One night soon after this occurrence Dick Venner took his wild steed out of the stable and galloped along the country roads in the moonlight among the sleeping farms. In a field he saw a horse left to graze. He drove the horse into the road and started him into a run. When he had the fleeing horse galloping at a rattling pace Dick rose in his stirrups and swung

something around his head, and a noose settled accurately over the head of the beast.

"Ah," said the gaucho to himself as he released the animal and gathered up his lasso again. "I see I have not lost the trick of it. Hanged himself for love! That will make a good headline in the papers. Schoolmasters who take long walks at night are liable to have anything happen to them."

But Dick reckoned without old Dr. Kittredge, who knew about all that was going on in the town and who kept an especially careful watch over the people at the Venner mansion-house. That Elsie was madly in love with Bernard he was not slow to perceive; and he was also convinced soon that Dick, whose midnight rides and whose prowlings about the institute he had discovered, was bent on having the young Brahmin's life. He set his man, Abel Stebbins, to watch Bernard when he walked out at night. He also urged Langdon to carry a revolver always and to practise shooting.

Bernard laughed at this at first, but the doctor was so earnest about it that he consented.

"There are other perils about you, too," continued the doctor. "If through pitying Elsie Venner you ever come to love her, you are lost. If you deal carelessly with her, beware. There are things of which I may not tell you. But be on your guard."

About this time the Widow Rowens, a blooming and respectable person who had mentally selected Dudley Venner as her consoler, decided to give a tea-party. At the tea-table she placed Dudley on her right, with Helen Darley next to him. She had invited poor Helen because she looked so worn and faded that the widow calculated she would make an admirable foil for her own buxom bloom. On her left sat Bernard with Miss Letty Forrester, granddaughter of Parson Honeywood, now visiting that worthy clergyman. The others were paired off with equal skill.

To the widow's surprise and vexation, Helen Darley bloomed with an unwonted color and vivacity. Bernard, as he glanced at her, thought she looked almost beautiful. Dudley Venner paid as little attention to his hostess as politeness would permit, but he and Helen conversed like old friends in spite of the fact that it was the first time they had ever met.

Mr. Bernard seemed as greatly taken up with Letty Forrester as Dudley was with Helen. In Letty, the city-bred girl, Bernard had discovered a fellow Brahmin, but one of the kind with dividend-paying shares and town lots gone up in price. While Bernard was talking with the girl he saw her shiver suddenly, and then little points of moisture began to appear upon her forehead. As if drawn by an occult power, she turned her face and stared straight into the eyes of Elsie, who was gazing at her with a look of dull hatred. Bernard felt a sense of anger. Bending his eyes at Elsie so as to draw her gaze upon him, he looked straight into her gleaming eyes steadily and calmly, though it cost him a strangely exhausting effort.

Elsie suddenly changed color slightly, lifted her head, which had been inclined a little to one side, shut and opened her eyes two or three times as if they had been wearied or pained, and turned away baffled, and shorn, it would seem, for a time of her singular and formidable, or at least evil-natured, power of swaying the impulses of those around her.

After a particularly tiresome day Bernard was taking a stroll before going to bed. Walking along a deserted road, he saw a horseman coming toward him at an easy pace.

Putting his horse at full gallop, the rider, whom Bernard had recognized, dashed toward him, rising in his stirrups and swinging something around his head. Bernard felt a rope settle upon his shoulders. There was no time to think. He raised his pistol and fired at the horse. His aim was true, and the mustang gave one bound and fell lifeless, shot through the head. The lasso was fastened to his saddle, and his last bound threw Bernard violently to the earth, where he lay stunned.

Dick Venner was pinned down by the fallen horse, his long spur caught in the saddle-cloth. When he saw Bernard move slightly as if coming to himself he struggled frantically.

"I'll have the dog yet," he cried, "only let me get at him with the knife."

"Hold on there! What'n thunder 'r' ye about, yer darned Portagee?" said a rough voice, and a rougher hand caught Dick by the throat just as he succeeded in getting his leg free. It was Abel Stebbins, the doctor's hired man, who, as usual, had been

on watch. He was armed with a pitchfork, which he presented at Dick's throat in a businesslike manner.

Dick was taken to the doctor's house, followed by a crowd of persons who in some manner had been awakened and turned out half dressed. Bernard went along in a daze, hardly comprehending what had happened. Dick was defiant at first, but his manner changed to one of appeal when he realized his position. The doctor sent the crowd away. Abel harnessed up the buggy, and the doctor drove his prisoner across the State line before morning and saw him on board a train en route for a port to board a ship for South America.

Bernard and Abel returned to the scene of the attempted murder, where they found a small crowd collected. Among them was Silas Peckham, who was giving directions for stripping and skinning the dead mustang.

"Abel," said Bernard, "take off those things and carry them to Mr. Venner's. If he doesn't want them, keep them for yourself. One thing more. I hope no one will lift his hand to mutilate this noble creature. Abel, after you have taken off the saddle and bridle, bury him just as he is. Under that old beech-tree will be a good place."

All the girls stared hard at Elsie Venner when she took her place in school as usual the next day, but she gave no sign. When the session was over she asked Bernard if he would walk home with her.

"I have no friend," said Elsie, as they walked along. "Nothing loves me. I can not love anybody. They tell me there is something in my eyes that draws people to me and makes them faint. Look into them, will you?"

"Beautiful eyes, Elsie; sometimes very piercing, but soft now. I am your friend, Elsie. Tell me what I can do to make your life happier."

"Love me!" said Elsie. Bernard turned pale and trembled. He said something about being her friend forever, ending with, "Give me your hand, Elsie."

She gave him her hand mechanically. It seemed as if a cold aura shot from it along his arm and chilled the blood running through his heart.

The next day Elsie was ill. There appeared to be nothing

especially the matter with her, but her vital forces seemed ebbing away. There was none of the old fierceness about her now. Her eyes had ceased to shine with that baleful gleam. On the fourth day she asked that Helen Darley be sent to her, and Helen came and remained with her till the end, which came peacefully after weeks of sinking. The wild, unhuman principle that had poisoned her nature before her birth had died out in Elsie, but had taken life itself along with it. Even the birthmark around her neck had vanished when she lay dead.

It had been a great comfort to Dudley Venner to have Helen in the house during his daughter's illness, and now when she proposed to return to the institute he asked that she return as Mrs. Venner, after a fitting time should have elapsed. Helen, who had been strongly drawn toward Dudley from the first, consented. A week or two later Bernard Langdon resumed his medical studies, and eventually became the eminent Boston physician of that name, with a wife who once wrote her name Letty Forrester.

One of his most notable achievements was a thesis, "Unresolved Nebulæ in Vital Science," which attracted much attention and quickened medical thought throughout the world. And the foundation for this thesis was the old story of Rockland, whose horror time could not lessen—the story of the rattlesnake that had come down from "The Mountain" one day and crawled into the hallway of a mansion-house and there had bitten a young wife. Powerful remedies saved her life for the time; but soon thereafter she died, after giving birth to a daughter. And that daughter was Elsie Venner.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL (1868)

At the time when Dr. Holmes was writing *The Guardian Angel* he was living in Charles Street, Boston, whither he had removed in 1858 from his former Boston home in Montgomery Place, now Bostwick Street. It was issued serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1867, and republished in book form in 1868. During the time of its appearance in the columns of the *Atlantic*, the supposed infidelity of its tone gave great offense, to Calvinistic readers at least, and it cost the publishers of the magazine many subscribers at that time. The small New England town where the action principally takes place has not been associated definitely with any existing original. The time covered by the main portion of the narrative is about two years.

N Saturday, the 18th of June, 1857, the *State Banner and Delphian Oracle*, published weekly at Oxbow Village, one of the principal centers in a thriving river-town of New England, contained an advertisement which involved the story of a young life, and started the emotions of a small community. The advertisement was inserted by Miss Silence Withers, a middle-aged lady living at the Withers Homestead (known as "The Poplars") in Oxbow Village; it announced the disappearance of her niece, Myrtle Hazard, fifteen years old, and offered a reward for any information relating to the missing girl. The inmates of The Poplars were Miss Withers, a conscientious, narrow-minded woman, whose most engrossing thought was her personal welfare in the next world; Miss Cynthia Badlam, her second cousin and companion, a person a few years younger; Myrtle, the daughter of her half-sister; and Kitty Fagan, the house servant. The Withers house, built early in the eighteenth century, was the oldest in town and stood on high ground close to the river's edge. A bay-window, almost a little room itself, overhung the water, and the chamber, thus half suspended in the air, was Myrtle's apartment. From her habit of sitting here in her light scarlet jacket, Cyprian Eveleth, one of the village

boys who often paddled along the river, had named her chamber the "fire-hangbird's nest," using the country boy's name for the Baltimore oriole.

Among the family portraits was one of Ann Holyoake, burned as a Puritan heretic in the sixteenth century; and between this portrait and a miniature likeness of Myrtle's mother a strong resemblance had been noted. The wife of Selah Withers, the builder of The Poplars, had in her day been accused of sorcery on account of certain "manifestations" akin to modern "spiritualistic" phenomena; and their son, Major Gideon Withers, a pompous, portly person, had married a sensitive, romantic woman. The Major's son, David, called in later life "King David," because of his wealth and his habit of writing hymns after he grew too old to write love-poems, married a famous beauty, one Judith Pride, and "the race came up again in vigor." Jeremy Withers, the son of David and Judith, married for his first wife a delicate, melancholic girl, who matured into a sad-eyed woman, and bore him two children, Malachi and Silence. A year after her death he married Virginia Wild, in whose veins some Indian blood was said to flow, and their daughter in due season became the wife of Captain Charles Hazard of the ship *Orient Pearl.* Captain Hazard took his wife to India, where their only child, Myrtle, was born, and where her parents fell victims of pestilence some months later. A relative of Myrtle's father, the wife of another captain just then returning to America, brought the infant to The Poplars, where Miss Silence was then keeping house for her bachelor brother, Malachi.

The instincts and qualities belonging to the ancestral traits which predominated in the conflict of mingled lives lay in this child in embryo, waiting to come to maturity. It was as when several grafts, bearing fruit that ripens at different times, are growing upon the same stock. Her earlier impulses may have been derived directly from her father and mother; but all the ancestors who have been mentioned, and more or less obscurely many others, came uppermost in their time, before the absolute and total result of their forces had found its equilibrium in the character by which she was to be known as an individual. The World, the Flesh, and the Devil held mortgages on her life

before its deed was put into her hands; but sweet and gracious influences were also born with her, and the battle of life was to be fought between them, God helping her in her need, and her own free choice siding with one or the other. In this light we may perhaps see the meaning of a sentence from a work referred to in this narrative: "*This body, in which we journey across the isthmus between two oceans, is not a private carriage, but an omnibus.*"

In the training of her niece Miss Withers started from the assumption that all children are radically wrong so long as they are subject to their natural instincts. The first step, therefore, was *to break her will.* In this, however, the aunt did not succeed. At four the child laughed aloud in sermon-time when detected in making a cat's cradle, and at eight she became fascinated with the portrait of Major Gideon Withers in his crimson sash and feathers, struck for brilliant colors in her own apparel and gained her point. At ten she discovered her melancholy Uncle Malachi in the attic where the wealthy man had hanged himself for fear of starving to death. His will devised his estate to his sister, save for a moderate legacy to Myrtle to be paid when she should be twenty. At twelve the girl was tall and womanly, but the dreary discipline of the household had sunk into her soul, and she had been shaping an internal life for herself which it was hard for friendship to penetrate. Her nearest friend, whom she saw but seldom, was Olive Eveleth, the daughter of the Episcopal clergyman. Other young persons of her acquaintance were Bathsheba Stoker, the daughter of the Orthodox pastor, Reverend Joseph Bellamy Stoker; Cyprian Eveleth, the brother of Olive; Gifted Hopkins, the village poet, and William Murray Bradshaw, a young lawyer ten years her senior. Bradshaw was ambitious and meant to marry some wealthy woman. As Miss Silence's money was likely to be left to some theological institution and not to Myrtle, young Bradshaw, while still keeping an eye on her, paid her no especial attention such as he would have otherwise done.

At fourteen Myrtle discovered under the garret eaves an old trunk filled with the papers and books once owned by her great-grandmother Judith, the famous belle of her time, and in an old leather mitten a small hoard of gold and silver coin.

Thus knowledge and power found their way to the secluded maiden.

An important person in the village was Byles Gridley, a retired college professor of about sixty, who, many years earlier had published *Thoughts on the Universe*, which had fallen dead from the press, a disappointment which saddened but had not soured him. He boarded permanently in the house of Mrs. Hopkins, the widowed mother of Gifted.

In the family was also Susan Posey, a girl of eighteen, distantly related to the widow. Presiding over the Oxbow parish were Reverend Eliphalet Pemberton, a man of seventy-five, whose naturally benevolent disposition had never been materially affected by the stern theology which he held, and his colleague, Reverend Joseph Stoker, who was equally orthodox and was much run after by the women of his flock. The younger divine felt his importance, and frequently made his venerable colleague know that he felt it both in and out of the pulpit.

The retired scholar, commonly known as Master Gridley, not only knew a good deal of human nature, but he knew how to keep his knowledge to himself upon occasion, and understood singularly well the ways and tendencies of young people. He did not have entire confidence in young Bradshaw; and when Bradshaw quoted some epigram from *Thoughts on the Universe*, but couldn't say where it belonged—thought it sounded like Coleridge—he was not puzzled long. In the lawyer's office soon after he accidentally perceived a copy of his own book, uncut, but opening of itself to the page on which was the epigram that "sounded like Coleridge." The little scheme amused the scholar, who felt that Bradshaw would bear watching. Shortly before Myrtle Hazard's disappearance, while Master Gridley was calling at the office of Penhallow and Bradshaw, the elder lawyer requested his partner to look over some old papers recently found in the garret at The Poplars. Obeying an impulse to observe young Bradshaw the scholar shifted his position till he could see reflected in his own spectacles all that Bradshaw was doing behind him. Young Bradshaw was glancing indifferently over the various documents, but started presently and turned to see if he were observed. Satis-

fied that he was not, he held one of the papers so that Master Gridley distinctly saw three large spots of ink upon the back of it in a peculiar position, before the young man opened and ran it over hastily with his eye ere slipping it into a volume on the near-by shelf. Bradshaw then informed his partner that the package contained only old bills, leases and expired policies, and presently left the room. Master Gridley now began idly to examine various volumes on the shelves, where he discovered an elegant edition of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, its parchment cover distinguishing it from the other books. As Mr. Panhallow was not a Latin scholar anything shut up in one of those two octavos might stay there a lifetime for him, as both the scholar and Bradshaw knew. Byles Gridley now glanced at some *Reports* on the opposite side of the room and then strolled leisurely over to the shelf in front of Bradshaw's desk. Taking down the second volume of the *Corpus Juris Civilis* he glanced through it carelessly, replaced it and laid his hand upon the *first* volume in which where was some document shut up. His hand was on the book, whether taking it out or putting it back was not evident, when Bradshaw returned.

"Ah, Mr. Gridley, you are not studying the civil law, are you?"

"It always interests me, Mr. Bradshaw, and this is a fine edition. One may find a great many valuable things in the *Corpus Juris Civilis*."

He looked impenetrable, and whether or not he had seen more than Mr. Bradshaw wished him to see, that gentleman could not tell. But there stood the two books in their places, and when, after Master Gridley had gone, he looked in the first volume, there was the document he had shut up in it.

When the news of Myrtle's disappearance became known, search was made for her in every direction. A letter from her was received by Olive explaining that she could not longer endure the chill life she was leading and that a dream had warned her to leave it. As Myrtle requested secrecy and as the letter gave no clew to her plans, Olive confided only in her brother, who thought with her that Myrtle meant to reach India in some way or other. With this idea in mind Cyprian searched for Myrtle in Boston, where he encountered Bradshaw on the

same errand; but no clew was obtained by either. Between her aunt, whose engine of oppression was *responsibility*, and Miss Badlam, whose custom was to point out all the unpardonable transgressions into which young persons were apt to fall, Myrtle had had little peace; and the vision that she had mentioned to Olive had inspired her with the resolution to depart. Accordingly, after cutting off her long hair and donning boy's clothes, which she had somehow procured, she set off one evening on the river in a boat which had drifted ashore near The Poplars that day.

Twenty miles or more below Oxbow Village was the village of Alderbank, one of whose residents was Clement Lindsay, a talented artist of nineteen, who three years earlier had formed an attachment for Susan Posey ere she went to study at the Oxbow Academy. He had long outgrown this feeling, but still remained loyal to Susan, whose last letter, full of childish prattle, he was answering on the morning after Myrtle had left her home. In this he was interrupted by cries of "Help! Help!" Running hastily to the river he saw close beside a rock midway of the stream, and just above the falls which broke its course, a boat in which was a youth clinging desperately to some slender bushes growing on the rock. At the risk of his life young Lindsay rescued the stranger after both had gone over the falls. As he brought the seemingly dead boy to the shore Clement discovered the sex of the unknown youth and by breathing into her lungs repeatedly he at last brought her back to life.

As soon as might be after this event Clement finished his letter to Susan, telling of the adventure and how he had saved the life of a young person, adding that he had been laid up for a day or two by bruises received, but that they were not so serious that she need worry about him. Susan Posey did worry, however, and went with her troubles to Master Gridley. She showed him the part of the letter recounting the adventure, and he noted the date, June 16th. He persuaded her that there was no cause for anxiety, but added that his own business would call him down the river next day and on the way he would call at Alderbank and see how Mr. Lindsay was. At the Lindsay house he learned from Clement's aunt that the young man was re-

covering from bruises on his head, and that the person her nephew had rescued was a young woman disguised as a boy. His manner inspired confidence and Mrs. Lindsay allowed him to see the girl. The sight of a familiar face partly recalled Myrtle's intelligence and he decided it was best that she should be taken back to her home with little delay. No one in Alderbank outside of the Lindsay household knew that she was there; and gossips need only know that she had been upset in the river and cared for by some kind persons. He then saw Clement, who agreed that everything should be kept quiet and that the girl should not know her deliverer's name. Very early the next morning Myrtle was back in her own home, brought there by Master Gridley, who put the essential facts before the two women at the Poplars, explaining that she had been out of her head and probably the persons who had cared for her had cut off her hair. A few days' rest would bring her 'round. Before leaving the house he repeated his statement with precision. The facts were as he had given them and for the present nothing more need be told. As the speediest way to inform the villagers of Myrtle's return, he himself wrote a brief account to be read by the minister at morning service.

As Myrtle had received a severe shock, both mental and physical, a physician was called to advise as to her treatment; and Dr. Lemuel Hurlbut, aged ninety-two, and his son Fordyce, a widower of less than forty, both visited her. The younger man thought she was merely suffering from temporary exhaustion; but his father feared brain fever, ordered her hair cut close and prescribed various remedies. If she escaped the fever he feared hysteric fits. The fever was averted, but the hysteria predicted by the elder man presently appeared and in a violent form. The management of the case had now been left with Dr. Fordyce, who, when informed by the nurse on one occasion of the new developments, placed his hand on Myrtle's temple with the result that she presently fell into quiet slumber. At his next visit she was wildly excited, but the touch of his finger-tips on her forehead subdued her as before. Days went on while these experiences continued, and only the young doctor possessed any influence over her. Her will seemed to have lost its power. All this Master Gridley presently became aware of;

and he had an interview with Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut, one result of which was that the doctor departed the next day for a summer tour and his father visited Myrtle in his stead. For several nights thereafter the girl's paroxysms continued and then ceased, leaving her in an impressible and excitable condition. It was at this juncture that she came under the influence of Reverend Mr. Stoker, who possessed the art of sliding into easy intimacy with women. His wife, who was his elder by some years, was an habitual invalid; and her daughter, Bathsheba, was absorbed in the care of her mother.

While Myrtle was yet in a highly nervous state Miss Withers invited him to visit her niece with the idea that she might now be more easily brought under Calvinistic influences. The clergyman felt sure he could establish intimate spiritual relations with her by drawing out her repressed sympathies, and exercising those lesser arts of fascination so familiar to the Don Giovannis, and not always unknown to the San Giovannis. He soon became a constant visitor at The Poplars and frequently walked with Myrtle under the trees. On one such occasion the warmth of his expressions alarmed his companion, who said it was time to return home.

"Full time," muttered Cynthia Badlam, whose watchful eyes had been upon them through the screen of the leaves.

Miss Badlam confided what she had heard and seen to Mrs. Hopkins, who in turn informed Master Gridley. His kindly warning to Myrtle proved effectual, and the clergyman's power over her came to an end. In her dreams that night she seemed visited by her two ancestors, Ann the martyr and Judith the sensuous beauty, each appearing to plead for influence with her. Waking, she followed the leading of her dream to her uncle's desk, where she presently discovered a secret drawer containing a golden bracelet, the same seen on the arm of Judith Withers in the portrait. She clasped it on her own arm, feeling as if she were thus the captive of her beautiful ancestress. Myrtle was now desirous of seeing young people and was much in the society of Bathsheba and Olive, at the same time that she became the center of attraction to Cyprian, Gifted Hopkins, and Bradshaw. Gifted wrote poems addressed to her which he used to read to Susan Posey; and about this time

Clement Lindsay came to stay a few days in Oxbow village, greatly to Susan's delight. When Myrtle heard that he was coming and that he was handsome she felt a wish to see him. As it happened Clement first encountered Susan walking with Gifted, somewhat to the embarrassment of the two. Clement began to think that perhaps her regard for him was lessening; and Gifted now suspected that his own feeling for Susan was stronger than for Myrtle. At a small evening party at the Eveleths' Clement and Myrtle were introduced, and he recognized the girl whose life he had saved. She grew faint and seemed on the point of going into hysteric spasms, and by Dr. Hurlbut's advice was taken home. As Clement and Susan walked home that night he announced that he should leave in the morning.

Myrtle, now conscious of her gifts of fascination, was pleased with the adoration she excited. Bradshaw considered it might be for his advantage to become her lover and had persuaded Miss Badlam to assist him. In the mean time Myrtle, in accordance with her own wish and with Master Gridley's assistance, left Oxbow for a city boarding-school. In the city she saw much of gay society and also of Murray Bradshaw. At a party at the house of his cousin, Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, he was about proposing to her when Master Gridley appeared and introduced Clement Lindsay, to the inward rage of Bradshaw.

Myrtle soon after returned to Oxbow for a visit, and Bradshaw followed; but though he called frequently at The Poplars he did not see Myrtle. Master Gridley suspected the young man's motives and wondered if they had not some connection with the hidden document. Through Kitty Fagan he learned of Bradshaw's interviews with Miss Badlam, and that Bradshaw had given to the care of Cynthia a paper on which were three large ink-spots. This Kitty had observed through an unused stovepipe-hole in the wall of the room where the lawyer and Miss Badlam were conversing. On the strength of this information Master Gridley called on Miss Badlam, who after some time admitted that she was in Bradshaw's power and gave up the paper with great reluctance. He now turned the document still unopened over to Lawyer Penhallow with due explanation. While this matter was pending Susan Posey confided to him that

Mr. Lindsay didn't care for her as formerly, and that she felt he might be happier with someone else than with her. The scholar then advised her to propose that each should release the other from the pledge given long ago. Susan followed this advice and received a kind and considerate letter from Clement releasing her from her promise and accepting his own freedom. This letter written, Clement very soon appeared in Oxbow, where he engaged his former quarters at Deacon Rumrill's and learned from the deacon various pieces of local news—such as that "the Hazard gal had come back sp'ilt from the city school," that "the Hopkins boy was 'round the Posey gal," and that "young Bradshaw was travelin' somewhere in the interest of old Malachi Withers's estate."

Clement called at The Poplars that evening. Miss Silence was pleased with his appearance, but Cynthia wrote at once to Murray Bradshaw to say that he had best return immediately. The call was several times repeated and at length Clement spoke of his love and found it was returned. He then told Myrtle of the rescue of two years ago and of the "boy in the old boat," to her intense surprise; for she had not hitherto recognized in him the young man whose face she had barely seen as her boat went over the falls. At this moment Mr. Bradshaw's card was brought in; but, since Myrtle sent word that she was occupied, he interviewed Cynthia, who gave him, as she supposed, the packet Master Gridley had taken, but on the advice of Mr. Penhallow had returned to her keeping. He called again the next morning, taking the important paper with him and appeared before Myrtle in his most attractive manner. She was expecting him and had arranged a code of signals with Kitty Fagan, who was to summon Master Gridley on occasion. At the close of an easy conversation he declared his love for her; and at that moment her elbow dislodged a book from the table which fell noisily to the floor. She declined his offer, which he continued to repeat; and at length he drew from his pocket a spotted paper which, as he declared, would have given her untold wealth and power and which he had won for her. Angered at her continued refusal he threw it on the hot coals in the fireplace, where it was at once consumed. At that moment Byles Gridley was ushered in.

"Too late, old man!" exclaimed Bradshaw savagely as he left the house. He left the village the same day and enlisted in a regiment just departing for the war.

Master Gridley convinced Myrtle that no great harm had probably been done her; and the next morning he heard from a publisher that his firm would like to republish *Thoughts on the Universe*. While he was considering this offer, Mr. Penhallow called to say that his late partner had enlisted, and that the great land-case was decided in favor of the heirs of Malachi Withers. The genuine document he of course retained, that which Bradshaw had destroyed being but a copy. At a gathering at The Poplars of those interested, Mr. Penhallow read the decision of the Supreme Court in the land-case, and a second will executed by Malachi Withers which, in the event of the land-claim being decided in favor of his estate, devised all property so coming to it to Myrtle Hazard.

Myrtle's engagement to Clement was announced at the same time as her accession to fortune; and it also became known that her lover had gone to the war. After reaching the rank of Colonel he returned on special duty and persuaded Myrtle to marry and accompany him to camp. While visiting one of the great war hospitals she recognized in a wounded and dying officer, Murray Bradshaw. She addressed him tenderly, and in his last moments he learned from her that he had not really harmed her as he thought, and that she forgave him his attempt. At the end of the war the Lindsays returned to the Withers mansion, where Clement established his studio; and there on one occasion the cloth was lifted from a just completed bust of Byles Gridley, the work of Clement. "The image of your protector, Myrtle," he said, smiling; whereupon she kissed its marble forehead, saying, "This is the face of my Guardian Angel."

A MORTAL ANTIPATHY (1885)

This novel was published when its author was in his seventy-sixth year, and was his last work of fiction.

RROWHEAD VILLAGE, so named from the great quantity of Indian relics found there, is a charming summer-residence town in New England. Its picturesque lake and valley, its flourishing young college of Stoughton University and famous young ladies' school of the Corinna Institute, its blending of the refinement of the new with the quaint qualities of the old, have given it a distinction unspoiled by the vulgarities of fashion. Its Pansophian Society, of which the village rector was president, had more than a local repute and sometimes attracted papers written by notable persons in the intellectual world. The rivalry between the two educational institutions extended even to athletics; nor was the arrangement for a boat-race altogether as unequal as the difference in sex would imply. The inspiration and example of Euthymia Tower, a young lady of remarkable beauty and trained strength, who had all the physical graces of a Spartan virgin, were well sustained by a picked crew. Euthymia was known as the "Wonder," while the coxswain of the shell had been dubbed the "Terror," from the intellectual power and ambition that had made her class-leader in her studies, though that preëminence was accompanied by corresponding lack of physique, as she was but a featherweight. Lurida Vincent, gold-medalist of her year, was perfervid in the belief that woman was in every respect the equal of man, or could easily become so if fully launched in her new sphere. The novel race attracted a large number of spectators, but the most interested of them was a young man, a stranger in the place, who watched in his distant

canoe through an opera-glass the progress of the girls' boat. The crew had the handicap of eight boat-lengths in their favor, in traversing a course of a mile and a half. The race would have been lost at the critical moment, in spite of this, had not the crafty Lurida thrown a bouquet into the water, which the bow-oar of the Algonquins remitted a stroke to rescue. The coxswain, bristling with classic lore, had caught a hint from the name of the boat, *Atalanta*, and so conquered by a trick. The splendor of Euthymia's face and figure, as she put all her soul and strength into the last winning spurt, caused the distant spectator a constriction of pain with its thrill of pleasure.

Maurice Kirkwood had come to sojourn in Arrowhead Village, why or wherefore no one could surmise; for he lived in extreme seclusion in an old, half-tumbled-down house, in which he rented a few habitable rooms. He avoided society, and took his exercise on horseback or in his canoe, in which arts he was extremely skilful, in the early morning or in the evening. His servant, Paolo, an Italian, good-natured in his way, ceased his volubility at once when inquiry was directed to his master. This studied avoidance of human intercourse wakened intense curiosity, and in no one so much as in Lurida Vincent, in whom the spirit of inquisition was greatly sharpened, perhaps, by her activity in mental research. There was no end to the absurd guesses that were made about this mysterious personage. He was everything, from a publisher's hack to a stranded actor; from a pedagogue out of an engagement to a proscribed political spy or refugee; from an escaped convict to an English nobleman *incognito*. On one thing all were agreed. There was an expression in Kirkwood's face and manner which suggested an overpowering dread of something that he expected to meet at any time. This impressed those of various degrees who casually passed him in his rambles. Paolo, cautious as he was, had once intimated to Dr. Butts, the best physician of the town, that his master, as he uniformly called Maurice, was the victim of "*una antipatia*."

Lurida Vincent, whose intellectual eagerness shot at a tangent in many vagaries, had expressed, as her latest fad, a desire to study medicine. Preliminary to this she had read professional books under the good-natured Dr. Butts, who had

much skill and learning, especially relating to the vast and mysterious subject of alienism. This beginner's choice had been much discouraged by the wise mentor, but Lurida persisted, and she soon revealed that her desire for information grew out of a whim, burning with the desire to find a clew as to the *rationale* of Maurice Kirkwood's presence. At her written solicitation, as she had been made the secretary of the Pansophian, many communications had come to her. Among these was an essay entitled "The Ocean, the River, and the Lake," which she at once ascribed to the stranger. Its profound melancholy and passion for avoidance of every disturbing fact of environment had fed her interest with fresh fuel. In rummaging old medical literature in the doctor's library, she had found an exposition by an Italian authority, which she instantly seized on as a solution of the enigma. This was an account of the obscure mental disease that is supposed to result from the bite of the tarantula spider. Lurida fancied herself able to identify, in the phenomena of Kirkwood's appearance, manner, and habits, as they had been variously reported to her, all the facts of diagnosis emphasized by the Italian physician. It was pretty well known that "the Sphinx," as he was dubbed, had lived for many years in Italy, even from childhood indeed, and on this narrow pedestal the zealous detective built her superstructure. In spite of the grave amusement of Dr. Butts, she stood by her guns with tenacity and displayed vast ingenuity in defending her hypothesis.

But Lurida was not the only persistent inquirer. A newspaper interviewer, who was the correspondent of the *People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor*, had also his nose on the scent of the scout. He succeeded, on the pretext of availing himself of Mr. Kirkwood's knowedge as a student and traveler to obtain an opinion on some ancient coins, in attaining access to the recluse. He found his expected victim in apparently excellent health, and with a mind as penetrating as his body was active. Kirkwood speedily put the interviewer to rout, and turned the tables by a plain intimation that the visit had been a supreme impertinence—an ejection almost as humiliating as if the newspaper pest had been kicked out bodily, supposing any sting could penetrate a hide so callous.

The news of this reception, which leaked out, perhaps only strengthened Lurida's theory; as among the symptoms of the obscure Italian malady had been enumerated extreme irritability and a disposition to ascribe the worst motives to innocent actions. Lurida, in her blending of intense curiosity with the vanity of helpfulness, finally determined to write to the hermit, offering herself as a confidant of his trouble, in whose sympathy and advice he might find relief. From this fantastic project she was dissuaded, at least till she had consulted the doctor about it, by her friend Euthymia, who was as womanly and sane in spirit as she was glorious in physical perfection and strength.

But another and more urgent side of the question had presented itself to Dr. Butts. Paolo had come to him in great alarm to call him to the bedside of the recluse, who was seriously ill. The physician quickly diagnosed the case as typhoid fever, and it ran its routine as usual, reducing the patient to extreme weakness and recurrent delirium. While hanging on the verge of life, Maurice Kirkwood, in one of his sane periods, whispered to Dr. Butts that he would find a packet of manuscript in the desk, which would explain many things, and which, in case of the patient's death, would redeem his memory from possible reproach. He besought him to read it without delay. This Dr. Butts did that night, and found himself fascinated by an extraordinary story appealing to him alike as a man, a healer of human ills, and a scientist. The narrative as abbreviated would run somewhat as follows:

Maurice Kirkwood, an American by birth, was the son of a gentleman of ample fortune whose life was principally spent abroad. The child was brought up by a faithful old nurse, as his mother died in his infancy. He was little more than a baby when came the fatal experience that left its indelible brand on his life and nature. A young lady cousin, a charming girl about seventeen, was visiting his father's house, when on the balcony she caught the child impulsively in her arms and began to toss him in the air. Frightened by the abrupt action, he gave a leap and fell into a thorn-bush which grew just beneath the balcony. A hundred stabs tore his tender flesh, scarifying the whole body. The sudden apparition, the frantic effort to escape,

the shriek, which seemed to sound from infinite space, the cruel laceration of the thorns—all these blended in one paralyzing terror. Though at first supposed to be dead, the child gradually recovered with tender nursing, and it was believed that no permanent evil would follow. One day when his cousin Laura, the cause of the accident, came to see him while he was convalescent, he had an appalling seizure, as if stabbed to the heart, and passed into convulsions. The same thing happened again and as before, and the child became cold as a marble image, with loss of consciousness, but was restored by the physician.

As Maurice grew older, the hope grew that the effect on his sensibility was confined to his cousin Laura, the original of a terrible association. He played with girl children, or saw the elder women, with safety. But in spite of otherwise good health and increasing strength, as the years went by, the test, when strictly applied, as in the case of blooming youthful beauty, never failed—if not to cause the extreme seizure, to insure an alarming shock. When he became adolescent, and the inevitable force of sex manifested itself, the contest in the youth's bosom sharpened into a poignant agony. Visions of grace and loveliness floated in his dreams and reveries; but when they were clad in the splendor of flesh and blood their approach stabbed him again with the old laceration and he felt his senses swooning. So the nightmare held him in its grip when he emerged into adult manhood. At one time, when circumstances threw him into familiarity with the Roman priesthood, he contemplated taking the austerest celibate vows; but revolt from slavish religious belief prevented this sacrifice. With his father he traveled much, in the trust that variety of scene would wear out the original mold, and permit a new birth in the healthy operation of emotional forces. But for a long time this hope proved fallacious, and left such phase of the future a blank. One glimmer of silver lining, however, lightened his cloud, as he almost unconsciously called superstition to his aid. He had consulted a famous gipsy sibyl in Italy, and she had answered him with a couplet:

> "Fair lady cast a spell on thee—
> Fair lady's hand shall set thee free."

His imagination held to the old Zingara's words with an irresis-

tible fancy that they would yet prove true. Twice he had been persuaded in an almost convincing surmise that his savior was found. Now again in Arrowhead Village, where he had come for perfect seclusion, the hope had been recrudescent more vividly than ever, and the blissful vision had even shaped itself in the flesh. "One more experiment," he wrote, "and I shall find myself restored to my place among my fellow-beings, or, as I devoutly hope, in a sphere where all our mortal infirmities are past and forgotten." He had written this account by advice of eminent medical advisers, that his life-destiny, if that proved final, might be correctly interpreted as due, indeed, not to moral perversion, but to the result of misdirected or reversed action in some of the closely connected nervous centers, whereby blooming young womanhood was transmuted from a source of radiant life to an omen of death.

The confession made a profound impression on Dr. Butts, who was by no means, as became a man of scientific acumen, haunted by romantic fancies. His thought could not help recurring, however, to his favorite, Euthymia, so transcendent in her perfect physical beauty, with her sane temperament, as the power which might bridge the gulf. His interest was so great in his patient, as the latter began to rally from the ebb of life, that he determined to have him conveyed from his barrack quarters to the doctor's own house, as soon as that could be done safely. Preparations were in progress for this transfer one day, when the house where Maurice lay helpless caught fire during the short absence of servant and nurse. The place burned almost like tinder, it seemed impossible to effect a rescue, and the unhappy invalid had given himself up to despair. Euthymia and Lurida were rowing on the lake, when they saw the smoke, the flame, and the horror-stricken crowd, and they hastened to the scene. The woman athlete, clad in rowing garb, did not hesitate a second, though strong men blanched. Binding a wet handkerchief about her head, and filling her deep lungs with air, she dashed up the smoking, blazing staircase. Maurice's strength was almost at his last gasp, when he suddenly found himself in strong arms that lifted him like a baby. Euthymia carried him swiftly through that shroud of death, down the tottering staircase, to fresh air and safety; and when

Maurice came to his senses he found his head resting on the soft pillow of a woman's throbbing breast. Every instinct and reviving pulse told him, as with a divine revelation, that feminine arms were around him, and that it was life, not death, which that embrace brought him. When he found himself in a bedroom in the doctor's own domicile, and sufficiently recovered from the languor that followed his rescue, he could not help assuring himself that his more vital cure had begun, and that he would no longer be the victim of the terrifying seizures of which he had had so many experiences. He had lain in a woman's arms, felt her very heartbeat, and recognized in them the agency of salvation.

It was the doctor's business to save his patient and restore him, if possible, to a perfectly normal state. It was only by a miracle that the patient survived extreme debility, exposure to the poisonous fumes of smoke, and the mental anguish of the occasion. In only one way did it seem to the wise physician that the revolution in the patient's nervous system, so providentially begun, could be consummated, a prescription more important than the whole pharmacopœia—Euthymia must go with him to see the patient occasionally. It was a case of life and death, and no maidenly scruples should be allowed to bar her from a sacred duty. Fortunately, the girl had no petty self-consciousness, though she felt how deeply her sympathies had been stirred by the man whom she had redeemed from an immediate and frightful fate.

Dr. Butts, on the occasion of her first visit to the patient, went into the room first, and sat with an agitated heart and with finger on the sick man's wrist. As she entered, the pulse fluttered as with a faint recurrence of the old habit, and then throbbed with a steady fulness, as if under the spur of a powerful stimulant. Euthymia held out to Maurice a white chrysanthemum, and as he took her flower he also pressed her hand with a gentle constraint, from which she could not withdraw. Dr. Butts knew then that the tyranny of the nervous disorder was broken, and that the prophecy of the gitana had been fulfilled.

The convalescence of Maurice Kirkwood, in recovery from more than Euthymia then suspected, proceeded apace. But he appeared to pine when he did not see her every day, to freshen

with stronger life instantly this vision of health and beauty entered his room. When at last he began to dress and walk around the room Euthymia's scruples about making further visits were aroused. Lurida generously offered to take her place, but her friend thought it was hardly a case for substitution. One day she told the convalescent there was no need of her playing Sister of Charity any longer—"the next time we meet I hope you will be strong enough to call on me." Mrs. Butts sat in the room knitting, as she had habitually done during Euthymia's visits; but she caught enough of Maurice's faint words to know that her presence was a superfluity. The visitor had saved his life, and more than that, was the burden of the man's passionate invocation when the floodgate was lifted.

"All I am, all I hope—will you take this poor offering from one who owes you everything, whose lips never touched those of woman, or breathed a word of love before you taught him the meaning of that word?"

That the answer was satisfactory was indicated in the marriage announcement shortly afterward made public, that the couple would be wedded as soon as Maurice had fully regained his usual strength. They went abroad and remained for several years, during which time Lurida also bowed beneath the yoke of Hymen, to her own and her friends' amazement. The intellectual "Terror" solved a published problem in fluxions of great difficulty; and it led to correspondence with a young mathematical clergyman, and thence to a proposal. She who had been instantly ready to solve all the mysteries of the universe at notice proceeded to lay down the lives of herself and her spouse on a series of formulas, which probably made them both happy. When the Kirkwoods returned with a noble boy, about the same age as that of his father when the curse was laid on his future, Maurice watched one episode with burning anxiety. His cousin Laura visited him for the first time since his childhood's catastrophe. He held out to her his little son, and the fearless child leaped into her arms and cuddled on her matronly bosom as if she had been his own mother. Then Maurice Kirkwood knew that no offspring of his would inherit any of those subtleties of occult taint that had still haunted him as possible.

HOMER

(Greece, about 800 B.C.)

THE ILIAD

The subject of the *Iliad* is the wrath of Achilles, the consequences of which dominate the whole poem and constitute its unity.

UMBERLESS were the woes the Greeks had to bear after their nine-years' siege of Troy, because of the deadly and lasting wrath of Achilles, the bravest of the host. And the cause thereof was his quarrel with Agamemnon, sovereign lord of the Achaians and brother of Menelaus, on whose account the war with Ilium was begun. Paris, the son of Priam, the Trojan King, had carried across the sea Helen, fairest of women, wife of King Menelaus, breaking the sacred guest-laws which Zeus has appointed for mortals. Nor would the men of Troy give back Helen and the treasure of which Prince Paris had made a spoil when her husband was away from Sparta.

The Greeks had plundered Chrysa, a town beloved of Apollo; but the temple they spared, fearing the god. Yet Chryseis, daughter of the priest Chryses, they took with the other spoil and captives, and her they gave as a prize of honor to the supreme lord of the host, Agamemnon. The next day came her father, Chryses, to the camp, bearing gifts past telling, and praying the chiefs to accept the ransom and restore him his daughter. They were willing, but Agamemnon was not, and he spoke harshly unto the priest and sent him away. The priest, sore afraid, went along the seashore and prayed to Apollo to avenge him on the Greeks. And the god of the silver bow heard him and was wrathful in his heart. He

passed along the heights of Olympus, like unto the night, and dire was the twanging of his silver bow. First he aimed his arrows at the mules and dogs, then at the men, and speedily throughout the camp there was a constant blazing of funeral-pyres.

On the tenth day Achilles called a meeting of the host to inquire wherefore the god had sent upon them this loathly pestilence, and by what means it might be taken away. Thereupon Calchas, the best of soothsayers, after Achilles had sworn that no harm should come to him, even though his soothsaying angered Agamemnon himself, declared the scornful treatment of Chryses by the leader of the host to be the cause of the plague. "Nor will it be stayed," said he, "until ye send the maiden back unransomed to Chrysa, and with her a hecatomb for sacrifice."

Then arose the wide-ruling Agamemnon, while black anger filled his heart and his eyes blazed like fire, and bitter were the words he said to the seer. Yet he did not refuse to give back the maiden; but he threatened that if a due meed of honor were not provided for him, he would seize that of some other leader, yea, that of Achilles himself, even Briseis. Then arose Achilles, and his face was dark as a thundercloud. Fierce and terrible were the words he spake to Agamemnon, who answered him with bitter reviling and scorn. Then Achilles half unsheathed his sword, thinking to slay Agamemnon. But the goddess Athené stood behind him, sent from heaven by Hera, who loved both the chieftains equally, and seized his long yellow locks, unseen of all except him alone, and bade him stay his wrath, but to use bitter speech, if it liked him. Achilles obeyed the goddess, and attacked the King of Men with words only, reviling him as a drunkard and coward, with the face of a dog and the heart of a deer, a people-devouring king, although a people of naught must they be who submitted to such a king. And at the end of his speech he foretold that a mighty longing for Achilles would come hereafter upon the Achaians, when multitudes fell, slain by Hector, the hero of Troy, and Agamemnon would in no wise avail to save them. Then would this cruel king tear his heart with anguish because he had failed to honor the bravest of the Greeks.

But Nestor, the hoary-headed Pylian king, arose and counseled peace. Yet, though the mighty men of old had always obeyed his counsels, and though speech sweeter than honey fell from his lips, he could not persuade the two leaders to lay aside their wrath. Then, when the assembly was dismissed, King Agamemnon bestirred himself with purifying the camp and sending Chryseis back to her father, with a hecatomb for the god. Yet he did not on that account cease his strife with Achilles, but ordered two heralds to fetch Briseis of the fair cheeks from the tent wherein sat Achilles, surrounded by his Myrmidons, and Patroclus, dear to his heart.

The heralds were stricken with awe at the sight of the hero. But he received them kindly, for heralds are messengers of gods and men, and bade Patroclus lead forth the damsel from her tent and give her to the heralds. Then he wept, and, wandering down to the sea, he bemoaned himself and cried aloud to his goddess-mother, Venus, who was sitting at the bottom of the sea. And she heard him, and rose like a mist and stroked him with her hand, and asked the cause of his sorrow. Then the hero told his mother of his dishonor; yet had Zeus ordained for him a short space of life indeed, but great honor, and now his honor was taken from him by Agamemnon. He also reminded his mother that once she had saved Zeus from shame, when the other gods would have bound him, bringing to heaven Briareus, the hundred-handed one, who, fearing the gods, did not bind Zeus. He prayed her then to go to the heights of Olympus and entreat Zeus to give victory to the Trojans, so that the Greeks might have joy of their leader who had scorned the bravest of the Achaians. And the goddess promised to do as her son required, yet not for twelve days, for all the gods had gone to feast with the blameless Ethiopians.

When the King of Heaven had returned, Venus mounted to Olympus and clasped his knees and made her prayer. But Zeus was unwilling to grant it, fearing his wife Hera, who would taunt him, as often before, for helping the men of Troy. Yet was he persuaded at last, and he pledged his faith by nodding his dark brows, whereat all Olympus trembled. Then, after much feasting, the happy gods went each to his golden palace,

builded for him by the crippled god of fire, Vulcan, and rested. But rest came not to Zeus, for he was devising how he might keep the troth he had plighted to Venus. And, after weighing the matter deeply, he deemed it best to send a lying dream to the King of Men, who, in the guise of Nestor, should tell him to set his host in array against the Trojans, for it was now the will of Zeus that he should take Troy and win eternal glory for himself. And Agamemnon called the chiefs together and set the battle in array. But though the chiefs were brave and strong, and their horses of the fleetest, there was none to vie with Achilles and no horses to vie with the steeds of Achilles. But Achilles went not to the fight.

The men of Troy came forth from the city and also set the battle in array. And brave and goodly were their chiefs, but the bravest and goodliest of all was Hector, son of King Priam. And when the hosts were about to fight, lo, the godlike Paris leaped forth from the Trojan ranks and cried aloud that he wished to meet the bravest of the Greeks in combat. And when Menelaus saw him he was like a lion ahungered that sees a stag, and he sprang from his chariot. But Paris started back, as one who sees a serpent in his path, and returned to the Trojan ranks. Then was Hector wrathful, and rebuked his brother, saying: "Fair art thou to see, but a coward withal. If thou hadst abided Menelaus, little would thy beauteous locks and the gifts of Aphrodité have availed thee." And Paris answered: "Thou speakest well; yet are beauty and love also gifts of the gods and not to be scorned." Then he said he was now willing to fight Menelaus midway between the two hosts, provided Helen and her possessions were the prize of the conqueror. And Hector rejoiced, and, advancing, cried aloud to the Achaians the terms of the challenge.

Menelaus was well pleased, but asked that the covenant be confirmed by King Priam and Agamemnon, so there was a truce between the two armies. Now Priam and the elders of Troy sat on the wall, talking of the coming appeal to battle. And as they talked, lo, Helen came to the wall, having been warned of the combat by Iris, the messenger of Hera. And the old men, as they gazed upon her, marveled at her divine beauty, saying to one another: "It is no blame to the Greeks and Tro-

jans to endure manifold woes for such a wondrously fair woman. Yet let her depart, so that we and our children may not suffer because of her."

The two warriors armed themselves and came forth into the space marked out for the fight. Then, after much vain spear-throwing, Menelaus caught Paris by the horsehair crest of his helmet and dragged him toward the host of the Achaians. And he would have slain him, had not Aphrodité loosed the strap under the chin, so that the helmet came off and Paris was free. But Menelaus sprang at him with another spear and ill would it have befallen him had not Aphrodité wrapped him in a mist and borne him to the chamber of Helen, who greeted him with scorn, saying: "How I should rejoice if thou hadst perished beneath the arm of the hero whom I once called husband!"

When Menelaus had looked in vain on every side for his enemy and found him not, Agamemnon demanded of the Trojans that they should give back Helen and all her wealth and a fitting payment to himself for his toil; then would the Greeks sail back to their dear native land. But it was not the will of the gods that Troy should be saved. For which reason Athené came down from Olympus and assumed the shape of old Antenor's son. Then spake she to Pandarus, most skilful of archers: "Truly, great fame shouldst thou win, and the Trojans would love thee well, and Paris best of all, if an arrow of thine should slay Menelaus." Then Pandarus aimed a shaft, and the arrow would have slain the Greek chief had not Athené somewhat turned it aside. Yet did it pass through the belt and corselet, and pierce the skin, so that the blood flowed in a stream. The mighty leader of the host shuddered at the sight of his brother's wound, and Menelaus himself shuddered, until he spied the arrow-head and knew that the wound was not deep. And indeed it was speedily healed by the skilful leech Machaon.

Thereupon Agamemnon rushed among the host, calling upon them to requite the Trojans for their treachery. And when he had marshaled the host of the Greeks they went forward to the onset in due order and in such silence that it seemed as if they were dumb, but the Trojans came to meet them with

loud shouts and confused cries. When the two hosts came near each other, they dashed together, shield on shield and spear on spear; and the gods gave help to this side and that, but chiefly Athené to the Greeks and Ares to the men of Troy. And, after the slaying of many heroes in the two hosts, the Trojans were driven toward the walls. Then shouted Apollo from topmost Pergamus, urging the Trojans to quit themselve like men. But Athené spurred on the Achaians, and many brave heroes fell, both Greeks and Trojans. But there was no hero like unto Diomed, the son of Tydeus, for now he would rush into the very midst of the Trojans, and now be back again among the Greeks, so that it was hard to tell to which host he belonged. Though an arrow from Pandarus passed through his shoulder he cared not for the spurting of the blood, but, having prayed to Athené, he sprang among the Trojans, slaying a man at every stroke. And Æneas, when he perceived him, thought within himself how his course might be stayed.

Meeting Pandarus, he bade him enter his chariot and together they would go against the son of Tydeus. But Diomed slew Pandarus, and Æneas leaped from his chariot to guard the body of his friend. Then Diomed smote him with a huge stone, and he fell and darkness covered his eyes. He had perished had not his mother Aphrodite thrown her veil over him. And Diomed knew the goddess, for a mist had been taken from his eyes by Athené, and he could see the Immortals, who were unseen of others, and rushing forward he wounded her in the wrist. Shrieking, she let her son fall. But Apollo wrapped him in a dark cloud, lest some leader of the Greeks might spy him out and slay him. Yet Diomed still rushed at Æneas, and thrice had the Far-darter to thrust back his glittering shield. Then the god, with direful threat, bade him retire, nor think that he, an earthborn man, could contend with the immortals.

Diomed, heeding the warning, retreated, while Æneas was borne to the temple of Apollo, and there his wounds were healed. Then the son of Aphrodité at once returned to the battle. But the Far-darter, seeing that the Trojans were sorely pressed, called on Ares, the god of war, to aid them. Diomed beheld the war-god brandishing his spear and advised the Greeks to give way for a time. And now Hector advanced,

eager for battle, and, with Ares by his side, he dealt death through the Grecian ranks. Then Hera and Athené obtained leave from Zeus to stop Ares in his fury, and Athené went to Diomed, where he stood wiping the blood from the wound inflicted by Pandarus, and she said: "Son of Tydeus, mind not Ares. Drive thy chariot at him and wound him with thy spear." Then, putting on the helmet of darkness, so that Ares might not see her, she took her place beside him in the chariot and, drove straight against the war-god, who hurled his spear at Diomed, but vainly, for the goddess turned it aside. But the son of Tydeus missed not when he aimed his spear, for he smote the god in the loins, and the heavenly ichor streamed from the wound. And the cry of Ares was loud as the shout of ten thousand men, so that Greeks and Trojans trembled fearfully as they heard. He flew to Olympus and made piteous complaint to Zeus, his father, who, though he bade Paion, the leech of the immortals, heal him, chided him for his bloodthirsty and unbridled spirit.

After this the Greeks prevailed again and a great number of the Trojans were slain. And Diomed, above all, raged furiously, and laid low many Trojan heroes. And in his course he met Glaucus the Lycian, and thought to slay him, but first asked him who he was. And Glaucus answered at last. Right glad was Diomed because of the answer, for lo, he found that this Lycian was his guest-friend by inheritance. So he made a covenant with him that they should not meet in battle. And, the better to keep it, Diomed proposed an exchange of armor. Then they leaped from their chariots and made the exchange. And Zeus must have deprived Glaucus of his senses, for his armor was golden and worth a hundred oxen, while that of the Greek hero was bronze and worth nine oxen.

But Hector, by the counsel of Helenus, passed into the city and bade his mother go with the other Trojan matrons to the temple of Athené and lay her costliest robe on the knees of the goddess, and so persuade her to have pity on them. And Queen Hecuba and the mothers of Troy obeyed Hector; but when they laid the robe on her knees, the goddess refused to hear them. Then went Hector to his own house to see Andromache, his wife. But she had hurried to the walls, like one

distraught, with the nurse and Hector's child, who was like a star, for she had heard that the Trojans were losing in the fight. And she foreboded still more mournful things, and besought her godlike husband, who had followed her, to remain in the city. Hector scorned to shun the fight, yet knew he in his heart that a day would come when sacred Troy and Priam and the sons of Priam would fall in one common ruin. Then he went back to the battle, and Paris in his shining armor went with him.

Zeus summoned a council of the gods and forbade them to help either side. Then he weighed in a balance the fates of Troy and Greece, and lo, the scale with the fates of Greece sank down, and that with the fates of Troy mounted to heaven. But still the press of battle went on, moving this way and that, until at last the Thunderer shot his bolts at the host of the Greeks, and great was their dread. Then godlike Hector raged among them like a lion, and they were driven back to their trenches. Yet they were not unavenged, for Teucer, the brother of Ajax, drew his bow, and with every arrow that he sped a Trojan hero fell. But when he had slain the charioteer of Hector, the hero leaped to the ground and felled him with a huge stone which broke his shoulder. And the men of Troy pitched their camps in the night between the Grecian ships and the stream of Xanthus, for Hector feared that the Achaians would escape in the darkness and avoid the fate which he thought awaited them on the morrow.

And indeed Agamemnon himself was of a mind that they should sail home, so much did he dread the man-slaying Hector. He called a council of the chiefs and spake to them with this intent, and they heard him in silence; but not so King Diomed, who said that even though the chief of the host fled like a coward with his ships, yet would he abide where he was, for well he knew that the doom of Troy was at hand, and by the bidding of the gods had they come thither. So the Greeks remained in their ships, and the next day the battle was again set in array, and at noon the Greeks had prevailed and driven back the men of Troy, and many heroes of fame did Agamemnon and Diomed and Ulysses and Ajax slay. But soon Paris with his arrows wounded a great number of the best of the Greeks, and in the end the battle went sorely against them.

Then Nestor reminded Agamemnon that their distress was owing to the dishonor he had done to Achilles. Therefore, if the Greeks would be safe, they must send an embassy to his tent, consisting of the royal heralds and of Ajax, Ulysses, and Phœnix. And these went along the shore of the sea, and came to the hero's tent, and they found him playing on the lyre and singing of the deeds of olden days. He was glad to see them and he ordered Patroclus to mix the wine strong and to make a great feasting with flesh of goats and sheep and well-fed swine. And when they were satisfied, Ulysses laid before him the proposals of Agamemnon, who, if he put aside his wrath, would bestow on him such gifts as king never had bestowed before. But Achilles, though he listened courteously, declined the gifts, saying that only when the godlike Hector carried fire and sword to his own ships would he yield.

Then, sad at heart, the envoys left him, and great was the dismay of the chiefs when they learned that Achilles refused to lead the Achaians. But Diomed was not dismayed. He bade all the host take food and wine and rest afterward. Then at dawn they must bravely set the battle in array again. But when it was set, although the chiefs of the Achaians stood manfully at bay, yet were they worsted and driven back to their intrenchments.

And Hector would have burned the Grecian ships, having made a breach in the rampart around them, had not Ajax and his brother Teucer plied, the one his pike thirty-three feet long, the other his arrows, on the Trojans, heaps of whom were soon piled up on the sand. Yet the valiant Hector managed to set fire to one of the ships. Then great pity for the Achaians came upon Patroclus and he was also angry with Achilles for his hardness of heart. He besought him, shedding many silent tears, to allow him at least to lead the Myrmidons to the field and to put on the armor of their leader, so that the Trojans might be terrified, believing that Achilles was among them. And Achilles consented. Then, like a pack of ravening wolves ahungered for their prey, the Myrmidons hurled themselves on the enemy, and there was a panic among the men of Troy. And, among others, Patroclus slew Sarpedon, own son of Zeus. But he disregarded the caution of Achilles not to go

too near the Trojan walls. There he encountered Hector and was killed by him and despoiled of the armor which Achilles had lent him.

Wild with anguish and wrath was the godlike hero at the death of his beloved companion. Yet he might not avenge himself on the slayer of Patroclus without armor. His divine mother was heedful of this and at her prayer Vulcan made new armor and new arms and a shield that it was a marvel to see. When she laid the armor and arms before her son his eyes blazed forth awfully, as 'twere a flame beneath the lids, and he swore to slay Hector and give his body to the dogs. Then he went down to the shore of the sea, crying his terrible cry and rousing the Achaian warriors. Great was the havoc he wrought among the men of Troy. But he yearned above all to meet Hector in the fray. At length the Trojans and their allies were chased within the gates of the city, all but Hector, who deemed it seemlier to face Achilles and either slay him or be slain. Yet he did not abide the coming of the hero, but fled three times around the walls of Troy, closely pursued by his enemy. When the two, for the fourth time, came in running to the springs of Scamander, Hector said he would no longer fly, but rather await the onset of Achilles, for he knew that now the gods had verily summoned him to death. Then was he slain by Achilles, who drove at him with his spear, and right through the tender neck went the point. Moreover, Achilles devised foul entreatment for the noble Hector. He pierced his ankle-bones and bound the body with thongs of ox-hide to his chariot, letting the head trail behind; and in this wise did he drag Hector to the ships.

Piteous was the wailing and moaning of Priam and Hecuba, and of all the men and women of Troy as they beheld the once fair head of their champion now all grimed with dust. But the Achaians scattered, each going to his own ship, all except Achilles and his Myrmidons, who unyoked not their steeds, but with one accord made lamentation for Patroclus, and Achilles led the lamentation. Then was there a sacrifice of many oxen and sheep and goats, and thereafter a funeral-feast, and in the morning wood was brought for the funeral-pyre; and when all was done that was meet for a dead man, the pyre was

quenched with wine and the bones collected. Then, when the people would have withdrawn, Achilles bade them stay and appointed funeral-games, the prizes for which he brought from his ships—cauldrons and tripods and horses and mules and strong oxen and fair-girdled women and gray iron. And the prizes he distributed among the victors.

But meanwhile the gods had taken pity on Hector, foully entreated and denied of burial; and Zeus summoned Thetis and bade her tell her son to give up the body of Hector to his father, who would come in the night to the tent of Achilles, attended by Hermes in disguise. And Achilles, when reminded by the Trojan king of his own father, alone in Phthia and also on the pathway of old age, received him kindly. He had Hector's body washed and purified, and then delivered to the hapless old man. And before dawn King Priam set out for the city with the body of his son. There he called upon all the people to assemble in order that they might weep for the godlike warrior who fell beneath the spear of Achilles. And the minstrels lamented and the women wailed, but saddest of all was the wailing of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen. Then for nine days his funeral-rites were celebrated, and on the tenth Hector was laid on the pyre and fire was lighted beneath it. And the embers were quenched with wine, and the bones were collected, and a great mound was raised above them. In this wise was buried the horse-taming Hector.

ANTHONY HOPE

(ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS)

(England, 1863)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1894)

This is the forerunner of a host of stories of English or American adventurers in apocryphal lands, and it still holds its place as the best of them all. It was dramatized by Edward Rose, and has had long runs in England and in the United States. The author wrote a sequel, *Rupert of Hentzau*.

"OF course he can't help his red hair," said Lady Burlesdon.

"It generally crops out once in a generation," rejoined my brother.

I like to exasperate my sister-in-law, so I laughed and added: "I rather like being an Elphberg myself."

Now the Elphbergs are the royal family of Ruritania. What connection can there be between them and the Rassendylls? I am afraid I shall have to rake up the old scandal of 1733, when Prince Rudolf of Ruritania fought a duel in London with the fifth Earl of Burlesdon. Since that day now and again my long straight nose and my red hair crop out in the family.

After a youth of idleness, I had just promised, at the age of nine-and-twenty, to adopt a diplomatic career and go to work in six months' time. Those six months must be spent somewhere; and it suddenly occurred to me that I would visit Ruritania—the home of my relatives, the Elphbergs!

Ten days later found me on my way through the forest that surrounds the old castle of Zenda. The country was in excitement over the King's coronation, which was to come off next day, and I was walking from a forester's cottage where I had been staying to the railway-station, where I was to take the train for

Strelsau, the capital, in time to witness the great event. The walk was long, and sitting down to rest and enjoy a cigar I dozed off and slept, I knew not how long, until I was awakened by a rough voice saying: "Why, the devil's in it! Shave him and he'd be the King!"

Two men in shooting costume were looking at me curiously, an elder and a younger, both of military bearing. "May I ask your name?" said one.

"Suppose you tell me yours," I rejoined.

"We are Colonel Sapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim, in the King's service."

"And I am Rudolf Rassendyll, an English traveler."

Colonel Sapt laughed. "You are a Burlesdon!" he cried out. "You know the story, Fritz? All Ruritania will know it if you stay here much longer," turning to me.

"Fritz! Fritz!" called a voice. A young man sprang from behind a tree. We gazed at each other in silent astonishment; for we were as like as twins, except that I had a beard and was a hair's breadth taller. Explanations followed from Colonel Sapt, and in a moment the young King was clapping me on the back, calling me cousin, and insisting that I should dine with them that night.

We had rather a wild evening at the hunting-lodge where they were staying. The King liked wine, and we all drank more than was good for us. Finally the forester brought out a bottle which he said the King's half-brother, the Duke of Strelsau, had sent him. This the King insisted on draining unassisted. I remember nothing afterward until I was awakened by water dashed in my face. It was early morning. The King lay on the floor in a stupor.

"That last bottle must have been drugged," I cried.

"It may well be," muttered Sapt. "Black Michael, the Duke, would like mightily to keep the King from Strelsau to-day. He is popular and has the army at his back. The coronation would proceed, but with another King!"

"Send for a doctor," I cried.

"Nonsense," said Sapt. "This means a six hours' stupor. Fate has sent you to us to-day, my lad. You must go to Strelsau to be crowned in the King's stead!"

Our plans were made hastily. The King was carried to a cellar and placed in care of a trusty servant. I was shaved and dressed in his uniform; and both men declared that I was his living image. After the coronation, when the King should have awaked, we would change places again and I should be off for England. A few hours later I was in the capital, receiving, at the station, the greetings of the civil and military dignitaries. Only my half-brother, "Black" Michael, sent his regrets.

As we rode through the streets to the cathedral with our brilliant escort I confess I was drunk with excitement. No one saw through our trick; and for the moment I almost believed myself in truth the King of Ruritania. The coronation passed as in a dream. Two faces stood out clearly, the red cheeks and dark hair of my jealous and astonished half-brother, and the pale and lovely countenance of the Princess Flavia, the King's cousin and—so it was believed—his destined wife. As I rode with her in the carriage from the cathedral I wished I had been indeed the King, for she was very beautiful.

But it was five o'clock, and my twelve hours of kingship were over. It was announced that I had retired in fatigue; and we slipped out of the palace by a secret entrance on our way to fetch the real King. In a few hours we were again at the hunting-lodge. It was deserted. Hastening to the cellar where we had left the King, we found naught but the body of his faithful guardian, weltering in his blood. The King was in Black Michael's power; and worse still, Black Michael knew our secret! We gazed at each other blankly.

"Lad, you must go back and play it out!" cried Sapt.

"But the Duke knows," I faltered.

"Suppose he does—he can't tell without confessing his own infamy!"

"They'll kill the King!"

"They may kill him in any case."

"Suppose they've killed him already!"

"Well, by Heaven, you're as good an Elphberg as Michael; and you shall reign in Ruritania!"

As soon as might be we were back in the palace. I had resolved that my safety lay in making myself popular; so I ordered my horse and rode in state in the park, returning all

salutes with punctilious politeness. Then I rode to the house of the Princess, intent on my difficult task of keeping her devoted—yet indifferent. It was soon evident that I should succeed in doing the first without trying—and fail in the second. The King's beautiful cousin loved me! Scarce was this borne in upon me when Michael was announced, and with him three of his famous six henchmen. To play with hate of the enemies that knew my secret and to struggle with my love for the lady who knew it not—these were henceforth my tasks, and with them I spent three months of mock-royalty in the Elphberg capital. Again and again did my foes strive to lure me away, to bribe me to abandon my rôle, to kill me outright—the third month of my reign found me still firmly seated on the throne of those who were really, as well as ostensibly, my ancestors. I was not fond of the part I had to play. Once, with words of love for Flavia on my lips and a confession just unspoken, I was interrupted by Sapt. Finally I could endure it no longer. I felt myself on the point of throwing honor and prudence both to the winds—of marrying Flavia and making myself king for good.

"Sapt," said I to the Colonel, "if you would not have me play the villain, we must act, and quickly! Leave me here another week—and there's another problem for you. Let us go to Zenda, crush this Michael, and bring the King to his own again!"

"And the Princess?" said he, looking at me steadily. I bowed my head. He laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Before God," he cried, "you are the finest Elphberg of them all. Come; we will go to Zenda!"

And this is how the King of Ruritania set out—as it was soon publicly announced—on a great boar-hunt. Surely we were going to hunt a very big boar. Before starting I called to me old Marshal Strakencz, the commandant of the troops, and caused him to swear that, failing a daily courier from me, he would at once declare Strelsau in a state of siege and demand of Michael that he produce the King. Failing this, he was to proclaim Flavia queen.

About five miles from Zenda was the estate of Count Von Tarlenheim, a kinsman of Fritz's. Sent to us ostensibly for our boar-hunt, its proximity to Michael's castle made it a valuable

base. Force was obviously to be of no use to us; Michael would kill the King if it should be necessary; we must win, if at all, by some trick. Michael's retainers swarmed in the neighborhood. They paid us impudent calls, renewing their offer of bribes, trying to kill my men, attempting my life again and again. Finally, by a stratagem, we captured a servant of the Duke's, half-hearted in his service, who told us that the King lay chained at Zenda in the inner of two connecting dungeons below ground-level. With him were always three of Michael's retainers, whose instructions were to defend the door of the outer room, in case of attack, as long as possible. When there should be danger of forcing it one was to withdraw, kill the King and, weighting the body, slip it through a great earthenware pipe that had been so placed as to lead from the dungeon's only window to the water of the moat. Thus all evidence of the crime, or even of the King's presence in the castle, would be destroyed. The same pipe was to furnish, in turn, a means of escape for the defenders. It seemed indeed as if the King could come out alive only by a miracle.

A midnight reconnaissance showed that the man's report was indeed true. I swam the moat, found the great pipe, heard the pathetic voice of the imprisoned King and the taunts of his guards. But I did this only after killing the sentinel at his post; and we did not reach home without a running skirmish in which lives were lost on both sides.

After this time ran on in inactivity, though every moment was pressing. The deaths that had occurred must be explained away; I issued a grave decree against dueling. Murmurs arose at my continued absence from the capital; these I quieted by appointing a day for my public betrothal with Flavia. But if time pressed at Tarlenheim, it pressed none the less fiercely at Zenda. Johann, our spy, told us that the King was ill and very feeble—his life hung in the balance. Two watched with him at night and two by day, the others being in a room above, within call. The drawbridge was kept drawn at night and only the Duke held a key.

At last I took the matter boldly in my hands. I bade Johann to fling open the front door of the castle on the morrow at two o'clock in the morning, and I told Fritz and Sapt what I

had done. They begged me to stay with the Princess and let them go alone.

"If you go and are killed with the King," asked Sapt, "what will become of us who are left?"

"You will serve Queen Flavia," said I. "Moreover, I will not be an impostor for my own profit; if the King is not alive before the betrothal day I will tell the truth, come what may."

"You shall go, lad," said Sapt.

This was my plan. A strong party should rush in at the door when Johann opened it; and at the same moment a woman's voice was to ring out above in a cry for help. This I managed thus: A certain Frenchwoman, Antoinette de Mauban, was with the Duke in the castle, and though she loved him, yet she feared and had written piteously to me begging me to take her from that den of robbers. We had met long before in Dresden, and I had reason to know that she knew our secret. To her I sent a letter bidding her aid us, if she valued life and liberty. Now when she should cry out, as if in danger, Michael, as we hoped, would rush from his room and fall alive into Sapt's hands; the cries, continuing, would draw forth others of the defenders, who would be taken or slain by me, issuing from the moat below. If we should capture with them the keys of the inner door—well. If not the door must be forced, and the King's life hung on the speed with which we could do it.

That night our castle blazed with revelry, to lead our neighbors astray. Before retiring I took off my own ring and placing it on Flavia's finger I said, "Wear this, even though you wear another as queen."

"Whatever else I wear," she replied, "I will wear this till I die—and after." And she kissed the ring.

The night was fine and clear, which was unfavorable. Sapt and his party set out by a circuitous route, planning to reach Zenda just before two. Warmly clad and with a large flask of whisky I prepared for another swim in the moat. Reaching it, I let myself down and paddled slowly toward the castle, pushing before me a light ladder that I had brought with me. Of a sudden I saw a light in the Duke's room, and out of the window leaned Antoinette de Mauban and one of the Duke's

companions. She pushed him away: the Duke entered and speaking harshly, sent him forth. Then all was quiet. The drawbridge went up, but, not long after, he whom the Duke had sent away came again, sword in hand, and, letting himself into the moat swam across to the castle. Though near him, I dared not attack him for fear of the King's life. Then quiet again. Then, of a sudden, a cry from Antoinette de Mauban's room—a cry such as we had planned, but a real one, and long before time! Out ran Duke Michael, cursing loudly. Out ran the others, and from Antoinette's window leaped the intruder into the moat, and so escaped. I climbed up quickly and found myself face to face with another of the Duke's men, whom I smote quickly, and searching in his pockets I withdrew, with a beating heart, a bunch of keys! In a trice I was in the passage to the dungeon. An oil lamp burned dimly. I heard a voice, "Shall we kill him?"

"Wait a bit," came the answer.

There was silence. "The lamp's out," said the voice again.

The time had come. I flung myself against the door. It was unbolted and gave way. One of the watchers I slew at once; the other, faithful to his duty, ran to the inner room, where the prisoner lay. And he would have killed the King surely had not the doctor been with him—the physician that Michael had summoned from Strelsau, whom he had since kept captive. This devoted man opposed the attack, and though he fell dead he caused a second's delay. In that second I was ready. It was a duel, man to man. Slowly I was forced to the wall; I saw my adversary smile. But the King, wasted as he was and in delirium, now took notice.

"I'll help you, Cousin Rudolf," he cried, pushing a chair toward us.

My opponent lunged at him with a curse and felled him, but not before he had himself slipped and lost his guard, so that I ran him through the neck.

Was the King dead? I feared so, but even as I wondered I heard shouts and the noise of the drawbridge. Then a scornful laugh. The clock struck half past two. My God! The door had not been opened! My friends had not found me, and ere this they had gone back to Tarlenheim with the news of the

King's death. For a moment I sank back, unnerved. Then I started up, unlocked the door, and looked out.

The glare of torches fell in my eyes from the other side of the bridge where stood a band of the Duke's servants. In the middle of the bridge stood the intruder whom the Duke had chased from his mistress's room. His dress was disordered and stained with blood, and he loudly called to the Duke, though no Duke was there.

Then came a woman's wild cry, "He's dead; he's dead!"

"Good!" shouted the man; "in truth I struck better than I knew!" All at once a cry, a rush of feet; my friends had come at last! The King was safe; I was needed no more! I fell and kind hands cared for me while I lay in a faint. When I recovered Fritz was kneeling by me.

"Is the King alive?" I cried.

"Thanks to the most gallant gentleman that lives," said he softly, "he is alive."

Before the drama was played out I was destined to see and speak to Flavia once again. They had told her all. And when she whispered that she loved me—me, Rudolf Rassendyll and not the King, I was false for a moment to myself and her. I clasped her in my arms, swearing that she should come with me and that all Ruritania should not part us. But that madness passed. I saw and she saw that love was not all. If it had been, perhaps I had let the King die in his cell. Love was not all; there was honor also. I kissed her as she bade me; she clung to me, speaking my name again and again—and then I left her.

I am still a young man and my friends think me a lazy, indolent fellow. I spend my time in wandering through the woods, gun or rod in hand, and dreaming of the time when I was King in Strelsau. Once a year I go to Dresden, where my dear old friend Fritz von Tarlenheim meets me. In a little box that he bears lies a red rose with the message "Rudolf—Flavia, always." And the like I send back by him. She has followed the path of duty and is the wife of the King. Shall I see her face again—the pale face and the glorious hair? I know not; but this side the grave I will live as becomes the man she loves; as for the other, I must pray a dreamless sleep.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD

(MRS. VON TEUFFEL)

(United States, 1847–1898)

GUENN: A WAVE ON THE BRETON COAST (1882)

This vivid and dramatic portrayal of the artistic and native life of a Breton village has passed through many editions, and has been widely admired for its rich local color.

THE afternoon that Everett Hamor joined the colony of painters at Plouvenec he strolled through its streets, delighting in the picturesque landscape and the people. The fisher-women, conscious of his admiring glances, formed in play a circle hiding within it one of their band. Suddenly the circle broke, and a small black something fell near him; at the same moment he saw a little figure with a mass of long brown hair and the fiercest eyes he had ever seen in a girl's face. "By Jove, what a model!" he thought, picking up the black skull-cap. "This is yours?" he said, going to the girl.

"You—you mind your own business!" she answered passionately; and with a bound she was among the women, upbraiding them for their treachery to her. Hamor passed on, inwardly vowing, "That girl must pose for me." At nightfall he visited the quay as the boats came in with a great catch: the place was thronged with the buyers and sellers of sardines. Two fighting men emerged from the mob; Hamor tried to separate them; as he did so there was a cessation of hostilities caused by the appearance of a priest, who came to Hamor's aid and commanded the drunken Hoël and Rodellec to go home. Still uttering oaths Rodellec stumbled off; and a lithe figure pushed through the crowd and hurried after him. Hamor

recognized the girl he had seen on the shore. She met his glance with a defiant stare, but smiled at the priest. Hamor thanked Father Thymert for his services, expressed his deep interest in the curious spectacle, and inquired who the beautiful young girl was. Thymert resented having his people exploited. At the mention of the girl he turned away his face; "That was Guenn," he said slowly, "Guenn Rodellec."

Hamor's elusive nature was filled with inconsistencies, and he shrank from any depth of thought or feeling; but he gained friends wherever he went. He was recognized as a man of promise—a strong draftsman, though his coloring was spoken of with a shrug of the shoulders. Physically, he was a tall, handsome man, with a sunny, kind smile.

Having no mother, Guenn Rodellec had begun going to the river to wash clothes in her ninth year: she was now barely seventeen. Whenever needed she was employed in Monsieur Morot's usine, where she was one of his most skilful packers of sardines and often one of his buyers. At other times she was free to gossip and to knit on the wall or on the beach; and always she was the merriest, sauciest, prettiest girl in Plouvenec, ruling the men and the women alike. Her father was brutally unkind to her and to her poor little crippled brother Nannic, and like them she regarded her home simply as a sleeping-place.

There were forty artists in the Plouvenec colony; and Hamor with habitual ease readily adapted himself to their customs, and established himself in M. Morot's large granary. The loft was spacious; so he invited Staunton and Douglas, brother painters, to share his quarters. His companions soon complained that he demoralized their models, all of whom posed best for him; to which accusation Hamor laughingly retorted that he supposed it was a case of "What makes the lamb love Mary so? Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know"—but that in reality he would see them all drowned and damned before his eyes if it would help him to paint better. He was a joyful worker; still his friends' models lacked inspiration, and he decided that Guenn must become his special model. Guenn, however, was unapproachable. Hamor saw her everywhere, the ringleader of mischief, mixing with rough men at all hours of the day and night, yet keeping her purity stainless. She scorned all the

inducements that her friend Jeanne held out if she would only pose for Hamor, and declared that she hated his eyes, which wherever she went she always saw smiling, smiling. In fact she was tired of hearing about this Monsieur Hamor, who was of no more importance to her than her old sabots.

"*Passeur!*" cried Hamor one day by the ferryway. When the scow came into view it was Guenn herself sculling, for the ferryman was away drunk. For some minutes after Hamor had seated himself he took no notice of her, though inwardly vowing he must have a picture of her as she stood there sculling with her lithe strength. She was very angry.

"Guenn," he said gently.

She was startled, for no one had ever said *Guenn* like that. "Guenn," he repeated, "let us be sensible. Why should you and I quarrel? You know I want you to pose for me. Will you not come, Guenn? I will give you fifty francs a month."

"No!" she cried vehemently.

"And why not?" he continued in the same kind tone.

"Because I won't. I wish you would go to the end of the world and never come back again." Her voice trembled with passion.

"Why, Guenn?"

She flung up her arms with a little desperate movement and let them fall. "Because they all like you—even Monsieur the rector of the Lannions and my Nannic."

When he had gone her eyes were filled with hot tears, and she seemed to hear the caressing "Guenn." "I hate him!" she said, and sculled with all her strength.

Hamor had not forgotten a wish to paint the curé; and accompanied by Staunton and Douglas he paid a promised visit at the Lannions. Left alone for a few minutes the young men discussed the charms and strange, bold ways of Guenn Rodellec. Thymert overheard their remarks and was outraged that they should discuss and dissect the motherless girl, his niece. He joined the group and passionately defended her. After the painter's departure an impression came to Thymert that Guenn was needing him—he *must* go to her. Reaching Plouvenec he sought Madame at the Voyageurs to ask her where the little girl could be found. He could not bring himself to speak of her even

to the loyal sailors—her name had been bandied about among too many men. Following Madame's direction, he found Guenn with Jeanne and Nannic knitting on the third beach. Nannic was crying shrilly, "Guenn will—Guenn won't—Guenn will." He had cultivated an oracular manner which often served his weak body well. As Thymert gazed at honest, hard-working little Guenn, he was stirred with resentment against the painters, who had called her bold and wild and rough. In a flash the thought came—why shouldn't Guenn go to school at Quimper, where she would have protection? Guenn stoutly refused this suggestion. Then he asked her how she would like to be married, which question met with equal disfavor; for she preferred to remain young and strong and be the prettiest girl in Plouvenec. Thymert felt that he had accomplished nothing; but before he left he exacted her good Breton promise that if ever she were in trouble she would come to him for help.

Some days later Hamor gave to Nannic the honor of buying his cigarettes, which filled the other boys with envy and chagrin. Guenn, overhearing their excitement, thought Hamor was making sport of Nannic, and upbraided him. Then when she saw Nannic returning triumphant with the cigarettes, she exclaimed impetuously to Hamor, "I was just hateful!"

The next morning Nannic was the first object that met Hamor's gaze as he entered his studio. After a long pause the boy said, "She's coming!" and pointed down the street. Hamor saw nobody and resumed his work.

Guenn was being irresistibly drawn to the studio. She was unhappy; for her father, who had heard that for a caprice she was throwing away fifty francs a month, had commanded her to go to Hamor's atelier; and parental authority ruled in Plouvenec. How she hated this man who could make her heart beat so fast. If only she could keep her freedom and not yield to this strange feeling that was mastering her. The mistress of the premises interrupted these reflections by inquiring what she wanted; when she suggested that if Guenn would like to be a model she could intercede with Hamor for her, Guenn, with a superb air, stalked across the court, ran up the stairs, and burst into the studio.

Without looking up, Hamor knew who had come. He let

her roam at will, and she still felt as free as a bird. When the noon hour came Guenn would not promise to return the following day, but her eloquent eyes said what her lips withheld. Afterward Hamor declared to his comrades, who had witnessed the last tableau, that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and agreed with them that he was going to make a great picture of her that would win him fame and fortune.

The days passed, and Guenn was portrayed in many attitudes. It now seemed to her as if she lived for the first time. It was joy to sit hour after hour heeding his simplest request. Her ways became gentler; she noticed the difference between Hamor and her own people, and strove to improve herself. The rampant Guenn of olden times was gone; Hamor had enthralled her. He found her the most sympathetic and intelligent model he had ever had; she still had her moments of temper and insubordination, but his caressing voice soon brought her to repentance. Sometimes he caught a hungry look in her eyes, but with all his cleverness he failed to understand it. One day he took his little band to the churchyard at Beûzec. Its tender tones pleased him, and he reflected what a picture Guenn would make there as a bride. He turned to find his saucy bride, and saw instead a girl pale as death staring at him. She had destroyed the illusion; and he was annoyed to have her ask him if he were going away. At his answer that of course he was going some time, Guenn left him abruptly.

"What possesses the girl?" he thought. "All women and children like me—why shouldn't Guenn? She will lose her spirit—her greatest charm—if she grows sentimental. I must keep her jolly. The main thing is to get on as fast as possible with the boat picture."

A few minutes after this, Hamor was musing over a neglected grave, four hundred years old—Yves Hernadan, two years old. His whole face expressed sympathy for the dead child. Guenn stole back, softened. Then the thought of his smile for this unknown being dead so long, when he had no kind look for her, maddened her, and with an angry cry, "I hate that Yves Hernadan!" she sprang over the wall. Her exit startled Hamor, who feared that he might have lost her.

But she was punctual at the studio the next morning. He

preached a little homily on behavior that only amused her; then suddenly he said that she could act as she pleased, but must help him when he needed her. She alone of all people could help him paint his great picture. He begged her to stand shoulder to shoulder to him in his best work. "And after I am gone—can I indeed control my going?—why not be able to say, 'I helped him—I was his friend'? It is your beauty I need, not your small moods that may destroy it. You are beautiful, Guenn; be beautiful for me."

So the lover-like voice pleaded. She could help him. He needed her. He prized her beauty. All her loyalty was aroused and she was ready to give him her highest effort at any cost. He held out his hand for her promise; she put her own in his. "Whatever comes," she said solemnly. Then of a sudden she laid her cheek on his hand. Moved by her exquisite homage and surrender, he flung his arm across her shoulder. Like a flash she slipped from his grasp, and then looked at him without embarrassment, yet with perfect maidenliness. "Monsieur," she said, "I don't hate that four-hundred-year-old baby to-day."

She was eager to discuss the great picture; and at her suggestion it was settled that, in order to avoid spectators, he should paint her sculling at the Lannions. Thymert arrived at this opportune moment, and for her sake acquiesced to her request, though he was amazed and tortured to find that Guenn was not only posing for Hamor but had become his slave.

Day by day Guenn grew more beautiful. Before this she had given no thought to new finery; but now that Monsieur was always talking of color, she thirsted for new clothes which would help the great picture. Then the Pardon was coming, and he would see her dance for the prize. How could she make the necessary money? Well, there were ways; and one morning she gave André, the stage-driver, a package to sell for her; he brought her back thirty francs. She had sacrificed her beautiful long hair.

The day of the Pardon at Nevin came. Guenn hung anxiously around until she had Hamor's bow of approval. Then she dashed into the crowd, bestowing all the smiles she had reserved until her fate was sealed. "I please him. I may be as happy as I choose!" Strangers were asking who the beautiful

girl was. Formerly when asked her name Guenn would boldly answer: "I'm Guenn Rodellec—who are you?" But now she pointed to Hamor, saying, "His model," proud to follow his chariot, a nameless slave. The call came for the dancers, and Guenn, dancing with a passionate abandon, won all hearts and gained the prize. After a short pause the call was sounded for the longest continued dancing. On and on Guenn danced, controlling the room by her magnetism, tiring out her rivals one by one, until she faced the room alone and victorious. It was the zenith of her glory. All her world saw her triumph: she could now lay it at Hamor's feet.

Hamor had been watching her constantly, but at that moment he was discussing a moral point with a friend. Guenn saw his face turned away—his face alone of all the crowd. All joy left her. With a strained look and as if in great pain, she said, "I shall never dance again." What had it all been worth? She wished she could run away and die. Loïc Nives drew Rodellec's attention to Guenn as she looked imploringly at Hamor. "What I want to know," said her father with an ugly look, "is, *who—gave—her—her—clothes?*"

"Curse him!" Nives's voice trembled with rage and hate.

Guenn went bravely through the day, making herself the life of the occasion. Nannic had whispered something to her which had frozen her soul with terror, and she longed for night to come. When it was dark, she waylaid the gendarme and told him that she knew something that was going to happen, but he must promise that he would not suspect or arrest anybody. She then unfolded a plot contrived by two men to destroy that night by a slow-match the granary where Hamor's pictures were. The gendarme followed her directions, and the disaster was averted.

The picture for the Salon progressed. It made Thymert sick to see the canvas and to think that poor little Guenn would be stared at by all the crowds at the Salon. A pathetic sadness that now and again crept into her face wrung his heart and filled him with rage. But Guenn was utterly happy. Every morning, like a conquering queen, she sailed over to the Lannions, where Hamor spent the week; then, after a long, glad day, the faithful, rude sailors, knowing naught of the lofty, self-sacri-

ficing love of the little rough girl, brought her carefully home. Rodellec, urged on by his two comrades, Loïc and Hoël, brooded over the change in Guenn, and plotted for the murder of Hamor, whom he had always hated.

Soon after this week at the Lannions, Hamor became absorbed in studies of Thymert, who was a magnificent specimen of calm, strong manhood. A shipwreck would be good, he thought, with this extraordinary man kneeling in intense grief by a loved body. He called to Guenn to take off her coiffe and lie on the ground with her beautiful hair covering her. Guenn did not stir. Deep, piteous agony and defeat were in her eyes as she looked at him. He had not cared for the dress or the dancing; he would rather have had her hair. Hamor did not understand her disobedience; so, as she continued to stand stubbornly quiet, he untied the tape and removed her coiffe. With tears of mortification, in a strange, mechanical voice, she then confessed that she had cut off her hair to get money for the Pardon.

That afternoon Hamor went to the Point; it was his custom to return between five and six o'clock. Behind a wall on the road by which he would return, three men were lying in wait for him. Presently footsteps came, and one of the men rushed against the advancing person, receiving himself a well-aimed blow. "Keep to your own side of the road, will you?" called a girl's voice angrily. "What do you mean—stupid! Almost knocking a body down?"

"Where's your milk-faced painter?" demanded Loïc, furiously. His unguarded words were checked too late by Rodellec, while Hoël asked Guenn—for it was she—to tell him who gave her the fine clothes she wore at the Pardon. Without a word she tore off her coiffe. She then denounced them all as cowards and murderers, defending Hamor in a passionate outburst, and for the first time in her loyal life revealing her father's cruelty. In a wild fury Rodellec was about to strike her, when Nannic appeared on the wall, chanting weirdly and frightening off the men.

Toward the end of the winter Hamor was reading one night in his studio, when Guenn burst in upon him. She begged him to go at once for Mr. Staunton, for they—Hoël and Nives and

he—were coming. At first Hamor laughed at Guenn's tragic manner; then he too became excited; and Guenn, ashamed that she must confess it, told him that they had been plotting his death all winter, but had always been prevented heretofore. After much persuasion she made him go, promising that she would care for the picture. She knew that he would not have left if she had said that they were coming at once. There was not a moment to be lost; already there were footsteps outside. She rushed to the canvas, spreading her arms before it, her face flashing defiance toward the door, ready to die for his work as she would have died for him. Then her eye caught the door to the loft. Instantly she dragged the heavy picture, taking pains not to rub it, and after serious effort passed it through the doorway so that it rested on the beam three feet beyond, and closed the door behind as three men entered the studio swearing. "If they find me they will cut the picture in pieces—and kill him when he comes," thought Guenn in anguish, balancing herself and her charge above fifty feet of darkness. She calculated where the straw below lay and that she could drop the picture now unheard while the men were quarreling. With considerable maneuvering she swung it to the right place, and dropped it, but it did not fall noiselessly. Guenn crouched under the rafters, and the door was thrown open. The three men blinked uneasily into the indefinite space.

"I'd like to hang the painter's cursed long body on that beam, alongside of old Morot," muttered Rodellec.

Nives crossed himself with an expression of anxiety on his ugly face. "See here, Rodellec, I wouldn't talk of Morot in that way—at least not here. He might not like it."

"If he doesn't," retorted Rodellec, reckless and angry, "he's welcome to show himself and say so."

Guenn seized this suggestion, covered her head with her shawl, clasped her hands around the beam, and with an appeal to Morot's ghost hung above the fifty feet of darkness. Suddenly Nives saw her, and with a cry of horror showed the others the awful object hanging from the beam. In a second they were in the studio with the door shut. Three loud knocks sounded on the other side of the door, and the men flew downstairs; and Guenn, who had managed despite her exhaustion

to pull herself up and reach the door, now fell into the studio. She did not dare to remain there long, for she must be home before her father arrived. Hamor never knew the extent of her heroism.

The day came when the picture was finished. Guenn's heart was bursting with memories. The people at the Salon would see a girl sculling, but they would never know that her whole soul and strength and love were in that picture. When the last nail in the box was driven she burst into sobs. Hamor was too happy to be annoyed; he took this occasion to thank Guenn for her loyal help. He also told her that he had concluded to remain in Plouvenec until fall, and would paint her as a bride in the Beûsec churchyard; she must go to Quimper and buy some wedding-finery.

Guenn's buoyant nature responded, and the following Friday she drove over to Quimper in gay spirits. She had not seen Hamor for three days, for he had been away on an errand; and her heart bounded with the knowledge that he would be pleased with her service, and that she would see him perhaps that very night. As her omnibus left Quimper, the boat bringing Hamor back landed at Plouvenec. He at once asked for his letters and found that his picture was a great hit, that he must go to Paris at once, for there were plans on foot for him. He made instant preparations, and, though he disliked to leave without bidding farewell to Guenn, he was on his way before she, with her bridal finery, alighted from the omnibus. She gazed around, hoping to see Hamor, but came suddenly upon her father, who sneered, "So your painter-chap has sneaked off and left you!" Guenn laughed at him fearlessly. She had never been so spirited and beautiful. Then of a sudden she grasped what was being said to her. She staggered, then faced him superbly. "You lie!" she cried fiercely. Madame of the Voyageurs had crossed unnoticed from her door.

"God forgive you, Hervé Rodellec," she said. "I never will, here or hereafter. Guenn!" in a voice no one had ever heard before from Madame.

"Is it true?" demanded Guenn, seizing her wrists. "You are not a liar!"

Her agonized eyes searched Madame's face and read its

fatal answer. Without a look at one of them she flew through the darkness. At first she went to the studio and paced up and down in agony. The beautiful face was gone forever. She could not stay there, and she rushed out toward the sands. Her head was so hot! What was she trying to remember? The waves were calling her incessantly. It would be so easy to answer them. But she must remember first her good Breton promise to Thymert. She had promised to go to him if ever she needed help, and all Plouvenec knew that Guenn Rodellec never broke her word. Down the rocks she sprang and over the beaches to where the boats lay. She loosened one of them, manned usually by three men, set sail and pushed off, singing blithely as she guided the boat out before the storm on the turbulent bay.

The next morning, Thymert scanned his island. The storm had been severe. What was there by the rock? He stole toward it. "O my God!" he moaned, and knelt by the little figure. He knew who had come to the Lannions. He carried her to his own bed, and all day long the strong man knelt by the dead child, alone with her, with his agony, his conscience, and his God. Toward evening he left the poor little body with old Brigette; and that night he departed from Plouvenec forever.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

(United States, 1837)

A MODERN INSTANCE (1883)

This novel is one of the author's earlier successes, and is a great favorite still with those readers that appreciate Mr. Howells's keen analysis of human nature.

HEN Bartley Hubbard referred the committee that was looking for an editor to the college that had graduated him, the answer was favorable. The young man in question had acquitted himself with distinction in whatever he had undertaken. When he appeared in person, the perfection of his dress, the shine of his shoes, and his handsome, if somewhat weak, face, militated against him to some extent. One member suggested that the subject of his morals had not been mentioned by the Faculty. Squire Gaylord made a joke about morals and newspapers being only distant relations, and the applicant was accepted as managing editor of the *Equity Free Press*. The Squire was the leading lawyer in the village; and the new editor strengthened his good impression by borrowing Blackstone a few months later and declaring his wish to study law. The Squire asked him some questions, was frankly astonished at his grasp and memory, and accepted him as a student.

About this time Marcia, the Squire's only child and the village beauty and belle, came home from boarding-school. Soon she met the editor; and his good looks, engaging manners, and open admiration of herself aroused, first, her vanity, and then a passionate, all-absorbing love. He became her constant escort, and she sped all over the surrounding country behind "Jerry," his fast colt. She made no effort to conceal her feel-

ings, and Bartley often smiled complacently to think that the prettiest and most stylish girl in town was, so to speak, at his feet. He liked her, too, was proud of her appearance, and they became engaged to be married. The Squire was not pleased with this arrangement, and was distinctly displeased that his girl should throw herself at any man. He knew Hubbard better now than he did when the young man became his student.

"He's smart," he said, half to his wife and half to himself, "that's the trouble with him. He's too smart. And when a girl like Marcia lets herself go she makes a fool of herself." Argument with Marcia was worse than useless, so he determined to push Hubbard to the front in the law and make the best of it.

In the office of the *Free Press* was a young girl whose pretty face and lively ways were decidedly agreeable to the editor. Socially, she was far below the Squire's daughter; but Hannah Morrison was a handsome, high-spirited girl, and the many attentions of her employer sank deep into her ambitious heart. One morning soon after Hubbard became engaged, old Morrison came stumbling up the stairs demanding to see the boss. The editor was not well that day, and when the half-drunken fellow forced his way in and began to upbraid him for his attentions to his girl he was in just the mood to knock him down stairs. Instead, he took him by the coat collar and launched his unsteady hulk on the platform outside the door, which he shut and locked.

"I wonder if that little vixen put him up to it," he muttered. "She's equal to it."

"That's a lie," broke in Bird, the office-boy, and as he uttered the words he struck out at Bartley with a newspaper. Hubbard turned on him with a cool sneer.

"O-ho, so you're in love with her yourself, are you?" and as the paper hit his face, he struck the youth with the flat of his palm. Bird fell to the floor, and, terror-stricken, Bartley thought that he was dead. He got him home and waited in undisguised anxiety for the doctor's report. Stories of the incident began to gain currency, and although Bird did not die, Bartley thought it as well to get the law on his side. With

this end in view he sought the lawyer. Marcia was in the office, and, as she declined to leave, he was obliged to enter upon his story in her presence. He tried to conceal any details that might compromise himself, but the old Squire took in the situation, and, moved by a wish to disillusionize his daughter, drew out some of the facts which Bartley had hoped to hide.

"You praised her up a good deal, I s'pose," said the Squire, watching his student out of half-closed eyes.

"Why, yes," admitted Bartley, "I guess I did."

"Lent her books to improve her mind," suggested the Squire.

Bartley admitted this indication of interest also.

"Kissed her once in a while," said the Squire, hypothetically.

Bartley made no answer. At this implied assent, Marcia, who had been sitting by her lover, her eyes filled with loving tears for him in what she considered his undeserved trouble, sprang from her seat, tore from her finger the ring he had given her, thrust it into his hand and flew out like a whirlwind. No litigation followed the quarrel between Hubbard and Bird, but his relations with the Gaylords were uncomfortable; so Bartley decided that it would be for his best interest to seek his fortune elsewhere. He soon closed up his affairs in Equity. On his way to the station, he drove past the Squire's house, from whose windows Marcia, every day since her wild act of renunciation, had watched the street for a glimpse of him. She saw him drive past and knew his destination. Feigning an intention to pay a visit, she had the horse harnessed; and as Bartley was sitting in the dingy station, depressed and confused by the sudden blight that had fallen upon his fortunes, Marcia rushed in upon him. In an hour they were married and on their way to Boston.

On a total capital of one hundred and sixty-five dollars—Bartley had sold his rig for one hundred and fifty—"Bartley Hubbard and Wife," as he signed himself with a flourish at the Revere House, began life together. Bartley had insisted on celebrating by an evening at the theater; and when, the second morning after their marriage, they counted up their resources, to Marcia's horror, there were but one hundred and twenty dollars left. She dragged Bartley out to find cheap lodgings. Their country origin and recent marriage were writ

large all over them; and after wearisome disappointments a sympathetic woman gave them an attic chamber for Marcia's maximum—ten dollars a week. Then Hubbard set to work. He was a bright newspaper man, and he first wrote up a recent visit to a logging-camp. This he took to the *Daily Events*, where it was declined; but the *Chronicle-Abstract* accepted it at once, and paid twenty-five dollars for it. Bartley rushed home to show Marcia the check. As he ran into the dark little hall he stumbled over some boxes and a trunk.

"Hello!" he shouted, "so your things have come."

Marcia was standing pale and almost trembling in the little reception-room, and seemed half afraid to come out.

"Yes," she answered faintly. "Father's just been here. I know he'll be all right, Bartley."

Something roused Bartley's anger.

"Do you know it by the way he abused me? Did he come to take you home? Why didn't you go?" he went on brutally. As he saw her grow deathly white at his taunt, repentance seized him. "Oh, Marsh!" he cried, advancing toward her.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, and rushing up-stairs locked the door. Bartley went out, shocked at his own words, but not generous enough to make any apologies. When he went back Marcia met him with a little kiss of reconciliation, and after a more or less satisfactory explanation their first quarrel seemed to be over.

The article in the *Chronicle-Abstract* attracted some attention, and another on the "Perpendicular Prices of Boston's Boarding-Houses" sold promptly at an increased price. Bartley was elected to the Club, and declared to Marcia that his future was assured.

"Of course it is," she cried in ecstasy, "but we must be very saving till you get a regular place." Their one ambition was that he should secure a permanent position; and as none was in sight, Marcia returned to her desire that he should study law. As Bartley was on his way to consult a lawyer whom he had met in a friendly way, he passed the office of the *Events*. Witherby, the editor, was sitting where he saw him, and called him in. An hour later Bartley rushed home to Marcia and, bursting in, shouted his news.

"I've got a place! I'm assistant managing editor of the *Events*, Marsh!" he cried.

"Oh, I can't believe it," she answered, springing to meet him. "I thought you were not friends with Witherby and wouldn't write for that paper."

"Oh, Witherby isn't so bad," conceded Bartley, and neither of them fully realized—Marcia not at all—the true nature of the compact. Witherby had expounded his views of running a newspaper, his leading principle being that "the first duty of a public journal is to make money for its owner."

"Of course," he had declared with the air of being fair, "a journal should not be run exclusively in the interest of the counting-room. But there are two sides to every question, and shall a newspaper take sides against a company which advertises heavily with it just because some other newspapers are condemning it, or shall it give our friends the benefit of the doubt?"

Bartley promptly agreed as to the folly of a newspaper's cutting its own head off by offending anybody, and Witherby decided that this level-headed young man suited him exactly. Bartley recognized Witherby's financial shrewdness, and also that in the office of the *Events* there would be no troublesome principles to stand in his editorial way.

This great prosperity having come into their lives, the Hubbards took two important steps; one was to call on Mr. Halleck, whose son Bartley had known in college, and the other to rent a little cottage and begin housekeeping. In this first home their little daughter was born. In Bartley's joy at Marcia's safe passage through this ordeal, he, in a burst of magnanimity, offered to send for her father and mother. He also suggested that the baby be named after the Squire. As her father's name was Flavius Josephus, this suggestion excited some consternation in Marcia's mind, delighted as she was that he should make it. A compromise was agreed on, and the little girl was called Flavia. The Squire came to Boston, and the young father showed him the sights. But in spite of the smooth outside the Squire was not deceived, and a knowledge of this made Marcia too insistent on her husband's virtues. To Hubbard himself the old lawyer's visit was the worst bit of boredom that he had ever known. A check for five hundred dollars which he

left inside of a silver cup presented to the baby was the only bright spot in the whole long week.

After the birth of the little girl the domestic life of the Hubbards was much changed. Marcia was often detained upstairs evenings, and when she sat with her husband she was tired and quiet. They did not quarrel as often as before, and Bartley really did like peace. But he liked sociability, too, and these evenings often bored him. He would frequently invent some business to take him out. He liked to air his theories among newspaper men, and he often had a lunch of kidneys and beer with some of the reporters. He was taking a great deal of beer nowadays. He thought it braced him up and made him sleep. Once he came home from a game of billiards fifty dollars out, a fact which Marcia never knew. She was often lonely, but she was trying hard to be patient and even-tempered, and things ran along pretty well till the question of going to Equity for a visit was broached. Marcia longed for a change and urged Bartley to set a date for going. Her desire to have him always with her made the thought of going without him unendurable.

"Why can't you take the baby and go?" he asked one day impatiently. "I can't stand Equity for three weeks."

"Oh, Bartley," she pleaded, "the Hallecks will come over from Conway sometimes, and I'm sure we'll have a good time."

Bartley laughed a disagreeable laugh.

"Look here, Marcia," he said crossly. "If you like the Hallecks, well and good, but I think they're duller than death. I outgrew Ben Halleck years ago."

Marcia's temper rose at this insulting reference to his best friends, and after a bitter quarrel, in which each taunted the other with episodes which both ought to have forgotten, Marcia flew to her room and Bartley left the house. He felt excited and wakeful, and he visited one bar-room after another, meeting old friends, or making new ones with the ease of the inebriate. Finally he went to sleep on the Hallecks' door-step, where Ben, who had been hearing his mutterings and tipsy movements, found him when he opened the door to see what was the matter. Halleck got him home, told Marcia not to send for a doctor, as he was not seriously ill—she thought he was going to die and

had not the slightest idea what was the matter with him—and left him to break the shameful truth to his wife as best he could. When he did make his explanation he told her with considerable gaiety that "if it had ever happened before it couldn't have happened then," assured her that it was "very common," and gave her somewhat the impression that in a Boston full of men reeling home at night to their palatial residences he was a model of temperance. Poor Marcia! As to the visit to Equity, he promised to go with her and go after her, and with this she had to be satisfied.

During the summer Bartley's salary was raised to fifty dollars a week, and he lived well. He thought he could afford to, but he always had a pile of unpaid bills on hand. Sometimes he borrowed money, a transaction of which Marcia was never informed. He was always wanting money, and when Witherby offered him some stock in the *Events* he decided to go to Ben Halleck and "make a raise out of him." Halleck despised him for a scoundrel, but he thought of Marcia and let him have it. The *Events* was the public advocate of all kinds of corruption, and was making money fast, so Bartley felt prosperous. It was a fact that most of the friends who liked him at first had fallen away from him—as one of them said, "the Hubbard stock wasn't worth twenty cents on the dollar"—but he had other companions, and he did not discriminate very closely between the old friends and the new. Things were going so well with him that he began to think a little of going to some church, of cleaning up some shady transactions, of shutting off his beer—but somehow he found himself more and more indifferent to virtuous action, and he was, in fact, less and less capable of it. When Marcia went away the next time he thoroughly enjoyed the freedom from her ever-persistent conscience, and he sometimes reflected that it might have been better for him if he had never met her. Such thoughts did not last long, but they would return; and when, one morning, Witherby summoned him to his office and dismissed him—the elder editor having become aware of some slippery methods which he feared would hurt his paper—thinking what it would be to face Marcia under the accumulated burden of debt, disgrace, and dismissal, he said to himself:

"Good Lord! I wish I was dead—or someone." The conclusion of his sentence made him smile.

When Marcia returned she seemed, to his astonishment, almost indifferent to the only fact he told her—his dismissal.

"Oh, well," she said, carelessly, "it's just as well. I've no doubt you can earn as much or more by writing for different papers." And as time went on, she left him much alone. He often slept far into the forenoon, and adopted other bachelor habits which she accepted without protest or even comment. Bartley sometimes wondered what her theory about him was. But as a matter of fact he did not care much, so long as he was comfortable, though it bored him to have her so quiet evenings, and once, slyly glancing at her over his newspaper, he distinctly felt that he was tired of the whole thing.

The Presidential campaign of Hayes and Tilden was on, and he bet heavily on Tilden—with Halleck's money—and on the first returns he was jubilant. Later, when the count was placed with the Returning Board he had a wretched reversal of feeling. But when he found that bets were being called off, he claimed his money, saying loftily that he laid his wager on the popular result, not on the decision of any board. In his relief he had the severest attack of imaginary virtue he had had in many a day, and he went home to talk frankly to Marcia, to tell her that he wanted to get out of the life of temptation he was leading, and that he would go anywhere—to Equity, even—and begin again.

Marcia was not at home, but was expected soon, so in a glow of virtuous intention, he waited for her. Presently the front door shut with a bang. Marcia burst into the room, caught up her child, and broke out into a torrent of accusations and sobs.

"A woman reeled up against me in the street just now. I pitied her, I was so happy, coming home to you, and when I asked her how she came to that she struck me and told me to go home and ask my husband. It was Hannah Morrison."

Bartley's good angel fled and the Devil entered his soul.

"And do you believe a woman like that?" he coldly sneered.

"Do I believe a man like this?" she retorted in an agony of rage. "You—you don't deny it."

"No, I don't deny it. For all practical purposes I admit it."

Taunt followed taunt, till the poor, crazed woman put on with shaking hands her child's cap and cloak, and crying:

"I will never live with you again, Bartley," went out of the house.

"Very well," he called after her. "If you go away now you certainly won't, for I won't have you."

"It isn't for what you won't deny, but for what you've said now," she retorted, as she went off into the darkness.

Bartley sat for a few minutes dazed. Then he realized that he could not think, he must act. He made a hearty meal and packed his bag. Then he sat down before the parlor fire and gave Marcia fifteen minutes to come back. But she did not come. He took his bag and started for the station, running back for his umbrella, giving her so much more time in which to return. Finally he bought a ticket for Chicago, and was soon on his way west. At first his sole wish was to be rid of his wife; but at Cleveland a wild impulse to go back mastered him. He got to the ticket office to buy a return ticket and felt for his purse. It was gone. He had been robbed of all that he had left of Halleck's money. He reeled out of the line penniless.

After wandering about for a short time Marcia went to the Hallecks'. She told them that she had been caught out in the rain and was afraid to go home. Ben offered his escort, and when she reached her own door she begged Halleck to go in with her.

"We had a quarrel," she moaned, "and I'm afraid to go in alone."

"I can not go with you," he said. "No man can be a refuge for you from your husband."

When she finally entered no one was there but the maid in the kitchen. Marcia went out and told her to keep Mr. Hubbard's dinner warm, as he might be in at any time. She sat dry-eyed and scarcely conscious all night, and in the morning Bartley had not returned. Days grew to weeks. Creditors became pressing. Her friends respected the delusion which she tried to impose upon them about his expected return, but before long the need of daily bread made it imperative that something should be done. She had refused to write to her father, but he was informed of her situation, and came to take her

home. She would not leave the house for an hour unless it was absolutely necessary; but finally she adopted a theory that Bartley was dead. She took boarders, and made a bare subsistence in that way. Early in April a marked paper came to Ben Halleck. The marked item was a notice of a suit for divorce in Illinois—Hubbard vs. Hubbard. The address was really Mrs. B. Hubbard, but was almost illegible and the paper had been missent. Halleck took it to her and her father, who was with her. At first her joy that he was found filled her intelligence. When she understood that he was doing this to get rid of her, she cried in sharp, unnatural tones:

"I will go and disappoint him."

When Squire Gaylord, Ben Halleck and one of his sisters, and Marcia and her child entered the court-room of Tecumseh, Illinois, a jolly lawyer was slapping on the back a very fat man, who was in the act of rising to receive congratulations. The fat man's pinkish face turned to a tallowy white as he discovered the party that had just entered. The Squire came forward, explained that an accident had detained them several hours, and asked that the case be reopened, as the defendant was present. Then with the tenderness of a father, the skill of a trained advocate and the severity of a just judge, the lawyer portrayed the quick return of the abandoned wife and her two years of waiting in expectation and anguish. As he called upon the court to put the perjurer where he belonged, "in a felon's garb and a felon's cell," Marcia, who had been listening with staring eyes and white face, sprang forward and grasped her father's arm.

"No! no!" she almost shrieked, "let him go! I did not understand!" At this interruption, the Squire fixed a stony, staring look upon her and fell prostrate across the desk.

A little later Bartley's attorney sent for Halleck.

"Halleck," said Hubbard, who crawled out of a dim corner, "here's part of that money and I'll give you the rest when I can."

"You don't owe me any money. Your wife's father paid that. But what are you going to do as reparation for the wrong you've done your wife and child?" Halleck answered severely.

"You're a good fellow, Halleck," was the complacent

answer, "but you don't understand. It's played out. I felt badly about it myself once, but the more I've thought about it the better I like what I've done. See here, Halleck, why don't you fix it up with Marcia? She's free now."

At these words which marked the abyss into which Hubbard had fallen as nothing else could have done, Halleck turned on his heel and left him.

Marcia took her father to Equity and nursed him back to partial health. Two years later the glaring headlines of the papers told of the shooting, in Whited Sepulchre, Arizona, of the editor of the weekly paper by a "leading citizen." The editor was the former editor of the *Equity Free Press*.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM (1884)

BARTLEY CAMPBELL, a reporter, elicited from Mr. Silas Lapham, a Boston millionaire, the following facts in his career for the *Daily Events* series: "Solid Men of Boston." He was the oldest son of a Vermont farmer, and was fifty-five years of age. He and his five brothers had gone west when they grew up; but Silas returned later to Vermont, worked at various jobs, married a fine type of the New England schoolteacher, and ultimately inherited his father's farm, on which mineral paint had been discovered. When the Civil War broke out Lapham enlisted, and he returned a colonel, with a ball in his leg as a souvenir of Gettysburg. Then he devoted himself to getting the paint on the market, with what success his fortune attested. Needing capital at the start, he had taken a man named Rogers as his partner; but after a year or two he got rid of him. The paint sold everywhere now.

For twelve years Lapham and his family had lived in a house in Nankeen Square at the South End, which he had bought of a man who discovered that this section was becoming unfashionable.

The summer before this story opens Mrs. Lapham and her two daughters, Penelope and Irene, had met a Boston woman and her two daughters and later her son at a small watering-place near the St. Lawrence river, to whom she had been of great service when their trunks had miscarried and the mother was dangerously ill.

When they were all in Boston again this lady and her daughters came in a carriage to call on the Laphams, and they apologized for arriving about dark by saying that their coachman "didn't exactly know the way." The Bromfield Coreys lived in an old, aristocratic house in Bellingham Place, and were

Bostonian to their finger-tips. Mrs. Lapham had told her husband, on her return from Canada: "They are the nicest people you ever saw. Not stuck up a bit, and the son had perfect ways."

"Well, they ought to be," he replied. "Never done anything else. I could buy and sell Bromfield Corey twice over!"

In speaking about the ladies' call, Mrs. Lapham added pensively: "We ought to do the best we can for the children. If they are going to marry and live in Boston, we ought to try and get them into society. I am afraid we didn't send them to the right schools. There's got to be something besides money. We ought to have more people here. But I don't know who to ask. We're really country people, and your luck was so long coming, and then came with such a rush, that we had no chance to learn what to do with it. Irene is really a great beauty. I'm afraid we are in the wrong neighborhood!"

"Well, I've got a lot over on the water side of Beacon Street," said her husband, "as nice as any there. Shall we build there?"

This was something to think about.

Mrs. Lapham was distressed about returning Mrs. Corey's call. That lady had left one of her husband's cards, but Mr. Lapham had only his business card, and she finally compromised by writing his name on her card. Not long after this she asked her husband to take her out sleighing, incidentally got him to point out his Back Bay lot, and by the next April work was begun on a house there. Late in the summer Lapham took them over to see how it was progressing.

Penelope, the elder girl, had brown hair and eyes, a sweet mouth, and a dark pallor. She had always been literary in her tastes, and she talked in a slow, drawling manner, but said pungent and amusing things. Irene, three years her junior, was a slender, graceful girl, with blue eyes and the most exquisite coloring. They were sitting with their father on a trestle in the bay-window, enjoying the view, when a young man, carefully dressed, who was passing, chanced to see them and raised his hat.

Irene's rose-leaf skin took on a lovelier pink as she introduced Mr. Tom Corey to her father, who cordially invited him in to look the house over. Corey accepted graciously, and

Penelope saw to it that Irene should get most of his assistance in going round, effacing herself as much as possible. When young Corey talked with his father that evening he admitted a liking for Colonel Lapham.

"He looked as if he meant business. I'd like to go down to his place and let him see what he could do with me," he said.

His father, a dilettante artist, with tastes cultivated by travel and study, was a perfect example of the Boston aristocrat, if a peculiar one. He was indolent, witty, and inclined to let his son have his own way.

The next day young Corey called at Silas Lapham's office with a business proposal. Lapham was so interested in talking things over that he took the young man down to Nantasket, where his family had a cottage, to go into the matter more fully. Mrs. Lapham said to him later:

"Well, Silas Lapham, if you can't see *now* that he's after Irene, what can open your eyes? That's all!"

"Well, he don't get any place in the business," Silas replied robustly, "if he don't mean paint first and Irene afterward. I'm going to take him in on that basis."

Nothing had so stirred his slow imagination for a long time as this scion of a "swell" Boston family applying to him for a place, and his wife's idea that he was a suitor for Irene. Mrs. Lapham's pride, however, shut down on her husband's inviting the young fellow down. "Don't you let any of them think we care the least thing for their acquaintance," she said. "When *they* get ready to make the advances we can meet them halfway or not, as we choose. I'd sooner die than have you humble yourself to anybody, Silas Lapham. But you needn't pretend you can meet Bromfield Corey on his own ground. You *can't!*"

About this time Rogers, Lapham's former partner, appeared with a scheme, and Lapham took some of the stock and loaned him money. Mrs. Lapham had always felt that her husband had injured this partner by crowding him out, although her husband contended stoutly that he had only protected his interests in a legitimate business way. When Mrs. Lapham saw this transaction she felt relieved, for it seemed as if her husband had made amends and his character had not been weakened by the former deal.

Corey proposed coming down with Lapham one evening to talk over something, and afterward he sat on the veranda with the two sisters. Penelope did most of the talking, giving in her keen, droll way her impressions of persons and things, so that Corey went away quite pleased. When he got home he suggested to his elegant and indolent father that it would be a nice thing if he were to call on Colonel Lapham and show an interest and approval in what he had done for him.

"I will go to your *padrone* to-morrow, Tom," replied his father affably. "You are so much more of a Bostonian than I am that I leave it to you to arrange and determine such things. We might get him elected to the Ten O'Clock Club."

Lapham was indisposed one day; his wife kept him at the cottage, and Corey came down to Nantasket on the afternoon boat to inquire after his health. Penelope refused to go downstairs and help to entertain the young man.

"I sha'n't go down until the last. 'Rene will find something to say if she's left to herself. And if she can't entertain him alone he'd as well find it out now as any time."

On the young fellow's next visit Irene came up to Penelope, who had again remained in her room, and said: "You've got to come down, Pen. He asked whether you were unwell, and mamma says for you to come down."

Mrs. Corey and her daughters returned from Bar Harbor in October, and the lady was somewhat worried when she heard of her son's visits to the Laphams, and she called on them to find out what it meant, if she could. Mrs. Lapham, at this unexpected indication of Corey interest, was quite flustered. Mrs. Corey asked for Irene, who was out, and then for Penelope, who came down. It was a conventional call, and not very cheering. Mrs. Lapham was embarrassed, and Penelope was almost impudently on the defensive. Irene arrived excitedly, having seen the coupé drive off, and Penelope drawled out:

"You've missed the most delightful call, Irene. So easy! Not a bit stiff! Mrs. Corey was *so* friendly. She didn't make me feel at all as if she'd bought me and thought she'd given too much, and mother held up her head as if she were all wool and a yard wide, and she'd like to hear anybody deny it."

Suddenly she flashed out: "If I missed doing anything

that could make me as hateful to her as she made herself to me—" She checked herself, and began to laugh. Then the tears started, and she ran out of the room and upstairs.

"What—what—does it mean?" asked Irene, in a daze.

Mrs. Corey went home and talked things over with her husband. Since Tom had become so attentive to these people, they would have to do something, and they decided to give them a dinner.

"We don't want anything that has a clandestine appearance," said Mrs. Corey.

"We'll have to have people to meet them, then," suggested her husband. "We can't do it as if we were ashamed of it."

Boston cousinship affords a nice screen for a doubtful guest. He may be so enmeshed in it as not to be heard of outside of it. Tremendous stories are told of persons who spent a whole winter in Boston in a whirl of gaiety as guests of the Suffolks, and who, on reflection, discovered that they had met only Essexes and Middlesexes, all cousins of their hosts! The Coreys arranged the dinner on this protecting basis.

Considering Mrs. Corey's manner during her call, Mrs. Lapham was rather nonplussed by this invitation; but as Mr. Lapham wished them to accept they did, although Penelope declared that she would not go.

"You just say that we'll all come, Persis," said Lapham; "and then if Penelope don't want to go you can excuse her after we get there."

So with this lightsome view of the awful nature of a dinner engagement, his wife sent a general acceptance, signing herself, "Yours truly, Mrs. S. Lapham."

But the trouble had only begun. The women didn't know what they ought to wear. Lapham settled this by telling them to go to Jordan and Marsh and order "dinner-gowns." He had no evening clothes himself, and they insisted that he must have them. Then his worriment began. Should he wear gloves, or not? Should he wear a white or a black waistcoat?—a white or a black cravat? Finally, Mrs. Lapham, just before the dinner, discovered, as she told her husband, in a book on etiquette, that "if anyone invited to dinner doesn't let them know she can't come, at once, it's the height of rudeness."

"Well, I'm damned if there seems any end to all this thing!" exclaimed Lapham. "I'd say No for all of us, if it was to do over again."

When they arrived at the Coreys', Tom appeared to note Penelope's absence, but said nothing. Lapham, remarking that the young man did not wear gloves, tugged his off and stuffed them into his pocket. When he was introduced to any of the men, with his desire to be quite elegant, if he did not catch the name distinctly he held the person's hand and, bending forward, urbanely inquired: "What name?" A great man at a public meeting had done this when introduced to Lapham, so he was sure on that point.

There was a lull, and a slight pause. Then Mrs. Corey said quietly to Mrs. Lapham:

"Can I send anyone to be of use to Miss Lapham?"

Mrs. Lapham turned fire-red, and said, at her bluntest, as country people do, when embarrassed: "She isn't upstairs. She didn't feel just like coming to-night. I don't know as she's feeling very well."

Mrs. Corey emitted a very small "Oh!" and then added: "I'm very sorry. It's nothing serious, I hope."

They went into dinner, and Lapham breathed more freely when settled in his chair. He was not quite sure whether he was expected or permitted to exercise any choice as to the things offered him. Though an abstemious man, he drank the wines that were served. The conversation did not seem to present an easy entry into it for him. Much of it seemed to elude him. At last, he told a story about the war—how a brother soldier had been killed by a ball intended for him.

"He had a wife, a pretty bad assortment, and a girl about the age of my youngest, that they called Zerilla. I guess he died hard."

He did not say that he employed Zerilla as a typewriter and liberally supported this man's widow.

When Lapham began to feel a want of clearness in his mind, he grasped a dark and dusty bottle of Madeira caressed by a label bearing the date of its vintage, and gulped down a glass, quite unconscious of its preciousness. This swept away his reserve, and he began to boast. He talked his paint, his

people, and hammered his arm-chair with the thick of his hairy hand. He called Bromfield Corey by his surname. At last no one else talked at all, and he monologued incessantly. It was a triumph.

In the morning he awoke to a very sore skull and to a consciousness of his conduct. His apologies to Tom Corey were such that the young man could not endure them. It was a vital necessity with him to think the best of Lapham; but this offensive boor was even more offensive in his shame than in his trespass. The young fellow felt a sort of remorse at his attitude of gentlemanly aloofness. Torn by this feeling, he went to see Lapham at his house that night. Lapham was out; but Penelope came down to see him, and they had a long talk. At the end, in a stammering way, after many halts, Corey exclaimed:

"I hoped to have seen your father—but I must speak now, whatever—I love you!"

"*Me!*" She retreated from him, in immeasurable dismay.

"Yes. *You.* Who else?"

"I thought—I—it was—Oh, what have you done? Have you—did you mean me—all along?"

"Why, yes. Yes. Who else? You must have felt it."

"You must never come here again! You don't know what I mean, and I can't tell you. Promise me," she cried.

"Oh, I promise."

"Good-by!" She suddenly flung her arms round his neck, and, after pressing her cheek tight against his, flashed out of the room as Mr. Lapham was entering it. Corey explained to her astonished father that he would see him in the morning, and left.

When Mrs. Lapham went into Penelope's room in the morning, she found her with a tear-stained face after a sleepless night, and at last wrung the truth from her.

"I always tried to help her with him, even when I—"

"Yes, I know," said her mother. But Irene was never equal to him. I saw that from the start. But I tried to blind myself to it. And when he kept coming—"

"You never thought of me!" cried Penelope, with a bitterness that reached her mother's heart. "I was nobody! I couldn't feel! If I could give him to her, I would. But he isn't mine to give. He isn't mine to keep," she added, in a burst of despair.

Mrs. Lapham was so upset by this painful problem that she made her husband take her out sleighing, and poured out on him the dismal story. They threshed out the problem with no result but bitter frustration. It was Lapham's suggestion that Mr. Sewell, a clergyman whom they had met at the Coreys' dinner, might advise them, and they drove to his house. His simple and practical solution was what, as a matter of fact, had been felt by everybody who had known the situation.

"It is better for one to suffer than that three should do so," Mr. Sewell said. "Her sister will suffer—yes, keenly—in heart and in pride, but she will not die."

When Mrs. Lapham returned home she sent for Irene. "Irene," she said harshly, "there is something you've got to bear. It's a mistake we've all made! He don't care anything for you. He never did. He told Pen so last night. He cares for her."

The sentences had fallen like blows. The girl took them without flinching, but she had become colorless. She did not utter a word.

"Why don't you say something?" cried her mother. "Do you want to kill me, Irene?"

"Why should I want to hurt *you*, mamma?" the girl replied steadily, but in an alien voice. "There's nothing to say. I want to see Pen a minute."

She went to her room, collected three or four little trifles associated with Tom Corey, and took them in to her sister. Then she went on a long walk with her father, but they did not talk of her trouble. Two days later she went with her mother, at her own suggestion, to the Vermont place where the paint-works were.

"I sha'n't break, and I've given way all I'm going to," she told her mother. "I shall not let it hurt Pen if I can help it. She's never done, or thought, a thing to harm me. It's all over now, and I know just what I've got to bear."

Later Irene went to visit her uncle in Dubuque.

At this domestic crisis Lapham's financial matters were also troubling him greatly. He had dabbled in stocks disastrously, and Rogers, too, had helped to tangle him up. He had worked off some Western mills on him, without letting Lapham know

that a railroad was in a position to control their value. When accused of his villainy, Rogers told him of some English capitalists who wished to buy the mills. When he talked to Mrs. Lapham about this she said: "I can't make out but what you'd be just as bad as Rogers, Silas, if you let them have the mills—"

"And not tell 'em what the chances are with the G. L. and P. Railroad? I thought of that, and you needn't be afraid, Persis," he replied.

Under the blows that were crippling the fortune of which he had been so proud, he grew thin and worn, and was very irascible at the office and at home. Penelope, when told of her father's troubles by her mother, bestirred herself to be cheerful and helpful in every way. Finally Lapham told his wife that the new house would have to be sold, and then came his worst blow. A rival paint company had discovered natural gas on their lands, which made their fuel cost ten cents to Lapham's dollar for his. Hard times had made the paint sales dull, and Lapham finally had to close the mills. It had been his proud boast that the fires never had been out in the furnaces since the works were started.

Young Corey pleased Lapham immensely by offering to put thirty thousand dollars into the business; but he declined the offer. Penelope heard of this from her mother. About the same time a cheerful letter from Irene set forth the pleasant time she was having, and concluded: "Tell Pen I don't want that she should be foolish." Penelope had written to Tom Corey to thank him for his offer to her father, but when he wished her to raise the ban she had placed upon his calling, she replied that if her father was unfortunate all would be over between them, and that she could not see him until this point was settled.

One night Lapham went over to his Back Bay residence, for which he had received a good offer. As he went all through it, the whim seized him to test the chimney in the music-room, and he made a fire from the blocks and shavings. It drew to his perfect satisfaction. If he could buy out those Virginia fellows with the money from the sale of the house, he might get on his feet again. He finished his cigar, put out the fire, and went home cheered by hope.

He took Penelope to the theater, and when they came out they noticed that the sky was red from a fire, and the direction made them look it up. It was the new house, which was burned to the ground. "Well, Persis," he said to his wife, when he got home, "Our house is gone! I guess I set it on fire myself."

Rogers induced Lapham to see the Englishmen who wanted the mills in the West; the railroad had not yet made any offer, and who could know that it ever would? When Lapham still held out, Rogers did a very clever thing, which seemed to meet his conscientious standpoint.

"Will you sell them to *me?* I sha'n't say what I'm going to do, and you don't know! You won't have an iota of responsibility. Remember, I need this chance to save my wife and family from beggary."

It seemed that any lawyer would have said this was a fair business deal. Lapham wavered, and finally he said he would let him know in the morning at half-past nine. "I guess nothing's going to happen overnight," he said sullenly.

When he got to his office in the morning, he found a letter in which the G. L. and P. Railroad made him an offer for the mills. "You've ruined me!" said Rogers when he heard it, and he went, leaving Lapham staring at the wall. His reward for standing for justice to his own destruction was to feel like a thief and a murderer.

Irene returned unexpectedly, setting out as soon as she heard of her father's troubles. Penelope tried to hold out against Tom Corey, but his manly seriousness made her succumb—something she was glad to do.

Lapham at last went into bankruptcy, gave up everything to his creditors. He sold the house on Nankeen Square and began life anew; but although he was plucky and contented, he felt that this was as much the end of the prosperous career he had been so proud of as death itself could have been. Mrs. Lapham clung to him with the same loyalty she had always shown, and was proud of the clean-handedness with which her husband had come out of his troubles and financial ruin. Lapham merely felt that he had to act that way, and would act in the same way if he had to do it again.

THOMAS HUGHES

(England, 1823–1896)

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS (1857)

This book passed through six editions in the twelve months following its publication. Soon afterward several other editions were printed, and the whole English-speaking world soon became familiar with the narrative which has a permanent place as a standard book for boys. Tom Brown fights his way in Rugby, battling against the impositions of the higher-form boys against the lower, as well as against other evils then prevalent in the school. Thomas Hughes, the author, was a Rugby boy under Thomas Arnold, and much of the experience of Tom Brown, in the story, is unquestionably drawn from his own school life.

N the first place the Browns are a fighting family, and ubiquitous. There is no knowing how much they have done for the country and the world. They are in America, in Australia, and are Englishmen on sea and on land. They have superlative faith in each other. They speak their minds, and you think they are quarreling when they are only asserting their faith and their opinions, which are downright beliefs.

The Brown of this story came from the County of Berks, and was the eldest son of Squire Brown, J. P. for the county, living in a village by the White Horse Vale. Here Tom went to school at the age of eight years. The old Squire's only diversion was a visit twice a year to Reading and Abington, at Assizes or Quarter Sessions. Tom had a thoroughgoing mother, known in the village as Madam Brown, and under her régime he was well tutored. Old Benjy, too, the factotum of the Brown family, was the delight of Tom, for he had him off, many a time, fishing on the canal, which was a great outing for him. It was Benjy, too, who taught Tom the mystery of the saddle and horse-

manship on his little Shetland pony. But old Benjy was soon stricken with rheumatism and was helpless.

Tom now began to cultivate boy associations. Squire Brown believed in leveling the race; whether lord's son or plowman's sons, provided they were brave and honest, made no difference, and Tom was as democratic as his father. The Squire, being practical, gave the boys of the village the run of a close for playground, and furnished them with bats and balls. Tom's eagerness for play led him into some unpleasant episodes with the village schoolmaster—enticing boys away from their studies in school-hours—which finally had to be brought before the Squire himself for adjudication.

When Tom was nine years old he was sent to a private school, much to the sorrow of the village boys, with whom he was very popular. The private school theory was, supervision out of school, quite the reverse of that of the public school. The two ushers of this school took but little interest in its welfare. They encouraged tale-bearing and feared the large boys, which led to oppression of the smaller ones. Tom's first letter home, written on the night of his arrival, did not reach his mother until five days afterward. This almost broke his heart, for he had promised her a letter the first day. One of the boys called him mammy-sick, for which Tom struck him, the penalty for which was flogging, but Tom was excused by pleading *primum tempus*. He remained in this school more than a year. In the midst of the third half year a sickness in the school occasioned the sending home of the pupils two months before the expiration of the term; and this led the Squire to think of Rugby for Tom, so that he decided to send him there at once.

When Tom was ready to go, his father gave him this advice:

"You'll see a great many cruel, blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear."

Tom took the advice to heart, and that night he prayed that he might never bring sorrow on the dear ones at home.

Setting out in the night, he made his journey alone on the tally-ho, and the cold November ride, on the roof of the coach, gave the ten-year boy a lesson in endurance. As daylight came

he was half frozen, but he saw the dawn from a tally-ho roof, and felt that it was worth the freezing. From the guard Tom received information about Rugby—that it was a slow place, no pavements, no light; but best of all, the guard gave him an account of the departure of the school-boys at the term's end, and of their tricks and follies on the way home, which caused Tom to crave more of the old man's tales; so he plied him with questions, and made him brush up his memory and draw on his imagination, as he went back twenty years for his yarns.

Before Tom had alighted from the tally-ho, out came one of the boys from the school, jumped on behind, and notified him that his aunt East, down Tom's way, had written to him to look out for Tom Brown; and in this way Tom made his first acquaintance at Rugby. His new friend did him good service, coaching him in various points which boys were held to account for at the school. East was frank, and admitted that his aunt was liberal with him if he pleased her; and Tom liked him for that frankness. Young East introduced him to his friends, and made him generally acquainted with the school-rooms and the grounds; then he took him to the study-room, the walls of which were covered with sporting-pictures, cricket-bats, fishing-rods and climbing-irons, in which Tom took more interest than he would have taken in Windsor Castle. Then he went to dinner, and there he saw all the school-fellows together. He listened with profound respect to East's account of the chapter of football accidents, collar-bones and legs broken, and the minor hurts, and felt a new dignity in being in for it. Now the three hundred of the school swept into the big room to answer to their names, and he was one of them. Here he encountered much by-play by the boys waiting for the roll-call. After this the master of the week, having finished, locked up the big school.

Tom now saw his first real football game. The two sides were arrayed, and the rushes and the scrimmage had his closest attention. He watched the captains—Old Brooke, Crab Jones and the rest—with breathless interest. He saw the goal won in less than an hour, a rare thing; and almost felt as if the exceptional victory were for him. He took his turn at last, with the præpostor. They threw themselves on the ball under the

very feet of the advancing column, and after it was over Tom was picked up unconscious.

"Who is he?" asked Brooke. "Oh, it's Brown; I know him," answered East.

"Well, he's a plucky one; he'll make a player," Brooke replied.

When Tom had recovered from the shock, he and East crossed the street for a pound of sausages; and as East was out of money, Tom paid the bill. When the two reached lower fifth school quarters they toasted their sausages in fine style and distributed their luxury in bits to many eager boys. After the treat was over, they gathered about the fire and talked football until they were all sleepy; then went to their rooms to wash up for the singing.

"What's that?" Tom asked, and East explained that on the last six Saturdays of the term there was singing, as there were no first lessons to do, and "you can lie in bed to-morrow morning."

"But who sings?" Tom asked.

"Why, everybody, of course; you'll see soon," East replied.

Supper-time came, but the meal was saved for the singing—bread, cheese and beer—in the school hall. Each new boy had to mount the table and sing a solo. Tom sang the "Leathern Bottel." Then began the old-time songs—"British Grenadiers," "The Three Jolly Post Boys," and others. After this old Brooke was called up, the head of the Eleven; for he was now to leave after eight years there. He talked plain talk and deprecated bullying. "Bullies were cowards; good-by to the school-house match if bullies got the better." Brooke's advice was wholesome, and the boys understood it. He talked about the new doctor, who was one to be supported, a strong, true man. Then the boys drank to the best school in England. The song-meeting ended to make way for prayers. The doctor entered, cap on head, book in hand, and silence followed. After prayers came the old custom of tossing the new boys in a blanket, and Tom took his turn at this without flinching.

Old Brooke's speech about bullies made the fifth-form boys mild, for the time being, with the little fellows—excepting Flashman, who was a natural bully. When they were through came the præpostor of the room, and the program of the fifth form ended.

The chapel-bell rang at quarter of eleven the next morning, and Tom took his seat in the lowest row. The exercises were not impressive to him, but after writing to his mother he was in a frame of mind to hear the first sermon from the doctor, and as he listened to it he felt the strength of the man behind it; it seemed to fit him for his first school work, which began with the next day. He was regularly installed in the third form; but as he was well grounded in grammar, his master decided that he was placed too low, and at the end of the half year should be put out.

The system of fagging in the school was laid on the small boys of course, and though he was excused for the first month he preferred to waive that, so he began with his first week in the school. Bullying was common in the house, notwithstanding old Brooke's advice. Tom's good nature, however, won his way with many of the big men. He was always ready to do whatever hard service came to him in games or drudgery. He was initiated in "Hare and Hounds" with East and Arthur. The run was to be nine rough miles, without any chance for the small boys—the hardest run of the year. The three little fellows came into Rugby forty minutes after locking-up, and had to account for themselves in the doctor's study; but he was compassionate, excused them, sent them for their tea, and told them they were too young for such hard runs. "Let Warren know I've seen you. Good-night." That was the doctor, and they scuttled away in great glee.

At the end of the half year Tom's report was good, and he won his remove into the lower fourth, in which were all his school-house friends.

The next Tuesday was the start for home, and Tom and his party were off promptly. At Oxford they divided; so he ordered out a chaise and pair and set out for the Red Lion, Farrington, twenty miles away, with only five shillings in his pocket.

In the beginning of the second half year the temptations of the lower fourth were too much for Tom. The secret occupancy of a forbidden desk in study hours resulted, first, in a caning. The monthly examinations were upon them, and the doctor came to hear the form and found many unprepared.

Tom escaped; but his character for steadiness was gone, for if a boy breaks confidence with his master, it is hard to win back. This was a period of transition in the school, and a strong hand was used until the new régime was established.

The fifth form in the house bullied, and the little fellows were being ridden over rough-shod. Flashman, the head bully of the house, with his sporting and drinking set, were more oppressive than ever against the small boys, until meetings were held and plots laid by the latter to avenge themselves. At last the stroke for independence came. One of the fifth, Diggs, advised the boys to make a stand against fagging for the fifth, for the latter had no right to call on them for such service. By doing this, the good men in the fifth would recognize the justice of this stand, while the bullies would soon tire of the fight. This advice was adopted, and fights between the fifth and the fags took place. Finally the good fellows in the fifth repudiated Flashman and his clan, though these latter persisted in their course, and it was not long before the conflict was made personal. Tom and East were next to Flashman's quarters in the house, and he centered his hostility upon them, leaving nothing undone that could injure his victims. The other small boys, being relieved from Flashman's brutality, fell away from their two champions, and Flashman's cause appeared to prosper.

In this term the Derby lottery, a great event in the English year, came about, and the weekly allowance of the boys went largely to that. There was a school prize of six or seven pounds. Each house, too, had a lottery. Flashman and his men practically forced subscriptions to these by securing the allowances and keeping them, then announcing that the lottery would be drawn. Tom was a subscriber and drew the first prize, which was a fine horse, "Harkaway." Flashman determined to make him sell the horse to him for a nominal sum; but Tom refused, and the sporting element took him by force and proceeded to roast him over a fire. They carried this to a perilous extreme, and endangered his life. While the doctor was informed of Tom's condition, after he was taken to the sick-room, no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage was ever obtained, as the boys would not tell. Some time later, however, the tables were turned, when Tom and East, after a hard battle, succeeded in

inflicting a severe punishment on the brutal bully, who then proved to be a great coward.

By this rebellion against the fifth form, Brown and East gained the reputation, with those who did not know, of shirking duty among the fags, and were condemned by the small faction of the fifth as unworthy of their standing in the school. Indeed, Tom's subsequent record seemed to justify such a judgment. There was a rule that no student should fish on the off banks of the Avon, it being private property. Tom was continually violating this rule until the keeper captured him and took him before the doctor, to whom Tom frankly acknowledged that he was familiar with the rule, and for this violation he was severely flogged. Other flagrant wrongs on his part caused him to be summoned before the doctor, whose patience was now exhausted. The gravity of the situation had thoroughly frightened him, and the doctor administered his rebuke accompanied by a warning that he would be sent home if he continued these infractions of the rules, at the same time giving him wise advice, which Tom heard and heeded.

Tom's return to school the next term was met by a request from Mrs. Arnold to take tea with her, when she informed him that he was to have the Gray study, a favorite one, and furthermore he would confer a favor if he would take under his care and protection young George Arthur, a new pupil in delicate health, who never had been far from home before. Tom was reluctant to accept this charge, for he had other plans; but he finally assented. The doctor came in after the arrangement was completed and expressed the hope that he would take Arthur over the hills, and show him what a pretty country was about Rugby. After tea the two boys left for their new quarters together and went to bed in Number Four, indulging in the usual talk of boys. Little Arthur knelt by the side of his bed for prayers; and one of the boys, seeing him, brutally called him a sniveling young shaver, and at the same time shied a slipper at him. Tom saw the situation, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, and Tom's blood was up.

"If any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it," he said.

There were boys in that room who took that scene to heart before they slept, and Tom was one of them. The next morning Tom knelt before all the boys and offered his silent prayer, and some of the other boys followed his example.

Martin was a curious character in the school, who tamed snakes and kept birds and animals in his study. Arthur had become fond of him and frequently went to the woods with him in search of kingfishers' nests, for which the British Museum had offered a prize. One day they set out, four of them, for Caldecott Spinney, where Martin knew of a hawk's nest. He soon found it in a tall fir. But the difficulty came in climbing the tree, which they accomplished with no very serious falls, and secured the eggs. The noise they had made attracted Farmer Thompson and his shepherds, who determined to capture the boys. They hid in the bushes, but Tom discovered them. Then there was a race, and the farmer's posse came up with them just as the boys overtook two of the school præpostors. They threw themselves on the mercy of these, and as the farmer could prove nothing against them they settled with him on easy terms and went on their way rejoicing. Within a week, however, East and some of his friends were caught robbing the same farmer's roost, and had to pay eight shillings and take a severe flogging.

The last fight that Tom ever had in the school was with Williams, the bully of his class, and was occasioned by a threat that he would thrash little Arthur for some fancied cause. When he was about to carry his threat into execution Tom challenged him, and the conflict began. The interposition of the doctor put a stop to this, but not until Tom had much the better of the struggle; and the two boys were the best of friends afterward.

Two years after these events, Arthur was at the head of the twenty, at sixteen. Tom and East had gone up much more slowly and were but little way up the fifth form. Arthur, though delicate physically, gained much in strength by intercourse with these thoroughgoing boys, while his finer grain helped to civilize them.

Sickness broke out in the school, but Dr. Robertson assured the doctor that the fever was not infectious, and if

proper care were observed there would be no danger. Thompson was the only victim whose case proved fatal. Arthur was smitten, but after a critical illness mended and finally recovered. During his illness the tender feeling that Tom had for his friend made him painfully anxious; so when Arthur sent for him after the crisis Tom hastened to his bedside. Arthur reminded Tom that he would probably go home as soon as he was able, and that they would hardly see each other for twelve weeks. Before going he wished to ask one favor of Tom—"that he would give up the *vulgus* books and cribs." Tom looked away, then caught Arthur's searching gaze, and asked, "Why?"

"Because you are the honestest boy at Rugby, and that isn't honest."

At last Arthur convinced Tom of his way of thinking, and he promised. Then Arthur's mother, who had been with him during his illness, came into the room. Tom met her, and she told him that she had known him for years. As he held her hand he thought he never had looked into a more beautiful face, and Arthur said he had realized one of the dearest wishes of his life, in seeing the two together. Then the quarter of ten bell struck, Tom rose to go, and the mother spoke endearing words as she bade him good-by. In his study he found a beautiful new fishing-rod and a splendidly bound Bible "from his grateful friends, Frances Jane Arthur and George Arthur."

Tom was now bent on converting East to the honest method of studying their lines. He gave him Arthur's version of cribbing, and almost without a protest East confessed the strength of the position taken. And now East opened his heart to Tom, and betrayed a side of his nature which Tom had not guessed before, a serious side, quite in touch with Arthur, whom he had learned to love. As they discoursed on the higher standards that should govern human actions, East felt so deeply that Tom urged him to see the doctor and talk with him. He acceded to Tom's wish, and returned from the interview with a peace of mind which he had never experienced before.

Another two years passed, and it was again the end of the summer half year at Rugby. This year the Wellsburn return match and the Marylebone match were to be played there, so there was a union of old boys, with much dancing and merry-

making. A group of three were on the slope looking toward the cricket-ground. One was slight, with bushy eyebrows and a dry, humorous smile. By his side, in white flannel shirt and trousers, straw hat, the captain's belt, and the untanned yellow cricket-shoes, sat a figure nearly six feet tall, with tanned face, whiskers, curly brown hair and laughing eyes. This was Tom Brown, now nineteen, a præpostor and captain of the Eleven. At his feet sat Arthur, whose figure was slight, well knit, and active. His timidity was gone.

The master turned to Tom and invited both him and Arthur up to sup with him. Tom was quick to accept, but Arthur remained to dance. The master talked of the doctor, and Tom listened. He was told how the doctor had planned to have Arthur under Tom's charge, partly that the latter might acquire the steadiness that comes with responsibility. Tom heard this with surprise, a new light shone on the character of the doctor, and he felt grateful for the interest that so great a man had taken in him. He had believed that his progress in his school life was largely due to his own foresight; but now, as he looked back, he could recall many instances when a simple word from the doctor had done much to guide his course, and the master's narration of the doctor's ways through the years in which he had been with him confirmed Tom in the conclusion that his own wisdom had been largely inspired by another.

In 1842 Tom was with friends in Scotland, gone thither to have a good fishing-season in the mountain streams. He left his inn with his fishing-rod in hand, and as he stood by the water's edge he took from his pocket a newspaper that he had picked up at his quarters, and opened it to read. Suddenly he dropped it and strode away.

"Dead! He can not be. It must be an error!"

He read again; then walked rapidly toward the inn. He consulted the railway and water guides, hastened to his room, and in an hour was off. A night and a day, and he was at Rugby. At the school he found old Thomas.

"You have heard?"

"Yes. Where is he?"

"Under the chapel altar. Would you like the keys?"

He entered the chapel, where all was still as death, groped

about almost blindly, sat in his old seat, bowed his head and wept. A sense of sheer loneliness crept over him. The world seemed so vain and empty now. He steadied himself to the altar, and prayed until he felt the peace that prayer brings. At last he rose, went out into the fresh air, walked about the close and the cricket-grounds and went up to the old school-house. All was the same; but Dr. Thomas Arnold, the life and soul of it, was gone. Then he mounted the steps and thought of the past, and of the future work; and realized that his one resource in all his life before him was to labor and be true and strong.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO

(France, 1802–1885)

NÔTRE DAME DE PARIS (1831)

The original title of this volume was *The Hunchback of Nôtre Dame.* Hugo says the story was suggested by a Greek word that he discovered carved on the wall in an obscure corner of one of the towers of that famous cathedral—ἀνάγκη (*ananke*), which means *fate.* "These Greek characters," he says, "black with age and cut deep into the stone with the peculiarities of form and arrangement common to Gothic calligraphy that marked them the work of some hand in the Middle Ages, and above all the sad and mournful meaning which they expressed, forcibly impressed me." The author questioned himself, and tried to divine what sad soul was loath to quit the earth without leaving behind this brand of crime or misery upon the brow of the old church.

OM CLAUDE FROLLO, Archdeacon of Josas, gazed down from his cell in one of the great towers of Nôtre Dame upon the city of Paris—gazed down serenely upon the world, the flesh, and the devil below. Though not more than thirty-five, he looked fifty, with white hair making a fringe around his bald pate and his thin, austere face deeply plowed with lines of thought. His whole life had been one of study and devotion. He tenderly loved his younger brother, Jehan the student, and supplied that scapegrace with money and good advice, neither of which stayed long with the giddy youth.

Now as Dom Claude's eye roamed over the city it was attracted by a crowd in the open space in front of the cathedral. A young gipsy girl was dancing. She was not tall, though she appeared to be so from the elegance of her shape. Her face was of exquisite beauty, and her complexion had the beautiful golden tints of the Roman and Andalusian women. Her small foot was Andalusian, too. She danced and whirled on an old Persian carpet carelessly thrown upon the pavement, keeping time to the sound of her tambourine.

Portrait of Victor Hugo (p. 388)

Photogravure from a photograph taken the year of his death

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With her golden bodice and her spotted robe, which swelled with the rapidity of her motion, disclosing now and then her finely turned legs; with her black hair, her eyes of flame and her rapt expression, she seemed a supernatural creature. With her was a beautiful white goat with gilded horns.

"Come, Djali," said the girl to the goat, when her dance was ended. "Tell me what day of the month this is." The goat struck one on the pavement with her foot It was the first day of the month. Then by moving her tambou ne in a different way she made the little creature rap out the da of the week and the hour of the day.

"Djali," continued the gipsy, "sho ne how Master Guichard Grand Remy does in the Candlemas procession." The goat rose on her hind legs and began bleating and walking with a comical gravity, which set the whole circle in a roar of laught Many other tricks did the goat do at the bidding of her mistress, and high in his tower Dom Claude looked down upon the scene.

Many times after this, when La Esmeralda, the "Bohemian" or the "Egyptian," as they indifferently called her, was giving her harmless exhibition in the streets of the Paris of 1482, there was in the crowd around her a stern-faced man in the garb of a monk, who never took his fiery eyes from her and who sometimes ejaculated in a deep voice "Sorcery!" "Sacrilege!" "Profanation!" Whereat La Esmeralda would shudder and say with a pretty pout: "Oh, that odious man again."

One night when La Esmeralda had been abroad late amusing the populace she was walking toward her home in the Cour des Miracles when suddenly she felt herself seized by a strong, rough hand. The street was pitchy dark, save for a feeble ray which shone from a lamp before the image of a saint. But by the uncertain light La Esmeralda could see that the man who had seized her was Quasimodo, the hunchback bellringer of Nôtre Dame, and that he was accompanied by the man in monk's habit whose presence at her little street entertainments had so often made her blood run cold.

"Murder! Murder!" shrieked the girl.

"Halt, scoundrels, and let the wench go!" shouted a voice in response to her cries, and a horseman, his drawn sword in

his hand, came riding out of the next street. He snatched the gipsy out of the hands of the stupefied Quasimodo and laid her across his saddle.

The hunchback was about to spring upon the horseman to regain his prey, when fifteen or sixteen archers, who followed their captain, fell upon him, and he was overcome and bound. In the confusion his companion disappeared.

La Esmeralda gracefully raised herself upon the officer's saddle, and, clapping both hands upon his shoulders, looked at him intently for a few moments, as if charmed by his handsome face. Then giving a sweeter tone than usual to her voice, she said:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Captain Phœbus de Châteaupers, at your service, my dear."

"Thank you," said the girl, and while the young man was turning up his moustache she slid to the ground and vanished.

The Place de Grève was crowded the next day when they brought the hunchback of Nôtre Dame there to stand in the pillory and be flogged. All Paris knew the hunchback of Nôtre Dame. Some whispered that he was none other than the devil himself, to whom Dom Claude had sold his soul. Quasimodo was to serve the Archdeacon so long, and then the hunchback was to fly away with his reverence. Others said that Dom Claude had taken the misshapen monster sixteen years before from the receptacle for foundlings in the porch of the cathedral —taken him when all others had turned from him in loathing— and vowed to bring him up as a work of charity done in behalf of Jehan Frollo, one of the little stock of good works which the Archdeacon had determined to lay up for his brother beforehand, in case the young rogue should one day run short of that kind of coin, the only kind taken at the toll-gate of paradise.

He had named him Quasimodo because it happened to be Quasimodo Sunday when the child was discovered, and also because the deformed condition of the foundling made the name appropriate.

But whatever opinion the people who thronged the Place de Grève held regarding the hunchback, they all went joyously to see him flogged. The culprit was lifted to the platform of the pillory amid a prodigious hooting mingled with laughter. He

was bound with fresh thongs to the pillory, his shirt was stripped from him and he appeared to the mob in all his hideousness. His shoulders were scaly and hairy, his breast was like that of a camel. One shoulder was higher than the other, and the head, too big for the body, was covered by a shock of coarse, red hair. In his misshapen face there was only one eye. The place where the other should have been was occupied by an enormous wart.

An official clad in the livery of the city began to lay upon the bare flesh of Quasimodo blow after blow, with a whip composed of long, white, glistening thongs, and the blood began to trickle in a hundred little streams down the swart shoulders of the hunchback.

That Quasimodo was deaf, all knew. For any cry of pain which he gave, one might have thought he was dumb also. In the midst of his torment a priest rode into the place on a mule. It was the Archdeacon. Dom Claude gave one look at the bleeding wretch, then turned and rode away without a word.

The punishment ended. The culprit hung by his thongs, bloody and panting. "Water!" he gasped. The crowd hooted and pelted him. But a slender woman followed by a white goat ascended the platform, unloosed a gourd of water from her girdle and held it to the lips of the exhausted wretch.

A great tear stole out of the single eye of Quasimodo, and just then a harsh voice cried out: "Away with the Egyptian! Death to the sorceress!"

It was Sister Gudule, the recluse of Rolande's Tower, who, from the cell where she had retired years before to await death, thus anathematized the Egyptian and her race. Sixteen years earlier this emaciated, half-crazed creature had been a gay young woman of dissolute life whom the people of Rheims had known as Chantefleurie. But her girl baby had been stolen by gipsies, who had left a misshapen brat of their own in its place, and she had come to Paris to have herself walled up in the cell of Rolande's Tower, a place constructed for such penances. There she passed her time in contemplating a baby's shoe fixed in one corner, the sole relic of her lost child. "Death to the Egyptian!" shouted Sister Gudule. Esmeralda shuddered and fled.

For several weeks after his release from the pillory Quasi-

modo communed more than ever with the great bells of Nôtre Dame. "Big Mary," hanging in the southern tower, was his favorite. When he had signaled to his assistants below to begin, when the windlasses creaked and the great cone of metal began to sway he would watch its increase of motion till, at a given moment, he leaped on it, clinging with hands and feet and knees, to be swung far out over the city in a frenzy of excitement.

Dom Claude, prowling about the streets as was his wont on the chance of seeing the gipsy girl, saw his young Jehan talking with Captain Phœbus. La Esmeralda had just spread her carpet and was beginning to dance when the Captain whispered in the ear of Jehan; and then both young men went away laughing. The Archdeacon followed them to a tavern and waited outside until it was dark, when Phœbus came out alone and went down the street humming a love-song. Perceiving after a while that he was followed, the Captain turned sharply and confronted his pursuer.

"Captain Phœbus de Châteaupers," said the stranger, in a hollow voice, "you have an assignation this evening."

"The devil!" exclaimed Phœbus. "So you know my name? I plead guilty. It is with charming La Esmeralda."

"Phœbus de Châteaupers, thou liest!" cried the stranger.

"Fire and fury!" shouted Phœbus. "If you have a weapon, draw!"

"To-morrow, next week, ten years hence—any time you wish," replied the monk, "I shall be ready to cut your throat. But now go to your assignation."

"Well," replied the Captain, "a sword and a girl are two delightful things to encounter at a meeting; but I do not see why I should give up one when I may have both. So we will defer our little affair until to-morrow. But I forget. I must have money; I have not a single sou left."

"Here is money," returned the stranger, handing the Captain a large piece of gold. "But there is one condition: Prove to me that you were right and I wrong. Secrete me in some place where I may see the meeting."

In a room in the upper story of one of the squalid houses that covered St. Michael's Bridge, La Esmeralda sat talking with

Phœbus de Châteaupers, while through the cracks of a crazy door of a small closet the burning eyes of Dom Claude Frollo regarded the lovers.

"Captain Phœbus," said the girl, "let me talk to you. Just stand up and walk. I wish to hear your spurs rattle. Gemini! How handsome you are."

"Ah," said the dandy, "you should see me in my state uniform."

"Do you love me?" suddenly asked the gipsy.

"Do I?" exclaimed Phœbus. "Why, of course; better than life."

"Then marry me."

"Phoo!" said the Captain. "What should we marry for? Ah, Mademoiselle, I see that you do not love me."

"Not love him!" cried the girl, and she arose to throw her arms around the neck of the young soldier. As she did so a horrible head appeared over the Captain's shoulder; a livid, almost green, convulsed face with the look of the damned in it. At the same instant a dagger descended on Châteaupers.

The girl swooned as her lover fell to the floor. When help came they carried away the Captain, bathed in his blood, and took the girl to prison, charged with his murder. They had found only these two in the room, but through an open window looking on the river they saw a cloak floating on the water. The old woman who kept the place swore that when the Captain had entered shortly before La Esmeralda came in, he was accompanied by a monk with fiery eyes who had not gone out. He had vanished then, they said; it was the Goblin Monk of Paris in league with the Egyptian sorceress to slay Phœbus de Châteaupers.

They tried the gipsy girl and her goat, which had been arrested along with her, for sorcery and murder according to the law of those times, which often put animals as well as human beings in the criminal's dock. Poor Djali, the little white goat with the gilded horns, was solemnly pronounced to be an evil spirit in league with the sorceress, and both were sentenced to death. At first La Esmeralda had denied everything, but the horrors of the torture-chamber overcame her and she had cried out: "Oh, I confess! Anything! Anything! Only kill me

and do not torture me. Phœbus, my Phœbus! Art thou indeed dead? Then I would die, too."

But Phœbus de Châteaupers recovered from his wound and went quietly to join his command, stationed at a distance from Paris. Soon after the condemnation of La Esmeralda the authorities knew that the Captain still lived, but such a mere detail could not alter the stern course of medieval justice. So the poor gipsy girl was cast into a dungeon, where she was to be confined for a certain time, after which she was to be taken to do penance before the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame and thence taken to execution.

The day before the girl was to be executed a black-robed figure bearing a lantern came to her dungeon. It was Claude Frollo.

"Who are you, wretch?" cried the girl. "What have I done to you that you persecute me thus?"

In hollow tones the visitor replied, "I love you."

"Ah, what love!"

"The love of the damned," replied Dom Claude. "Listen. I was happy, I was innocent, until I saw you. You have been to me an angel, but one of darkness—of fire, not of light. You have charmed me—turned my brain. But I will give up all for thee here and hereafter. I can rescue thee from this place. Fly with me. Say thou wilt be mine. Mercy, maiden, mercy!" And as she shrank from him, the man rolled on the floor and beat his head against the stones. At last the visitor picked up his lantern, and shouting "I tell thee, Phœbus is dead," fled up the stone stairs.

Two months after his adventure on the bridge of St. Michael the gay Captain came swaggering into Paris and was seated with his betrothed, the beautiful Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, on the balcony of her mother's mansion, opposite the cathedral, when a great crowd came into the Place. In its midst was the gipsy girl, clothed with a single white garment and with a rope round her neck.

On this last step of misfortune and ignominy Esmeralda was still beautiful. Her large black eyes appeared still larger, on account of the hollowness of her cheeks; her livid profile was pure and sublime.

Then out from the gloom of the church slowly emerged the figure of the Archdeacon advancing to the door, clad in full canonicals. Approaching Esmeralda, he said in a loud voice:

"Bohemian girl, hast thou prayed God to pardon thy crimes?" and bending down, as if to receive her last confession, he whispered: "Wilt thou be mine? I still can save thee."

"Go to the Fiend, thy master!" replied the gipsy. "What hast thou done with my Phœbus?"

"He is dead," replied the priest.

At that moment the wretched man raised his head mechanically and saw on the other side of the place the Captain standing in the balcony.

"Well, then, die!" he said. "No one shall have thee!" and, stretching out his hand over the head of the unfortunate girl, he repeated the awful words with which it was customary to conclude such ceremonies. "Kyrie Eleison," chanted the priests. "Kyrie Eleison," answered the crowd.

"Amen," said the Archdeacon.

As the gipsy girl turned to descend the steps, she chanced to raise her eyes to the balcony opposite.

"Phœbus! Phœbus!" she cried, and would have held out her arms toward him—but they were bound. The Captain recognized Esmeralda with a start that he could not repress. Hastily he turned and left the balcony with Fleur-de-Lys.

La Esmeralda fell fainting to the pavement. At that instant Quasimodo appeared in the porch, snatched the unconscious girl in his arms, and rushed with her into the doorway, shouting, "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

The Cathedral of Nôtre Dame possessed at that time the right of sanctuary. If a criminal once set foot within it he was safe so long as he remained within its limits.

Quasimodo took the rescued girl to the cell provided for those who sought sanctuary in the cathedral and there she passed weeks, watched over and fed by the hunchback. Djali, the little goat, had followed when Quasimodo bore the girl into the church.

Dom Claude had not been in the church when his foster son abruptly cut the fatal noose in which the Archdeacon had caught the Egyptian and had been himself caught. Immediately on

pronouncing his final malediction he had hurried to the sacristy, torn off his sacerdotal trappings and fled wildly beyond the river, out into the country, and all night he walked and ran and laughed hideously.

For a time after returning to the cathedral he avoided the cell where he knew the gipsy to be in hiding, but one day his wild passion overcame him, and he rushed into the presence of the startled girl. Rapidly and violently he poured out his love and begged her to flee with him.

"Begone, monster!" cried Esmeralda, and spat in his face. He seized her in a grasp of steel, but at that moment the shrill call of a whistle rang out. Quasimodo had given a little silver whistle to Esmeralda, telling her to blow it should she ever be in danger. Almost instantly Dom Claude was seized by a herculean grasp and thrown backward to the floor, while Quasimodo bent over him with his knee on his chest.

Then the hunchback hesitated, relaxed his hold, and as the Archdeacon struggled to his feet sank himself into a posture of submission. He was armed with a sword, and he presented the hilt of the weapon to Dom Claude and bared his breast. But before the priest could take the sword Esmeralda seized it, and bursting into a hysteric laugh shouted, "Come on!"

She would have struck surely had not Dom Claude overthrown Quasimodo with a violent kick and fled down the dark staircase.

A week later, as Dom Claude was passing in his gloomy way along an unfrequented street, he chanced to meet Gringoire, an old pupil, now a dramatist who could not get his plays produced and a poet who could find no publisher.

"What are you doing now?" asked Dom Claude.

"By my fay," replied Gringoire, "I am still a philosopher; but, as you may see by my dress, am at present playing the mountebank in the streets of Paris for a living. You see one night I wandered into the Cour des Miracles, and the vagabonds would have hanged me had not a handsome wench saved me in the nick of time. If a stranger wanders into the sanctuary of rogues and beggars they hang him, unless one of the women takes him for a husband. So the fair Esmeralda took me."

"You are her husband?" asked the priest with blazing eyes.

"By my fay," replied the poet, "they broke a jug between us and said so; but our marriage was purely *per forma*. It was literally *forismaritagium*—I was shut out. But I became one of the guild, nevertheless."

"Listen," said Dom Claude. "She has confidence in you. You must save her. She now is in sanctuary in the cathedral, but a decree of the Parliament has been issued to give her up. It will be executed to-morrow."

Gringoire looked steadily at Dom Claude and then confided to him that this was known in the Cour des Miracles, and that that very night an irruption of the inhabitants of this thieves' quarter was to be made in force, for the purpose of storming the church and taking the girl away before the writ could be served.

Dom Claude considered for a moment. "Gringoire," said he, "that assault is a matter of hanging for all who are engaged in it. When the mob comes, come you to the little postern. I will admit you. You shall go to her cell and take her away to a place of safety, going out by a secret door I will show you. She will be scared and will go with you. She will be grateful for her deliverance and will, perhaps, become your wife in reality."

Poor, simple Gringoire, the philosopher, agreed. That night the Cour des Miracles poured out its thousands, fierce, armed, the offscourings of Europe, to rescue La Esmeralda. For did not the girl belong to those international vagabonds who made such a large part of the population of that refuge for all that was disreputable?

Led by Clopin Trouillefou, who styled himself the King of Thunes, and who gave the order "Silence in passing through the streets; not a torch is to be lighted until we reach Nôtre Dame," the multitude poured in profound silence down toward the Pont au Change and along the winding streets that run in all directions through the massive quarter of the Halles. The horsemen of the watch fled in dismay. Word that the Cour des Miracles was in motion was brought to the emaciated, poorly clad man who, sunk in the depths of the solitary chair that stood in his apartment in the Bastile, was at his work of making the nationality of France.

"*Pasque Dieu!*" said Louis XI, "it is a rising against the bailiff of the palace. He is king of the Cour des Miracles. We have but few soldiers. Let them hang the bailiff. I shall be king of so much more."

A second messenger brought word of the objective point of the vagabonds and of the real reason for their rising.

"*Pasque Dieu!*" cried Louis, starting from his chair. "Tristan, take all the troops in Paris. Kill and spare not. Exterminate the mob and hang the witch. Olivier, order a new cage for the Bishop of Verdun. He has howled in the old one for fourteen years."

When the King's troops had dispersed the rabble, their leader sought the cell where Esmeralda had been and found it vacant.

Before Rolande's Tower, in the Place de Grève, the gipsy girl stood alone with Dom Claude. Frightened by the fierce actions of the Archdeacon after he had aided him in luring Esmeralda from her refuge, Gringoire had taken the little white goat and made off.

"I have saved you," the Archdeacon was saying. "Will you love me now?" and pointing to the gibbet he added: "It is either that or me."

"Rather that than thou," replied the girl.

At that moment the approaching sound of soldiers' feet was heard. Gudule, the recluse, stuck her head through the bars of her window and cried: "Curse thee, base Egyptian!"

"Here, Mother Gudule," said the Archdeacon. "Hold her. The watch will soon be here." And he gave the arm of the quaking girl into the grasp of the hand that was stretched through the window, and made off.

"You shall die, Egyptian! You shall die even as my little child died, base sorceress!" cried the recluse. Esmeralda saw a child's shoe on an altar in one corner of the cell.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the girl. "Let me look at that shoe." With her free hand she tore open the little bag that she wore around her neck and handed to the recluse another shoe, the mate to the one on the altar. To this shoe was attached a parchment that read: "When the mate thou shalt find, thy mother is not far behind."

"My daughter!" screamed the recluse.

"My mother!" responded the Egyptian.

But the recognition came too late. The whole place was swarming with soldiery, and in spite of Gudule's prayers and hysterical entreaties La Esmeralda was carried away, bound, toward the gibbet. The mother fought hard to defend her child until a soldier gave the woman a great push, and she fell heavily to the pavement and lay there dead with a fractured skull.

It was soon broad daylight, and from a tower of Nôtre Dame Dom Claude Frollo looked down upon the Place de Grève where the body of a young girl was writhing from the gibbet, and laughed.

Behind him stood Quasimodo. He heard not this laugh, but he saw it. Grasping the Archdeacon with his huge hands, he thrust him down into the abyss.

"Damnation!" cried the Archdeacon as he fell. Quasimodo looked at the Egyptian dangling from the gallows and then at the Archdeacon stretched at the foot of the tower. Heaving a deep sigh, he cried: "Oh, all that I ever loved!"

LES MISÉRABLES (1862)

Hugo had attained such eminence as a poet, novelist, and essayist at the time when *Les Misérables* was ready for publication that it was translated beforehand into nine languages and published simultaneously, April 2, 1862, in Paris, Brussels, London, New York, Madrid, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Turin. It has since been translated into twelve more languages. This is not only Hugo's most celebrated prose work, but it is generally regarded as the greatest single work of fiction in all literature. It is more than a novel. Under the guise of romance it is a treatise on the unfortunates (*les misérables*) not only of Paris but of rural France also, showing their conditions, habits, and manner of thought during the first third of the nineteenth century, and discussing the causes of their distress. The sociological treatise is wrought out insensibly by the events of the story, and several times in the course of the narrative the author digresses into frank essays on conventual life, slang, the Parisian ragamuffin, and other themes of interest. These digressions, while interrupting the story, serve, nevertheless, as backgrounds for events subsequently related, and assist in making clear the profound psychological problems that confront the chief persons. The principal features of the story were dramatized in 1905 under the title *Law and the Man.*

EAN VALJEAN was an illiterate pruner of Faverolles. His parents died when he was a child, and eventually the support of his sister, a widow with seven children, devolved on him. Their circumstances were exceedingly difficult always, and were at their worst pass in the winter of 1795, when Jean was twenty-five years old. There was no food for the children, no work for the provider, nothing that could be pawned or sold. Yielding to the impulse of distress, Jean Valjean smashed a baker's window and stole a loaf. He was captured, tried, and sent to the galleys at Toulon for five years. He remained there nineteen years—the incarceration having been extended for several attempts to escape—and when at last there was no fault that had not been expiated by all the punishment the law allowed, he was released regretfully by the authorities, who regarded him as a dangerous criminal and so classified him in his passport.

This man had gone to the galleys a pensive, affectionate, and

apparently dull fellow; he emerged hardened in every way. He had taught himself to read, solely because he thought learning would enable him to do wrong to his greater advantage, for the stern logic of his situation had convinced him that honesty would be incompatible with liberty. He had thriven physically on the laborious life of a convict, and emerged a giant in strength. He was deaf to religion, but that, apparently, was because the teachings of religion never had been put in his way.

"We had a chapel in the galleys," he said once, "and one day I saw a bishop. He said mass in the middle of the galleys at an altar. We were drawn up on three sides of a square, with cannon with lighted matches facing us. He spoke, but he was too far off, and we did not hear him."

Compelled by law to go to a distant part of the country, Jean Valjean set forth on foot with one hundred and nine francs, the total earnings of his nineteen years of servitude. He had to show his passport to the authorities of every town on his route, and this, while it permitted him to trudge the highways, prevented him from sleeping under a roof or eating at a table, for the innkeepers would have none of him. He was in bitter despair over this, when good fortune led him to apply for food and shelter at the modest residence of the Bishop of D——, modest, because the Bishop, from conscientious scruples, had turned his palace into a hospital and gone to live in the meager quarters formerly used for housing the sick. The Bishop treated him as a brother, and Jean Valjean heard the first words of kindness that had been addressed to him since his first arrest. All the Bishop's silverware was spread on the table at supper in accordance with the good prelate's manner of honoring his guests, and Jean Valjean had the seat nearest the fire. In the middle of the night he arose, stole all the silver articles except two candlesticks, which he overlooked, and made his way out by a window. He was arrested shortly after daybreak and conducted to the Bishop's residence, so that the stolen goods might be formally identified. The moment the Bishop perceived what was afoot he said:

"Why! how is this? I gave you the candlesticks, too, which will sell for two hundred francs. Why did you not take them with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Valjean listened to this in silent amazement, and as the Bishop held to his attitude the officers had to release their prisoner, who, the Bishop insisting, took the two candlesticks. As he was about to depart, the Bishop said:

"Never forget that you have promised me to use this money to become an honest man."

The convict had no recollection of having promised anything, but he stood silent and the Bishop continued solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from the black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God."

Late that afternoon Jean Valjean sat under a tree in a desolate plain, thinking, thinking. Gervais, a little Savoyard, passed him, singing gaily and tossing a two-franc piece in air as he walked. Once he failed to catch the coin, and it fell at Jean Valjean's feet. He put his foot on it, and when the child begged for the money, the convict, after seeming for some moments not to be aware of his presence, bade him begone in such a terrible voice that the Savoyard ran away crying. Some time after this Jean Valjean seemed to awake. He saw the coin, and was overwhelmed by terrible emotion. "Gervais!" he called again and again, and when he heard no answer, he ran far across the plain, hoping to overtake the lad and give him his money. At last he stopped where three paths met; the moon had risen; he looked far off, and called out for the last time, "Little Gervais! little Gervais!" But his shout died away in the mist, without even awakening an echo. He muttered again, "Little Gervais," in a weak and almost inarticulate voice, but it was his last effort. His knees suddenly gave way under him, as if an invisible power were crushing him under the weight of a bad conscience. He fell exhausted on a large stone, with his hands clenched in his hair, his face on his knees, and shrieked, "I am a wretch!" Then his heart melted, and he began to weep; it was the first time for nineteen years.

The convict did not go to the place specified by the authorities. It happened that he arrived at M——while a fire was raging, and at the peril of his life he rescued two children of the Chief of Police. For this reason nobody dreamed of asking to

see his passport, and for this reason he settled in that town. Little is remembered of his first weeks there. He appeared to be a quiet workingman who had saved a few hundred francs, but during that period he invented a cheap process of making jet beads, and he invested his little capital in a workshop. His enterprise succeeded swiftly, and in a year he built a factory, which grew under the normal influence of good business management until it was a large establishment, the mainstay of the town and the country roundabout. He was known as M. Madeleine, and his charities were so numerous, his enterprises for the public good so beneficent, that his fame passed beyond the bounds of his district. The King made the inventor a knight of the Legion of Honor, but M. Madeleine declined the distinction. Later, although he had earnestly refused the office, he was made Mayor, induced to accept by hearing an old woman grumble, "A good Mayor is useful; a man should not draw back from the good he can do." This was five years after his arrival in M——. At that time he had 630,000 francs to his credit in a Paris bank, and he had distributed much more than that from his profits in charity and public improvements.

The respect for M. Madeleine became complete, unanimous and cordial. Only one man in the town resisted the contagion, and, whatever M. Madeleine might do, remained rebellious to it, as if an incorruptible and imperturbable instinct kept him on his guard. This person's name was Javert; he belonged to the police, and performed at M—— the useful duties of an inspector. He had not seen M. Madeleine's beginning, for when Javert came to M—— the great manufacturer's fortune was made. Javert was born in prison; his mother was a fortune-teller whose husband was in the galleys. When he grew up he thought he was beyond the pale of society, and despaired of ever entering it. He noticed that society inexorably keeps at bay two classes of men: those who attack it and those who guard it. He had only a choice between the two classes, and at the same time felt within him an indescribable fund of rigidness, regularity, and probity, combined with an inexpressible hatred of the race of bohemians to which he belonged. He entered the police, and at the age of forty was an inspector. In his youth he was engaged in the southern galleys.

This man was made up of two very simple and relatively excellent feelings, which he almost rendered bad by exaggerating them: respect for authority and hatred of rebellion; and in his eyes, robbery, murder, and every crime were forms of rebellion. He enveloped in a species of blind faith everybody in the service of the state, from the Prime Minister down to the gamekeeper. He covered with contempt, disgust and aversion everyone who had crossed the legal threshold of evil. He was absolute and admitted no exceptions. On the one hand he said, "A functionary can do no wrong, a magistrate can not be mistaken"; on the other he said, "They are irremediably lost, no good can come of them."

The Mayor, attracted one day by a crowd, found that an old peasant named Fauchelevent had fallen under his heavily loaded cart, which was slowly but surely crushing him to death. Somebody went for a jack, but it would be a quarter of an hour before it could be brought to the spot. Madeleine saw that it was possible for a man to get under the cart and raise the weight sufficiently to extricate the peasant. He called for volunteers, offering twenty louis to him who should save the old man, but nobody offered to try.

"It is not good will they lack," said a voice. "It is strength."

Madeleine turned and recognized Javert, who looked fixedly at the Mayor and continued, "Monsieur Madeleine, I never knew but one man capable of doing what you ask. He was a galley slave."

"Indeed!" said Madeleine.

"At the Toulon galleys."

Madeleine turned pale; but the cart was slowly settling, and Fauchelevent was screaming, "I am choking! It is breaking my ribs! a jackscrew, something—Oh!"

Madeleine met Javert's eyes still fixed on him, and smiled sadly. Then, without a word, he fell on his knees, and, ere the crowd could utter a cry, was under the cart. There was a frightful moment of expectation and silence. M. Madeleine, almost flat on his stomach under the tremendous weight, twice tried in vain to bring his elbows to his knees, while the peasants shouted, "Father Madeleine, come out!" All at once the enormous mass shook, the cart slowly rose, and the wheels half

emerged from the rut. They rushed forward then; the cart was lifted by twenty arms, and old Fauchelevent was saved. M. Madeleine rose. He was livid, though dripping with perspiration. The old man kissed his knees and called him his savior, while M. Madeleine wore a strange expression of happy and celestial suffering, and turned his placid eye on Javert, who was still looking at him.

Fauchelevent came from that accident with such permanent injury that he could no longer do his usual work, and M. Madeleine obtained for him a place as gardener in Paris.

On another occasion, a winter evening, Madeleine saw Javert arrest a woman of the town. He made inquiries of the bystanders and learned that the woman's only offense at the moment consisted in abusive talk because a well-to-do bully in the guise of a gentleman had showered her bare neck with snow. The law at that time did not require that women of this class should be brought before a magistrate. It lay within the discretion of the inspector to dispose of her as he saw fit. The unfortunate woman's name was Fantine. Madeleine went to the police station and demanded her release; but before Fantine realized what he had said, she spat in the Mayor's face.

"You are the cause," she screamed, "of my distress and my shame! It was you, you monster of a Mayor, who compelled me to sell my honor, not that I might live, but that I might support my baby. You discharged me on account of the gossip in the shops. I was doing my work well, your forewoman will tell you so; but when it was learned that I had a baby, I was discharged. The child wasn't here. I knew your rules against bad women, and when I came from Paris I left my little Cosette with the Thénardiers, at Montfermeil. She has been there all these years, and they have made me pay more and more for her keep. When I was discharged I couldn't earn enough to meet their demands, and I had to become a bad woman. You see," and she turned fiercely to Javert, "how it was that beggar of a Mayor who did all the mischief."

Madeleine listened to this tirade attentively and repeated his demand that the woman be released. Javert was thunderstruck.

"This is a police matter," said he; "it is not in the province

of the magistrate to interfere. Moreover, the woman insulted you."

"That," replied Madeleine, "is my affair." Then he quoted from the statutes to show that in certain contingencies, like the one under discussion, the Mayor had authority to overrule the police. And so it was decided, after a heated controversy, which ended only when the Mayor peremptorily ordered Javert to leave the room.

Fantine, therefore, was released, and the Mayor sent her to the infirmary, where she fell ill of a violent fever; but before she became delirious he made her understand, first, that he never had heard of her plight before the scene in the police station, for she had been discharged by a too zealous subordinate; and, second, that he would pay all the demands of the Thénardiers and restore Cosette to her. The greed of the Thénardiers prevented him from fulfilling this promise at once. They sent a bill for medical attendance and medicine which caused delay, though the Mayor promptly remitted the sum demanded. Even then the child was not sent to M——; meantime Javert had been active in a way that compelled Madeleine's attention elsewhere. Javert called on the Mayor with a confession and a request.

"In a moment of passion, and inspired solely by desire for revenge," said he, "I denounced you to the Chief of Police as a convict, one Jean Valjean, who has eluded justice for the past eight years. This convict, after his release from the Toulon galleys, robbed a bishop and a little Savoyard. For these crimes, Jean Valjean, as you know, should be condemned to the galleys for life, for that is the law. I was dreadfully mistaken in denouncing you, and I now know that you are not Jean Valjean. That man has been found, and he will be tried presently at Arras for stealing apples. I have seen him, and I know that he is Jean Valjean, though he calls himself Champmathieu. To suspect you might pass without censure, for it is a policeman's duty to suspect; but to denounce one in authority from such motives as stirred me is the gravest dereliction. I recognize that I am no longer fit for police duty. I ask that you dismiss me, for such error as mine deserves the severest punishment."

Madeleine ridiculed the idea of dismissing Javert, telling him

that he deserved advancement for his conscientiousness; and he inquired closely about Champmathieu. It seemed that he was a friendless, stupid old fellow, harmless enough, but a burden on the community, and his fate was to be decided on the following day. All that night the Mayor struggled with a terrible problem, weighing the demands of strict morality, and studying the effects of his procedure whatever course he might decide to follow. It was clear that little material harm would ensue if Champmathieu went to the galleys. The only sufferer would be the worthless victim of the error. On the other hand, Madeleine knew that if he surrendered the industries and prosperity of M—— would fall to pieces.

The upshot of his night's agony was that he went to Arras undecided. Then, just before sentence was to be pronounced on old Champmathieu, the Mayor revealed himself as Jean Valjean and proved his identity. As he was not under arrest, he was permitted to leave the court-room.

"The police know where to find me when I am wanted," he said as he departed.

He went to Fantine at the hospital. She was now in her proper senses, but very near death. Cosette had not arrived. Valjean saw that he must go for the child himself, but just as he had come to this conclusion and decision, Javert came in to arrest him. The inspector was triumphant, harsh, domineering. "Make haste," said he. Valjean pleaded for a word in private, for he did not wish Fantine to know that her child was still at a distance. The inspector refused contemptuously. Why should he show consideration to a convict?

"Give me three days," urged Valjean, in a low tone, "that I may bring this woman's child to her."

"Absurd!" cried Javert. "I didn't think you were such a fool. Hasten now, or I shall handcuff you."

Fantine, who understood nothing except that her former enemy had now some terrible power over the Mayor, the one friend she knew, was thrown into a panic. She shrieked, tossed her arms, and fell back motionless.

Jean Valjean strode to an empty bed, wrenched off one of its iron legs, and raised it over Javert's head. "I would advise you not to disturb me just now," he said.

Javert trembled, cowed for once by an acknowledged criminal, and remained clinging to the door-post while Jean Valjean stood at the bedside, watching Fantine till her death-struggle was over.

"You have killed this woman," he said. "Now I am at your service."

Javert placed Jean Valjean in the town jail; but that night the prisoner broke a bar of his window and escaped. For four days his whereabouts was a mystery never solved by the police, but during that interval M. Madeleine's account at the Paris bank was withdrawn in cash, and a stranger was seen with a pick in the woods not far from Montfermeil. The peasants of that neighborhood believed it would be certain death to spy upon any man digging in those woods, and the stranger's operations, therefore, were unmolested.

Jean Valjean eventually was recaptured and sent back to the galleys at Toulon, where he remained six months. At the end of that time he was engaged aboard a ship in the harbor, when a sailor fell into a situation of extreme peril far aloft in the rigging, and men helplessly awaited the poor fellow's death. Jean Valjean asked permission to try to save him, and, this being granted, he broke his shackles with a single blow of a hammer (an achievement that suggests that the shackles had been tampered with) and climbed into the rigging. With marvelous dexterity and muscular strength he saved the sailor, but while he was himself descending to the deck, he appeared to lose his balance. At all events, he fell overboard, and as painstaking search of the harbor failed to discover his body, it was believed that he had been drowned and carried out to sea. There was official publication to that effect, and from that time Jean Valjean was legally dead.

Poor Fantine had been singularly unfortunate in her choice of guardians for her little Cosette. Thénardier and his wife kept a pot-house in Montfermeil. They had several children, whom they favored at the expense of Fantine's daughter. Business was always bad with them. Thénardier was forever in debt, and the reason he did not surrender Cosette when M. Madeleine first sent for her, was that he scented the prospect of more

money by holding her. As it happened, he received several hundred francs more than Fantine's indebtedness to him and still kept the child, who, though only eight years old, was an ill fed, ill clad servant, compelled to do all manner of drudgery and deprived of every innocent childish pleasure.

Thénardier was fond of telling how he saved the life of a French officer at Waterloo. He did so, indeed, but, though he never narrated the circumstances in this way, the fact was that he was prowling over the battlefield after the conflict, robbing the silent bodies, when, in order to get at the pockets of an officer, he pulled a supposed corpse from under a heap of dead men. The officer was not dead, though severely wounded, and the rough movement revived him. He believed Thénardier had saved his life deliberately, and offered him the purse in his pocket, which Thénardier had already abstracted. The officer gave his name as Pontmercy, and learned Thénardier's. Their further conversation was prevented by the approach of a patrol, when Thénardier made off hurriedly. Such were the facts.

One black night, some weeks subsequent to the "death" of Jean Valjean, Cosette was required to go to a distant spring for water. It lay at the edge of a wood remote from the village, a place she dreaded to approach in the dark. The work required of her was far too severe for one of her tender years, but somehow she always managed to perform it. On this occasion she had overcome her terror to the extent of reaching the spring and filling her huge bucket; she was returning, compelled to rest every few steps, and almost at the point of giving up, exhausted, when an unseen hand took the bucket from her. Cosette felt rather than saw that a large man was beside her, but she was not frightened, and when presently the man asked her questions she answered readily. The man started violently when he learned her name and that she dwelt with the Thénardiers; but Cosette noticed nothing, and he carried the bucket to the door of the pot-house.

This man was Jean Valjean, come to fulfil his promise to the dead. He paid Thénardier all that scoundrel's preposterous charges for the care of Cosette (about 1500 francs) and took her away, leaving no name, but permitting Thénardier to suppose

that he was the child's grandfather. Man and child went to live in a cheap lodging called the Gorbeau House, on the outskirts of Paris, and there for some time they dwelt in serene content. Their quarters were scantily furnished, their food of the simplest, but it was abundant, and to Cosette the surroundings, the food, and the clothes Valjean provided were far superior to anything she had ever dreamed could be hers. Valjean taught her to read, and speedily came to love her with more than the intensity of a father. The greater part of his life had been devoid of love, and this trusting child aroused all the latent affection of his nature.

Valjean never ventured forth by day, but at night, dressed as a respectable workingman, he took long walks. He soon attained a certain reputation because of his gifts to the poor. His offerings were not large, but there was always a sou at least for the beggar that accosted him. Among the recipients of his charity was a decrepit old man who had been a beadle, and whose habit it was to kneel, telling his beads under a lamp at the edge of a disused well. One evening, when Jean Valjean passed and placed his usual gift in the aged man's hand, the beggar suddenly raised his eyes, looked fixedly at his benefactor, and then let his head drop again. Valjean was startled, but the mysterious instinct of self-preservation warned him not to utter a word. He fancied he had seen Javert's face.

This, indeed, was the case. The gossip about the extraordinary poor man who gave alms right and left had come to the inspector's attention, and he had disguised himself as an old beadle in order to put certain suspicions to the test. Evidently the policeman was not satisfied, for nothing happened at once; but soon afterward, at night, Jean Valjean heard strange footsteps in the corridor of the Gorbeau House. The next night he took Cosette by the hand, and they went forth ostensibly for a stroll. They avoided the boulevards and pursued a zigzag course through narrow streets, making many turnings, doubling on their tracks, and keeping ever on the side where the shadows lay deepest. Valjean had almost become convinced that his fear was unfounded when, shortly after eleven o'clock, he saw men whose movements informed him beyond peradventure that he was being followed. Then ensued a long flight through the streets.

Once Valjean hid in a doorway, and recognized Javert among the several passers. It was mere good fortune that Javert did not then discover Jean Valjean, who thereafter played the game with the greatest circumspection.

He came at last to an *impasse*. A blind alley was before him, and the entrance of the street behind was filled with Javert's assistants, who were slowly approaching, searching every doorway and possible hiding-place. Valjean stepped into a dark niche where a building made a sharp angle with an eighteen-foot wall that apparently bordered a garden.

Sweat broke on his brow as, for a few terrible seconds, he studied the desperate situation. One thing only was possible. Among other resources, thanks to his numerous escapes from the Toulon galleys, Jean Valjean had become a master of the incredible art of raising himself without a ladder or cramping-iron, by sheer muscular strength, by pressing his neck, shoulders, hips and knees against the right angle of a wall, with the slight help of the rare projections of the stone, to the sixth floor if necessary. If he had been alone there would have been no difficulty, but Cosette was with him, and he had no thought of abandoning her. His desperate glance fell on the lamp-post in the blind alley. The lamp was not lighted. Valjean leaped across the street, burst the box that contained the rope used for raising and lowering the lamp, and a moment later was at Cosette's side again, holding a rope. He fastened it under the child's shoulders, took the other end in his teeth, and in less than a minute had raised himself to the top of the wall. Then he pulled up Cosette, placed her on his back, and crawled along the wall till he came to a point where the sloping roof of a shed was below them. They gained this roof just as the squad of soldiers under Javert's direction began to search the dark niche. Discomfited and bewildered, Javert had that blind alley watched night and day for a month before he gave up the search.

Valjean had climbed into the garden of a convent, though he was unaware of the fact, and nothing was visible to proclaim it. One man only was attached to the institution, and he had to wear a bell on his leg, so that when his duties brought him near the nuns they could turn away their heads or cover their eyes. This man was pottering about the garden late that night, laying

mats over the melon-beds to protect them from the frost. His mysterious movements, and the intermittent tinkling of his bell, wrought on Valjean's nerves; moreover, little Cosette was suffering with the cold. So he suddenly strode forth from the shed and confronted the man.

"You must give me shelter for a little child," said he.

The man peered hard at him in the moonlight. "Why! Monsieur Madeleine," he exclaimed, "how did you get here?"

It was Fauchelevent, the peasant whose life had been saved by the Mayor of M——.

Fauchelevent knew nothing of what had happened to his benefactor, for news never penetrated the convent walls. Valjean merely told him that he and the child must be protected, and Fauchelevent, full of gratitude, agreed; but while he thought he saw a way by which he could make Valjean a resident of the hut that he occupied in a corner of the garden, and a way to get Cosette admitted to the convent school as a pupil, it was necessary that both the strangers should come into the place in the ordinary way. This meant that they must go forth by the mysterious way they had come in, and knock at the gate; for if they were found without the sanction of the Prioress, Fauchelevent would lose his place and his power to help. Valjean immediately declared this course impossible. He did not need to be told that Javert was watching every part of the neighborhood behind the convent. To go out would be to meet certain capture. To attempt to remain surreptitiously would be equally fatal.

This difficulty was resolved by taking shrewd and daring advantage of the death of a nun, which occurred on the morning following the arrival of Valjean and Cosette, who meantime were hidden in Fauchelevent's hut. The nun, one of the most revered members of the community, had directed that she be buried beneath the altar in the chapel, the ancient tomb of the order, and although the municipal authorities had forbidden such burials, the Prioress had decided to evade the law. She sent for Fauchelevent, and with much circumlocution and many injunctions as to secrecy asked whether he could raise the door to the vault and place the nun's body within it at midnight; and, further, whether he could and would fill the coffin sent by

the municipality with earth or other heavy material and nail it up for burial in the Vaugirard cemetery, where a lot was set apart for the inmates of the convent.

Fauchelevent listened, and then offered a petition; he had a brother who was strong and could be useful in the garden; this brother had a granddaughter who should be educated; could he not share his hut with his brother and put the child in the school? The Prioress consented to talk with the brother, on condition that Fauchelevent succeeded in effecting the proper burial of the nun and the improper burial of the official coffin.

When Valjean knew of all this he speedily arranged for his exit and return. In the first place, Fauchelevent, when he went to market, put Cosette in his basket and took her to a friend's house, where she remained for twenty-four hours. Valjean lay down in the coffin and Fauchelevent nailed on the cover, after boring holes for ventilation. In due course the municipal hearse arrived, and the coffin, with Jean Valjean in it, was borne to the cemetery and lowered into a grave. At this juncture Fauchelevent executed a ruse which led the regular grave-digger to leave the cemetery, after which the old man removed the coffin-cover, and he and Valjean himself filled in the grave.

This was in the early evening. Later two men and a child knocked at the convent gate and were admitted. The Prioress, eyes cast down that she might not see a man unnecessarily, asked Valjean questions, to all of which Fauchelevent gave answer; and as he knew just how to answer, the Prioress was abundantly satisfied. She accepted Cosette as a pupil and Valjean, known thenceforth as "the other" Fauchelevent, was installed as assistant gardener.

Several serenely happy years passed. Cosette saw her father, as she called Jean Valjean, at least an hour every day, and meantime no hint of peril came to disturb his soul. He never left the garden, however; he did all the hard work there, but it was Fauchelevent who went to market.

When Fauchelevent died at last of old age, Jean Valjean thought it was time to go. Cosette's education was finished, and if she remained much longer she would have to become a nun. It seemed to him that he might venture now to live a

normal life, always exercising reasonable precautions against discovery by his implacable enemy. So he resigned his place and astonished the Prioress by paying an adequate sum for the education and care of Cosette, and took the girl away. They went to live in a modest house that faced the Rue Plumet. This was surrounded by spacious grounds, a garden with trees at the front, a wide yard at the back. Cosette spent much of her time in the front garden, but Valjean never showed himself there. It was one of his odd fancies to busy himself in the back yard; and none of them (they had one old woman servant) ever entered or left the place by the front gate. They always used a circuitous, narrow path that led to a distant street at the rear.

Cosette developed into a very beautiful young woman. She was not herself aware of it; indeed, the nuns had taught her to regard herself as ugly, and she had taken the instruction seriously; but there were other eyes that saw the truth, particularly the eyes of a young man who walked in the Luxembourg, and who presently came to time his excursions to correspond regularly with the hours of Valjean's visits there with Cosette.

This young man was Marius Pontmercy, son of that officer whose life the abominable Thénardier had saved at Waterloo. The father had been made a baron by Napoleon, but he was poor, and when he could no longer fight, and the boy's mother was dead, he consigned Marius to the care of his maternal grandfather, a fierce old tradesman of some wealth and vast pride, who scorned all Bonapartists and who brought up the young man in ignorance of his father and in contempt for the noble ideals for which his father had fought. One day Marius chanced to learn the truth about his father; how he had loved his son so dearly that he sacrificed himself for his advancement; and how he had been traduced by the tradesman grandfather, M. Gillenormand. This revelation led the young man, first, to an independent study of history; second, to a revolution in his convictions, and last to an angry parting from his grandfather. He became a struggling lawyer without briefs, supporting himself by writing for publishers, and getting deeper into revolutionary learning by association with students of radical tendencies.

He also fell hopelessly in love with Cosette, hopeless because his was one of those rarely pure passions that restrain the man from making advances. Day after day he sat on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens, at a considerable distance from Valjean and Cosette, but where he could see her, feeling a bewildered joy in her presence, and not daring to invent any pretext for addressing her or her father. This went on some time before his eyes met Cosette's. She had noticed his regular presence in the gardens—she must have been blind not to do so—and one day she led Jean Valjean in their walk close to the bench where Marius was pretending to read a book. She looked at him, and from eye to eye the magic spark flew that kindles two souls with the same fire. But Marius knew it not, and thereafter was, as he thought, more circumspect than before.

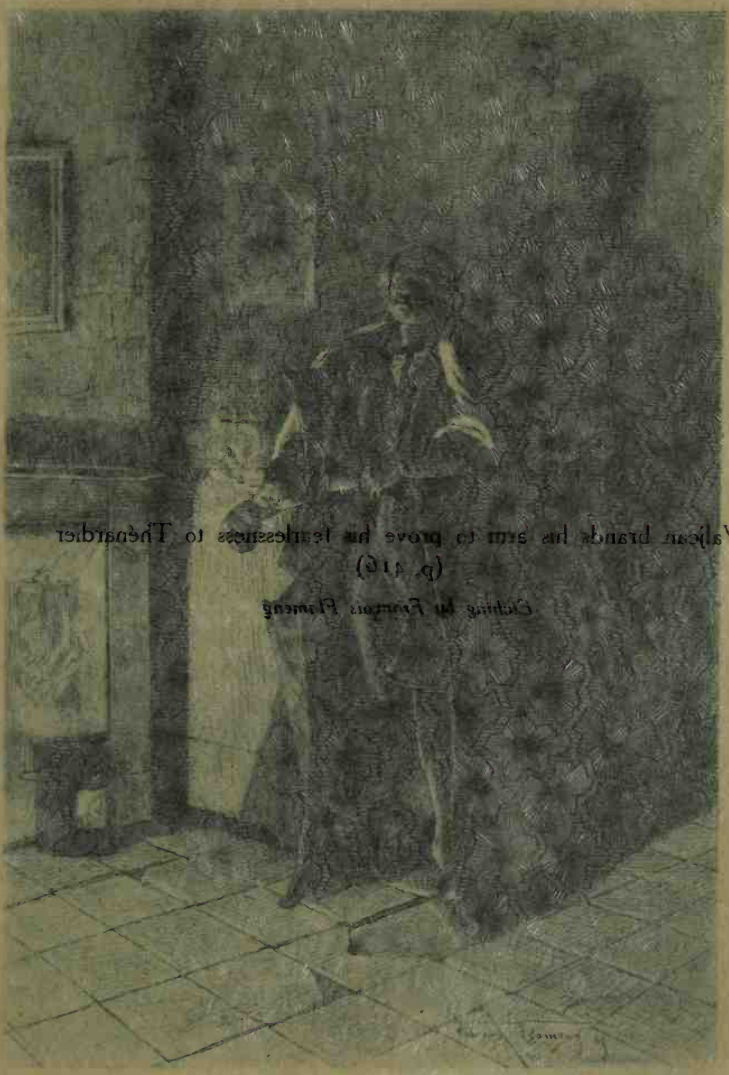
As a matter of fact, he was exceedingly crude in his efforts to mask his interest. Jean Valjean was not blind to any single circumstance of his surroundings, but his conclusions naturally enough were in error. After he had tried two or three trivial devices to assure himself that there was no mere coincidence in the young man's daily visits to the gardens, he came to fear that Marius was a police spy. Then the old tumult began again in the convict's soul. Although he lived in the Rue Plumet, he had two other lodgings in Paris to which he took Cosette at odd intervals for a few weeks at a time. He never explained these migrations to her, nor the brief journeys he took alone when their supply of ready money diminished. He always came back with more money, and always, after a period of seclusion in a lodging-house, he returned to the Rue Plumet.

One day Marius followed Valjean and Cosette to one of these lodgings. The next day they did not appear in the gardens. At evening, feverishly anxious, he inquired of the porter at the lodging-house about the elderly gentleman and his daughter, only to learn that they had gone away—where, the porter did not know. They might have left the earth, for anything Marius could learn. He haunted the Luxembourg for weeks, but he never saw them.

At this period Thénardier was active in Paris as a member of a gang of criminals. His wife and daughters assisted in various ways to promote his swindling operations, but their

success was meager and they lived in the direst poverty. Marius, compelled to exercise rigid economy, had a room next theirs in the Gorbeau House, and thus he became slightly acquainted with Eponine, one of Thénardier's daughters, and thus also he witnessed an attempted crime in which Jean Valjean figured as victim. Thénardier had written a begging letter, under an assumed name, which Eponine handed to Valjean at church. Valjean went to the Gorbeau House to investigate and relieve distress, and was there set upon by Thénardier's ruffians, but escaped just as Javert came with a squad of police to raid the gang's quarters. Marius saw much of this scene, and tried to follow Valjean and learn where he lived. Failing, he had recourse to Eponine. This girl loved Marius, but the young man was so absorbed in his passion for Cosette that he never suspected it. Eponine did not know Valjean's address at this time, but she learned it later, because Thénardier's scouts had marked the house in the Rue Plumet as a favorable "crib to crack." Marius began to haunt the house as he had haunted the Luxembourg, and at last he ventured one evening into the front garden and spoke to Cosette. She already loved him; there was no thought of conventions and proprieties; it was natural that he should be there to see her; and they sat long under the trees that evening, and on many evenings after, talking as true lovers talk, and enduring the hours of every day for the sake of the brief meeting after sunset.

Jean Valjean was ignorant of all this, but he was not blind to Cosette's beauty and the danger that some day she might love another better than himself. This was torture to him, but he suppressed all manifestation of his trouble, just as Cosette kept her love for Marius from coming to his knowledge. But another thing disturbed Jean Valjean. He could not fail to notice that somebody was frequently in the vicinity of the house. The old fear returned. He never dreamed that cutthroats had marked his house for plunder, but he did suspect the prying eyes of Javert and his agents. Meantime Eponine, faithful to Marius although he utterly ignored her, conveyed secretly a note to Valjean which said merely, "Change your quarters." That decided him. It was a warning against burglars; he took it for a warning against the police. Tired of the never-end-



success was meager and they lived in the direst poverty. Marius, compelled to exercise rigid economy, had a room next theirs in the Gorbeau House, and thus he became slightly acquainted with Eponine, one of Thénardier's daughters, and thus also he witnessed an attempted crime in which Jean Valjean figured as victim. Thénardier had written a begging letter, under an assumed name, which Eponine handed to Valjean at church. Valjean went to the Gorbeau House to investigate and relieve distress, and was there set upon by Thénardier's ruffians, but escaped just as Javert came with a squad of police to raid the gang's quarters. Marius saw much of this scene, and tried to follow Valjean and learn where he lived. Failing, he had recourse to Eponine. This girl loved Marius, but the young man was so absorbed in his passion for Cosette that he never suspected it. Eponine did not know Valjean's address at this time, but she learned it later, because Thénardier's scouts had marked the house in the Rue Plumet as a favorable "crib to crack." Marius began to haunt the house as he had haunted the Luxembourg, and at last he ventured one evening into the front garden and spoke to Cosette. She already loved him; there was no thought of conventions and proprieties; it was natural that he should be there to see her, and they sat long under the trees that evening, and on many evenings after, talking as true lovers talk, and enduring the hours of every day for the sake of the brief meeting after sunset.

Valjean brands his arm to prove his fearlessness to Thénardier
(p. 416)
Etching by François Flameng

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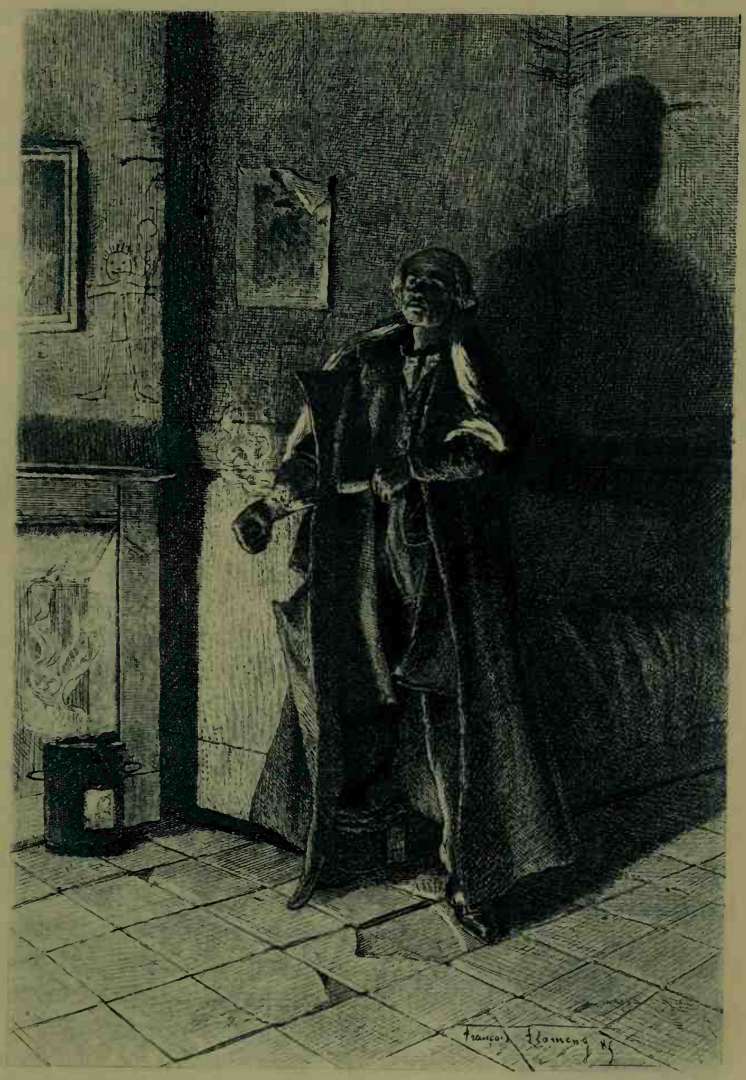
François Flameng

ing struggle against the law, he determined to go to England, and so informed Cosette, who immediately told Marius.

The young man was in despair. He had no money to follow her with, or to marry on. There was only one possibility for him: to be reconciled to his grandfather. He told Cosette that he should not visit her on the following night, planning to see his grandfather then. This plan he executed, but when he asked his grandfather's permission to marry, that permission being necessary according to French law, he was contemptuously cast off. He repaired sadly to the Rue Plumet next evening and found the house deserted. In a frenzy of hopeless disappointment he hurried to his radical friends and threw himself into the violent revolutionary measures they were undertaking, in the hope that he would be killed.

Marius had given his address to Cosette, and she wrote him a note, which she entrusted to Eponine, whom she saw lurking about the house. Eponine, dressed in a man's clothes, found Marius in a narrow street where about forty enthusiasts had erected a huge barricade. This was foredoomed to destruction, and its defenders to death. Even then the soldiers were preparing for the attack, but meantime the insurgents had made an important capture. A little ragamuffin who had joined the insurgents recognized in the company a police spy, a man who proudly confessed his business when interrogated, and who gave his name as Javert. They overpowered him, bound him so that he could not stir, and told him he might live until the moment of the final attack.

Marius would have been killed in the very first assault but for Eponine. She threw herself in front of him and received the bullets meant for him. Dying, she delivered Cosette's letter. That first assault was repelled; and while the insurgents awaited the next Marius read his sweetheart's note and wrote an answer, which he entrusted to the ragamuffin who had "spotted" Javert. He also wrote in his pocketbook the following: "My name is Marius Pontmercy. Carry my body to my grandfather, M. Gillenormand, No. 6 Rue des Filles de Calvaire, in the Marais."

Valjean had installed himself and Cosette temporarily in the Rue de l'Homme Armé. This was on June 6, 1832, the day of

the revolutionary outbreak. Cosette was so disheartened at the prospect of leaving the country and not seeing Marius again that she remained in her chamber. Jean Valjean, pacing the floor, and persuading himself that in England it would be possible to live peacefully and happily, chanced to see in a mirror the reflection of the last page of Cosette's open blotting-book, and was stupefied at what he read:

"My well beloved: Alas, my father insists on our going away at once. We shall be this evening at No. 7 Rue de l'Homme Armé. Within a week we shall be in England. COSETTE."

This was his first intimation that Cosette loved another. It was simple and crushing. This man, who never had been conquered by trial, faced now the most cutting ill fortune of all the long list. For once his heart weakened. Instinct, guided by previous observations, enabled him to fix with certainty on the young man of the Luxembourg as the object of Cosette's affection, and Jean Valjean, the regenerated man, the man who had made so many efforts to resolve all life, all misfortunes, all misery, into love, looked into his own heart and there beheld a specter—Hate.

He went out and sat on a stone post before his lodging-house. To him came the ragamuffin with the letter from Marius. It was addressed to Cosette, but Valjean took it and read:

"Our marriage was impossible. I asked my grandfather's consent; he refused to give it. I have no fortune, nor have you. I ran to your house; I found you had gone. I die. I love you. When you read this my soul will be near you and will smile upon you."

Jean Valjean thought upon this for a confusing, most unhappy hour. Then he went forth and prowled through the streets until he came by a tortuous, unguarded way to the back of the barricade. Marius recognized him, and so did Javert. Marius did not ask himself why "M. Fauchelevent" had come there; he simply said to the leader of the insurgents, "I know him," and Javert said haughtily, "It is quite natural." Valjean uttered no word to either of them, or to anybody else.

The assault came on; the defense was desperate and effective; artillery made little impression on the barricade; the conflict became a battle and dragged its dreadful length over many

hours. The fanatical garrison was slowly reduced by death; the ranks of authority were decimated by the defenders' shots. Valjean shot from time to time, but not to kill. Once a mattress was needed to lay against a building in order to prevent the rebounding of bullets; a housekeeper across the street had tied a mattress to her upper window; Valjean shot at the cords, cut them, and the mattress fell to the ground. Again, sharpshooters were posted on a roof where they could command the inside of the barricade; but Valjean shot off the helmets of one after another, so that that vantage-ground was speedily deserted. At other times Valjean was busy caring for the wounded.

But incessant pounding of solid cannon-shot weakened the barricade, incessant charges of infantrymen further reduced the garrison. The time came when another assault must be successful, and the insurgent leader commanded his surviving companions to entrench themselves in the upper rooms of a pot-house. This, then, was the fatal moment for Javert. At this juncture Jean Valjean spoke. Addressing the commandant, he said, "Do I deserve a reward?"

"Certainly, you have saved the barricade twice."

"Then let me blow this man's brains out."

"That is fair. Take him away."

Valjean led Javert to the alley behind the barricade by which he had made his way in, and there he loosed the inspector's bonds and bade him go. Javert was stupefied.

"You annoy me," he stammered. "I would rather you killed me."

"Be off," replied Jean Valjean, and he discharged his pistol in air. Javert walked slowly away, bewildered, while Valjean returned to the barricade.

The final assault was made; the defenders were hastening to their last stand in the pot-house, and the last to go was Marius. Already wounded, he was covered with blood, his face blackened with powder; at the very door he was hit again, and a saber-cut stunned him. He reeled and would have fallen but that Valjean seized him and in the confusion of the combat carried him unobserved to the alley where Javert's life had been spared.

Marius was unconscious but still alive. Valjean's whole

soul was stirred to find a means of escape, for it could hardly be more than a minute before the soldiers would spread themselves over every foot of alley and street in the vicinity. As on so many other occasions, the situation appeared hopeless, and again the trained resourcefulness of the convict stood him in good stead. He saw the iron grating over an entrance to the sewer. The framework of paving-stones had been dislodged in the course of building the barricade. To remove the stones, tear up the grating, take Marius on his shoulders, descend with this burden, let the heavy grating fall into its place, set foot on a paved surface beneath the street—all this was executed like something done in a delirium, with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of an eagle.

Jean Valjean carried the unconscious young man for miles through the dark, noisome sewers of Paris. He did not know his way, there were sloughs to pass, his wonderful strength was well-nigh exhausted; but he came at last to a place where the sewer debouched into the Seine. There he was confronted by a massive, iron-barred gate which only one thing short of an earthquake could have stirred, and that thing was a key. He laid Marius on a dry shelf of the sewer wall, and gave himself to vain reflection. This time he saw no means of egress. Then from the darkness came one of those criminals who always resorted to the sewers as a means of eluding pursuit. This man had let himself in with a key some hours previously, when he perceived that he was being shadowed by a policeman, and this man was Thénardier.

He theorized that Valjean was a murderer carrying his victim's body to the Seine to cast it in, a safer proceeding than to leave it in the sewer, where the sanitary inspectors would probably find it. Thenardier offered to unlock the gate if Valjean would give him half the proceeds of his crime. Valjean gave him all the money he had, and Thénardier unlocked. During the negotiation he secretly tore off a small piece from the skirt of Marius's coat.

The policeman who had shadowed Thénardier was still lurking near the sewer-mouth, and a moment after Valjean came out with Marius, he pounced on them. This was Javert.

"Who are you?" demanded Javert, peering in the darkness,

for it was now night, and Valjean was disguised with sewer slime.

"Jean Valjean," was the reply. "I have considered myself your prisoner since morning, but I ask one favor: help me carry this man home."

Javert hesitated. His mind was in such commotion as he had never known. He recognized Marius as one who had been at the barricade, but he believed him to be dead. There was no occasion, therefore, to take him to the station-house. Eventually a cab was summoned. They found Marius's address in his pocketbook, and took him to his grandfather's house. Then Jean Valjean asked one more favor.

"Let me go home for a moment. After that you may do with me as you please."

Javert was silent a moment, and then ordered the cab to go to the Rue de l'Homme Armé. He stopped and dismissed the cab at the entrance to the street, and accompanied Valjean on foot to the door of his lodging-house. "Go in," said Javert; "I will await you here."

Valjean entered. On the second floor he paused and looked from a window to the street. The lamp there lighted the place clearly. The street was empty. Javert had gone away.

It was the implacable inspector's turn to find himself at an *impasse*. He owed his life to a convict; he owed the convict's life to the authorities. It petrified him, for Javert's simple mind was unaccustomed to thinking that Jean Valjean had shown him mercy, and that he, Javert, had shown mercy to Jean Valjean. What was he to do? To deliver up Jean Valjean was bad; to leave him at liberty was bad. He ought to return to the Rue de l'Homme Armé and lock up the convict. He could not do it.

For such a nature as Javert's the situation was unendurable. Javert resolved it by leaping into the Seine where the rapids are fierce, and some days later his dead body was found miles away down stream.

This was the end of Jean Valjean's terror of the law; for he read the official statement of Javert's death, and he knew there was no other police official who suspected that the convict of Toulon was still alive. There was still another sacrifice for

him, another silent struggle; for Marius recovered and his grandfather, wholly reconciled to him, insisted on his marriage with Cosette. Jean Valjean acquiesced and shortly before the marriage made another of his mysterious journeys to the woods near Montfermeil. When he returned he handed over Cosette's dowry in bank-notes,—six hundred thousand francs.

Marius did not know who had saved him after the battle at the barricade. Desire to know and meet that man and to find and reward Thénardier, who had saved his father's life at Waterloo, were his chief ambitions, now that he was married. The day after that event Jean Valjean confessed to Marius that he was an escaped convict. The young man was painfully disturbed, for in his heart he feared that Cosette's dowry was the result of robbery. Valjean felt the distrust, but knew not how to overcome it. Consequently he lived by himself, and, after a painful struggle with his desires, attempted no more to see Cosette. It was the villainy of Thénardier that finally resolved the situation and cleared away all doubts.

That industrious scoundrel spent weeks in research, and when he had learned all that could be learned about Jean Valjean he called on Marius and offered to sell a secret for twenty thousand francs. The secret was the alleged fact that Valjean, whom Thénardier supposed to be a member of Marius's household, was a robber and a murderer.

"That is no secret," said Marius. "Jean Valjean murdered M. Madeleine, the famous Mayor of M——, impersonated him at the bank, and withdrew the Mayor's deposit."

"Wrong!" cried Thénardier, and he produced documentary evidence that proved Jean Valjean and M. Madeleine to be one and the same person. Then he revealed his real charge. Valjean had robbed and murdered an unknown man, carried his victim's body through the sewers, and cast it into the Seine. "I could identify the victim," Thénardier concluded, "if his clothes could be found; for I tore off a fragment of his coat."

Marius hurriedly brought from a closet the coat he had worn at the barricade, and Thénardier's fragment fitted the torn place.

At last, then, Marius knew who had saved him, and he had some slight perception of the greatness of character of that man

whom he had suspected and in effect turned from his house. Thénardier was sent off with a pocket full of money, which Marius believed to be due him on his father's account, and a cab took husband and wife post-haste to Jean Valjean's lodging. A happy reconciliation was reached there, but Valjean was at death's door. He died smiling at Cosette and assuring her that death was the best solution of all the problems that had been faced and in whose shadow she and her husband remained.

"Death is an excellent arrangement," said he. "God knows best what is good for us. It is proof of his goodness that I see my little Cosette again."

At his own request he was buried under a stone whereon no record of his life, not even his name, was engraved.

TOILERS OF THE SEA (1866)

Hugo wrote this story in exile in the island of Guernsey, whither he fled after the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. His descriptions of the characteristics of the primitive islanders and of the moods and mysteries of the sea are written from intimate personal knowledge. Gilliatt's battle with the devil-fish is the episode of the story that made the novel popular and is reprinted in many books of selections.

HEN Mess Lethierry, of St. Sampson in the island of Guernsey, had completed fifty years, he discovered one day that he could no longer lift his three-hundred-pound anvil with one hand, and thus was brought face to face with the sudden knowledge that he was no longer young.

With the same swift determination that had so often taken him to the side of wrecked ships through spouting seas, the old seaman set to work at once to provide a competency not so much for himself, as for his bewitching, beautiful, entirely delightful niece, Deruchette.

It was at the time when people began to talk with superstitious thrill of a new kind of ship that was moved, not by sails, but by a strange power that came from boiling water. Lethierry heard, considered, and investigated. Soon he began erecting a strange hull on great covered stocks, on which he exhausted all his skill as a shipwright. As his vessel grew his love for her grew, until when her wonderful engines at last arrived from France and had been installed, his pride and joy in *Durande*, the ship, were barely second to his worship of Deruchette the girl.

One day when Mess Lethierry had spent his last franc the frightened people of Guernsey, crossing themselves as they stood grouped on the rocky coast, beheld a monstrous form that puffed and blew, a horrid machine roaring like a wild beast and smoking like a volcano, as it rushed out to sea with a fright-

ful beating of its fins and a throat belching forth flame. From that day the impious contrivance was known in the Channel Islands as "the devil-boat."

But the *Durande*, being able to carry four times as much cargo as the largest sailing-vessel and in one quarter of the time between ports, became a great success.

Mess Lethierry commanded his beloved *Durande* till rheumatism laid him by the heels. Then he turned the command over to Sieur Clubin, who looked like a notary, but was a wonderful sailor and a proverb for honesty.

But Sieur Clubin's reputation, which he had earned by many years of scrupulous honor in matters of sous and francs, was only the stake that he had laid on life's gaming-table. He bided his time for making one grand stroke, which should sweep off all the stakes, leaving trusting fools to gape and wonder. One day when he brought the *Durande* as usual into St. Malo he saw the game shape his way.

That night Sieur Clubin furtively bargained with a vagabond for a certain ingenious new contrivance which that gentleman had brought from America. It was that important, if not useful, invention, the revolver. Armed with this novel means for making oneself irresistible, Sieur Clubin made his way next day to a great cliff near St. Malo, where the rocks rise sheer as the side of a monstrous house out of a sea monstrously deep.

On the very edge of this dizzy plateau stood a coast-guard looking fixedly at a vessel that was lying to off shore. Soon he saw a boat lowered away, which moved vigorously toward the cliff.

At this moment a man of huge stature stepped from the concealment of a rock. His foot fell as silently as a cat's as he moved swiftly, yet with precaution, toward the unsuspecting watcher. Suddenly his fists flew forth and struck the coast-guard straight between the shoulders, and without a cry the guard fell head first into the sea.

The large man stepped calmly to the edge of the bluff and looked at the few circles widening out and vanishing in the darkening water.

"You have just killed a man, Rantaine," said a soft voice.

He wheeled, and there stood Sieur Clubin, with the ingenious American revolver in his hand. Rantaine advanced a step.

"Stay where you are," said Sieur Clubin. "I have six shots here. They will either kill you or bring the nearest coast-guard."

"What would you have?" demanded Rantaine, again trying to advance, and again checked by an ugly click.

"Rantaine," said Sieur Clubin in his silkiest voice, "yesterday I watched you as you went to a money-changer and counted out to him seventy-six thousand francs, for which he gave you three Bank-of-England notes for one thousand pounds each. You put these notes into an iron tobacco-box. Then you arranged with the master of yonder ship to take you off here, that you might escape; for, Rantaine, you stole that money from Mess Lethierry. Do not trouble yourself to deny, but put your hand into your pocket and fling me the tobacco-box."

Rantaine cursed. He made a step forward. Sieur Clubin aimed at him carefully. He stopped, muttered "A fellow becomes like a child before such a thing as that," and sullenly threw the tobacco-box to Sieur Clubin. That mariner skilfully opened it and assured himself that the bank-notes were there, without letting his revolver waver from its fixed direction.

"Your boat is near," said Sieur Clubin. "You may go."

Rantaine scrambled down the perilous cliff without a word, and when he was safely in the boat he cried:

"Sieur Clubin, you are an honest man, and you will not be offended if I write to tell Mess Lethierry that I have paid over to you three thousand pounds for him, and here is a sailor who belongs to Saint Malo and who will testify to the same effect when he returns from this voyage."

Sieur Clubin began to prepare the *Durande* for departure in the morning.

"You are not going, surely?" said the people of the quays. "There will be a great fog to-morrow."

Nevertheless the *Durande* put to sea the next morning. For many hours she moved under a sky so bright that the prophecies of fog seemed absurd, but suddenly a bank was seen on the horizon. In an hour more it was a wall, and in another

hour the *Durande* was swallowed in it. A passenger heard the engineer say to his assistant:

"This morning in the sun we were going at half speed. Now, in the fog, we get orders to drive ahead full speed."

The next moment the *Durande* hurled herself at a great rock that seemed to leap all at once from the deep, and immediately the gaping hull sucked in the sea with a horrible gulping. Captain Clubin wasted no words. The long boat shot into the water under his orders, and the passengers and crew hurried in. When all were in they cried to him to follow. But Clubin refused.

"Push off," he said, "I shall stay here. When the ship is lost the captain is already dead."

As soon as he was alone Sieur Clubin's face expressed a lively satisfaction. But suddenly there came a little, a very little rift in that great fog, and Captain Clubin became almost haggard. Two mighty pillars of rock towered twinlike before him. He knew them at once. None who had ever seen them could mistake the terrible Douvres. Sieur Clubin had intended to steer the *Durande* on the Hanway rocks, from which it was only a one-mile swim to a deserted part of the coast, where he could get clothing and other necessaries for getting away. The Douvres lay twenty-five miles off shore. But again Sieur Clubin did not despair. A wind arose, the fog began to move, and he knew that smugglers often ran within sight of the Douvres. They would take him off and ask no questions, if the price were sufficient.

To get a view of the horizon it was necessary to gain the summit of one of the higher rocks, and Clubin promptly stripped. He fastened a stout leather belt around his waist, which held the iron tobacco-box. Then he plunged headlong into the sea. He sank deep and soon felt himself seized by one foot.

That night there was a great hubbub in St. Sampson. The long boat had come ashore with the shipwrecked people. Mess Lethierry stood against the wall and listened like a dead man. While they were still talking the captain of a cutter arrived. He had heard the lowing of oxen in the open sea and, steering in the direction of this puzzling thing, had seen the *Durande* hanging to the rocks. There was no sign of Clubin or

anyone else. He was about to veer off again, when a terrible crash was heard. A wave had lifted the wreck and hurled her bodily at the twin Douvres. She plunged in like a projectile and hung there, held high in air between them up to her midship frame. He had watched her a long time through his glass, and he said that though the hull had been smashed sadly, the engines were still intact. Even the funnel stood firm.

Mess Lethierry looked up. Light came again into his eyes. But it faded as soon as it had appeared. On the high rocks where the *Durande* hung suspended there was hardly foothold for a man. To send a ship and crew there to work was a wild dream. The season of heavy gales was coming on. The fearful seas that sweep the Douvres in that period would snap the stoutest chains that ever moored a ship. Thus, since no ship could lie there, and since no men could exist on the rocks themselves, and, futhermore, since there was not room for them to work except one at a time, it was only too clear that the engines must be left to the sea. The captain of the cutter spoke as if in answer to the thoughts of Mess Lethierry.

"No, it is all over," said he. "The man does not exist who could go there and save the machinery of the *Durande*."

Deruchette sprang to her feet and turned her beautiful face on the crowd. "If he existed," she exclaimed, "I would marry him!"

A tall young man made his way out of the throng and stood before her, anxious and pale. "You would marry him, Mademoiselle?" he whispered.

This tall young man was Gilliatt, a fisherman. All eyes turned toward him. Mess Lethierry rose to his full height and said solemnly:

"Deruchette should be his. I pledge myself to it in God's name."

The next night a powerfully built sloop, immense in beam and deep of hold, went out to sea through passages so perilous that fishermen and lighthouse-keepers remarking her from shore wondered what madman thus dared the dangers of the islands in the darkness. The madman was Gilliatt, bound for the Douvres by the shortest way; for he knew that shipwrecks will not wait, and that the sea is an inexorable creditor.

It was broad daylight when he arrived at the grim and desolate place. Like two monstrous arms the two Douvres reached upward from their gulf and held up the lifeless body of the ship. Gilliatt sprang ashore and climbed to the wreck.

He found the after part, with engines and even paddle-wheels intact, as the captain of the cutter had said, driven deeply between the two rocks as if by an enormous hammer. The forecastle had snapped off and disappeared. Gilliatt climbed to the top of a paddle-box and surveyed the scene. He saw a bight inclosed on all sides except the east by rocky walls. This would make a shelter for his sloop. He clambered down hurriedly and steered his vessel into the dangerous passage. At low water he could jump from rock to rock between the sloop and the cliffs that held the wreck; but at high water there was open sea between. The wreck itself was too unstable for a shelter. Nothing remained but the rock. Gilliatt pitched on the top of the greater of the two Douvres. He could climb to it from the wreck by throwing to the peak a knotted rope with a grapnel.

He slept that night in a cavern, and next morning he discovered that the wind had blown his provisions into the sea. He breakfasted on some limpets and set to work.

His first labor was to build a forge in a cavern of the rocks. Gilliatt was not only a fisherman, but a sailor; not only a sailor, but a craftsman; not only a craftsman, but a born engineer. And all these qualities were to be called on now. With his craft in tools he made hearth and anvil out of stones; with his engineering skill he made the sea winds serve him as a bellows; with his skill as a fisherman he fought the breakers for a thousand and one precious fragments of the wreck; with his ingenuity as a sailor he made hopelessly meager means answer for a gigantic task.

In a short time the paddle-wheels were taken down and apart, numbered and stowed.

Out of the débris of the wreck he had made for himself saws, chisels and files, and with these rude appliances he had stripped the *Durande* till now her engines lay open before him. But then he folded his arms and looked upon the task that confronted him; and he perceived that all that had gone before was as nothing.

He pondered on the rock. Since he might not take the machinery apart, he would move it bodily—lift it from the wreck and lower it to his sloop. He measured the deck of his vessel. The beam was two feet more than the diameter of the floor of the engine-room. The machinery, then, might be put aboard the sloop. But how?

Gilliatt turned to his storage cavern. He dragged out four great beams. He hoisted them with the capstan and fixed them between the two Douvres, stretching from one to the other, and thus just above the wreck. To these beams he attached tackles, making four sets of hoisting-apparatus. Then he cut four holes in the deck on the starboard side of the engine, and four on the port side. Eight corresponding holes were made under these through the keel. The cables from the four tackle-blocks were passed through the holes in the deck, drawn out at the holes in the keel and under the machinery, reëntering the keel-holes on the other side and passing again upward through the deck and thence back to the beams, where they all met in a single tackle whose one great cable could be directed by one arm. Thus the man who held that single tackle could direct the course and action of all.

Gilliatt then fastened ten great spikes into the base of the Douvres, and with enormous effort dragged a mighty piece of the wreckage to the spot and fastened it there like a swinging gate. Then he removed the sloop from her safe anchorage and worked her round to the defile between the two Douvres.

The aspect of the man who had accomplished all these labors had become terrible. His hair and beard had grown long. He was scarred everywhere. He was continually hungry, thirsty and cold. For more than two months he had eaten only shell-fish and subsisted on what little fresh water gathered in the crevices from rains and dews. The sloop was moored to a nicety under the engine-room of the wreck. The planking had been cut everywhere, freeing the engines from above. The keel immediately under the machinery was cut square, ready to descend with it while still supporting it. All this frightful mass was now held only by one chain. When a certain link of this was filed away the weight would all come on the cables, and with

these, guided by the single controller-tackle, the engine was to be lowered to the sloop.

Gilliatt climbed to the wreck and seized the regulating cable with one hand, while with the other he began to file through the chain. Suddenly there was a crash. The link snapped before it was half cut through. The severed chain beat against the rock. The cables strained. The huge mass detached itself from the wreck. The hull opened, and the iron flooring of the engine-room was visible.

It descended steadily. Then the pulleys stopped. The vast machine stood upright, firm, unharmed, on the deck of the sloop.

And then suddenly a great wind came over the sea. The waters stirred. The tempest, long delayed, was coming.

Gilliatt hastened to the gate. Swiftly he swung it and lashed it with cables and chains. He swam and waded to the outer rocks just before the defile, dragging more beams and chains, and there built a breakwater.

Then he stood, with his back against the wall as it were, and face to face with the hurricane. It came. Rain, wind, lightning, thunder, waves, foam, hoarse noises, whistles mingled like monsters suddenly unloosed. All the tumult of the wide expanse rushed toward the Douvres. The enormous surf steamed over all the rocks. As far as eye could reach the sea was white. A heavy swell came rolling in and struck the breakwater with a terrific shock. When it subsided, the barrier was still there, undisturbed. Another great wave came, and another, and another, and then one that was immense. The rocks themselves shook as it broke on them, and the barrier began to give away.

Gilliatt rushed to the rescue. With a great beam he raised a rock and heaved it into the boiling water. He tore at the suspended wreck of the *Durande* and let a mass of it fall into the defile to act as a barrier from the other end. For twenty hours he wrestled, matching his strength against the sea, his wit against the tempest. Then suddenly the sky became blue. He had won.

Gilliatt dropped on the deck of the sloop and slept where he fell. When he awoke the swell was still heavy. He stripped

himself to the waist and climbed on the reef to look for food. He saw a large crab, which scuttled under a great shelf of rock. He put his knife between his teeth and crawled after it, and when he got under the rock he stood up in dumb amazement. He was in an underground cavern. Before him lay a mystic green pool, out of which rose great columns losing themselves in the darkness of the roof. Strange sea-growth hung everywhere and waved tender filaments in the gloomy depth.

It seemed to him that the crab had taken refuge in a fissure. He waded into the water and began to grope in the dusk. Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm.

Some living thing, thin, rough, flat, cold, slimy, had twisted itself around his naked arm and was creeping up toward his chest like a tightening cord. He recoiled, but he had hardly power to move. That which held him was supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form, sharp, elongated and narrow, issued out of the crevice like a tongue. It crept over his skin and wound itself about him. At the same time a terrible sense of pain, comparable to nothing he had ever known, compelled all his muscles to contract. He felt on his skin a number of flat, rounded points. It seemed as if innumerable suckers had fastened to his flesh and were about to drink his blood.

A third ligature came from the hole in the rock, and a fourth. A fifth passed over the others and fastened him. Then a large, round, glutinous mass issued from beneath the crevice. On the opposite side of this disgusting monster appeared the beginning of three other tentacles, the ends of which remained under the rock. In the middle of the slimy mass were two eyes. He recognized the devil-fish, which held him fast as the spider holds the fly. He was in the water up to his waist. His naked feet were on the slippery roundness of the stones at the bottom. His right arm was bound and held powerless by the tentacles. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands the fingers of which were each nearly a yard long and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

It advanced toward him with a violent movement. If the beaked jaws fastened on his side, Gilliatt was lost. He

struck with the knife. With a rapid sweep he described a circle around the two eyes, wrenched off the hideous head, and instantly the terrible folds relaxed.

As Gilliatt turned to flee he saw something smiling at him from a recess near by. It was a skull. The skeleton was partly buried in a heap of crab shells. Around the waist he saw a belt. He pulled at it, and as it fell apart Gilliatt held in his hand a small iron tobacco-box, which contained a few pieces of paper. They were three bank-notes for £1,000 each.

Two days later Gilliatt made his sloop fast in front of Mess Lethierry's house. The engine was salved. He went quietly to a clump of bushes and peered into the garden. Soon he saw her, but she was not alone, a stranger was with her. He held her in his arms, and she responded to his caresses. Gilliatt moved away like a shadow.

The next day Mess Lethierry was as one possessed. He sobbed, laughed, sang, talked incessantly. "And now," he cried, when he had praised Gilliatt for the thousandth time, "you know you are to marry Deruchette!"

Gilliatt leaned with his back against the wall and said, "No!"

One day soon afterward a vessel sailed slowly out to sea from St. Sampson, and on the deck stood Deruchette and her husband.

As she passed a rock near the entrance, Gilliatt, sitting there quite motionless, could see her face. He did not again turn his eyes from that one spot. The breeze freshened. The vessel sailed by. The waves reached his waist.

"Look yonder," said Deruchette. "It seems as if there were a man upon that rock."

There was no foam about it. The water rose peacefully. It was nearly level with Gilliatt's shoulders.

His eyes continued fixed on the vessel. A strange luster shone in their calm and tragic depths. There was in them the calm acceptance of an end far different from his dreams. The vessel had become a mere spot in the distance. Then it dwindled. At the moment when it vanished the head of Gilliatt disappeared; nothing was visible now but the sea.